



MAD

SUPER SPECIAL

SPRING
1980

OUR PRICE
\$1.25
SUPER
CHEAP

THE MOVIES

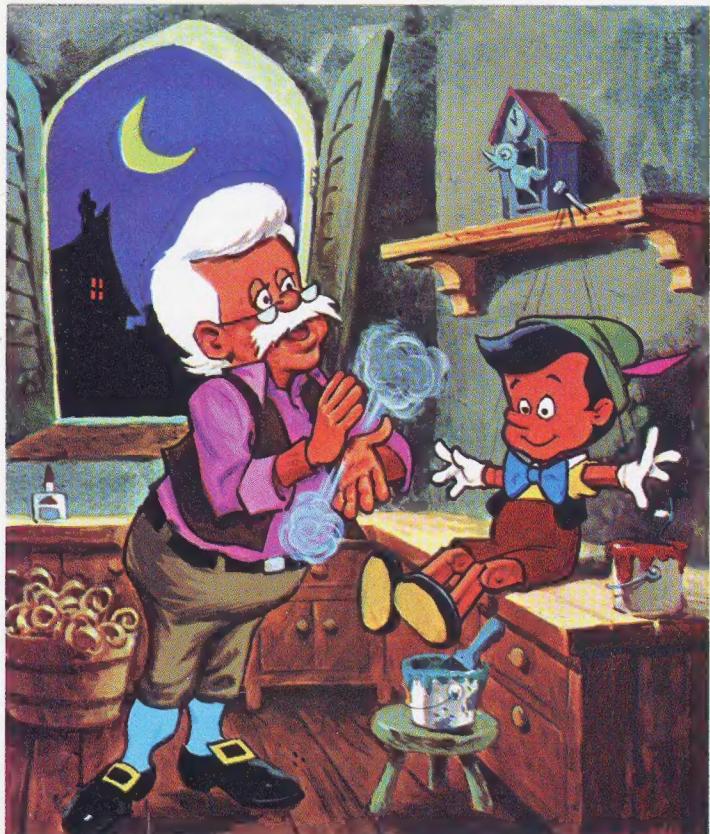


CLOSE UPS OF THE
"THE
SOUND TRACKS FOR THIN
MAN" 0.1
"KING KONG" AND
0.1
70989154080

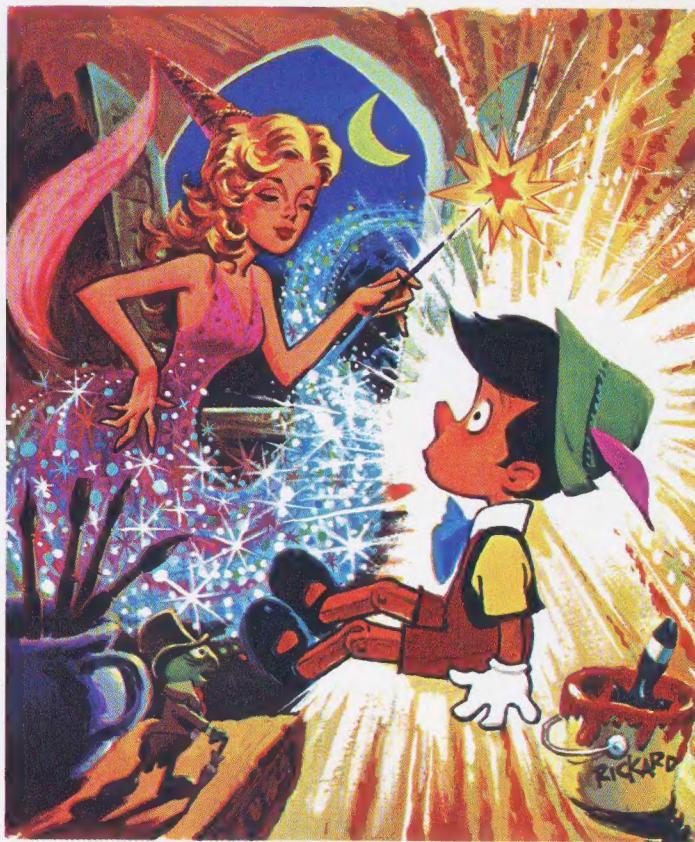
A 100-PAGE MAD LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD OVER THE YEARS

SATIRES OF HIT MOVIES ★ PARODIES OF MOVIE MUSICALS ★ SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE
DON MARTIN INSANITY ★ SERGIO ARAGONES FUN ★ AND OTHER TRASH FROM PAST ISSUES

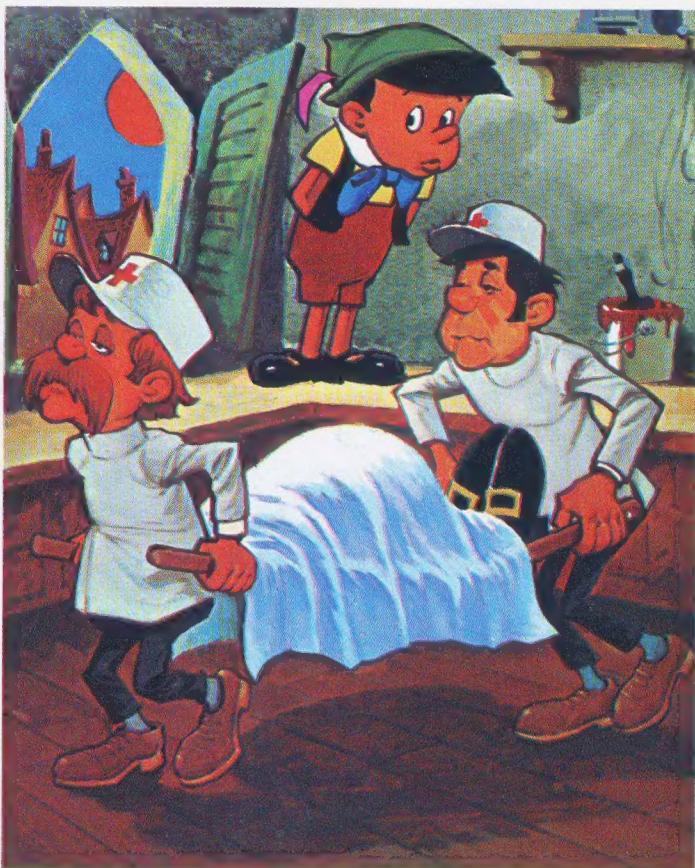
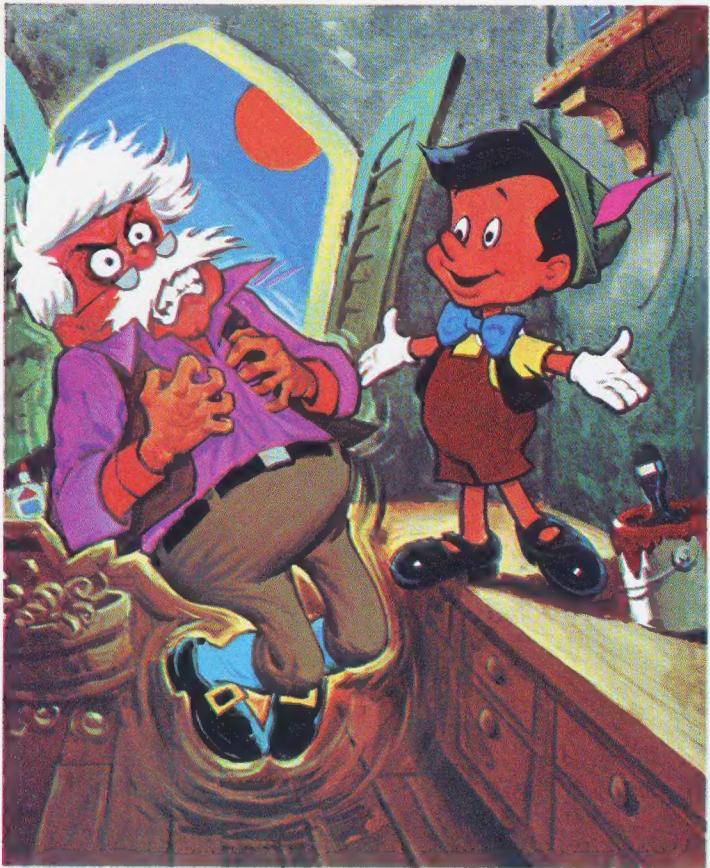
Scenes We'd Like To See



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



MAD

SPRING 1980

SUPER

SPECIAL

NUMBER THIRTY

"I never saw a movie I didn't like . . . for free!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

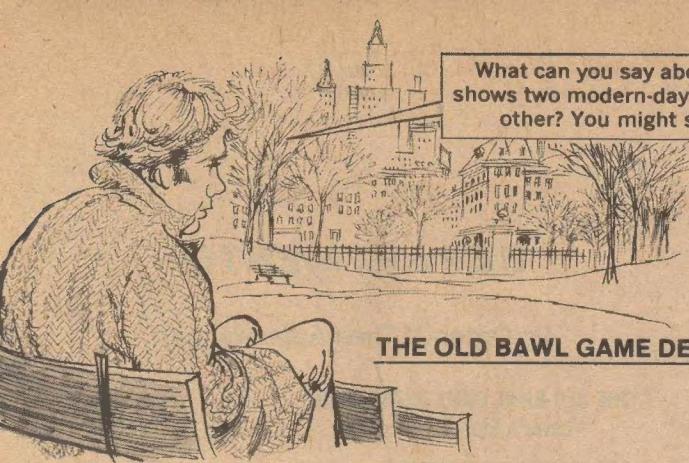


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What can you say about a movie that actually shows two modern-day people involved with each other? You might say, "That's strange!"

What can you say about a movie that not only shows two people involved with each other, but also in love? You might say, "That's unusual!"

LOVE

THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPT.

Hi! I'm Oscar Wallet IV!
I'm incredibly rich, fantastically handsome, a superb hockey player, and perhaps the best kisser in Harvard . . . give or take a lip!

Get lost, Pee-Pee!!

No . . . you mean "PREPPIE"!
Pee-Pee is a form of childish vulgarity!

BULL\$#*%! Now, get lost, you €%\$#* @ #\$\$%€&*!

Hmm! I guess you DID mean Pee-Pee!

Look, you're annoying me!
Please . . . get the hell out of here!!

Why should I? My family OWNS this Library!

I'll call the Police!!

We own the Police, too!
Also the School . . . and the whole State!!

The whole STATE?!!

Yep! It's in my Mother's name! Perhaps you've heard of her . . . the former Martha Ann Massachusetts?! But, that's nothing! Wait till I tell you about my REALLY RICH UNCLE!! You'll never believe what HE owns! Ever hear of Irving America . . . ?



Well, then what do you say about a movie that, in this day and age, not only shows two people involved with each other and in love, but also of different sexes? You might say, "That's sick!"

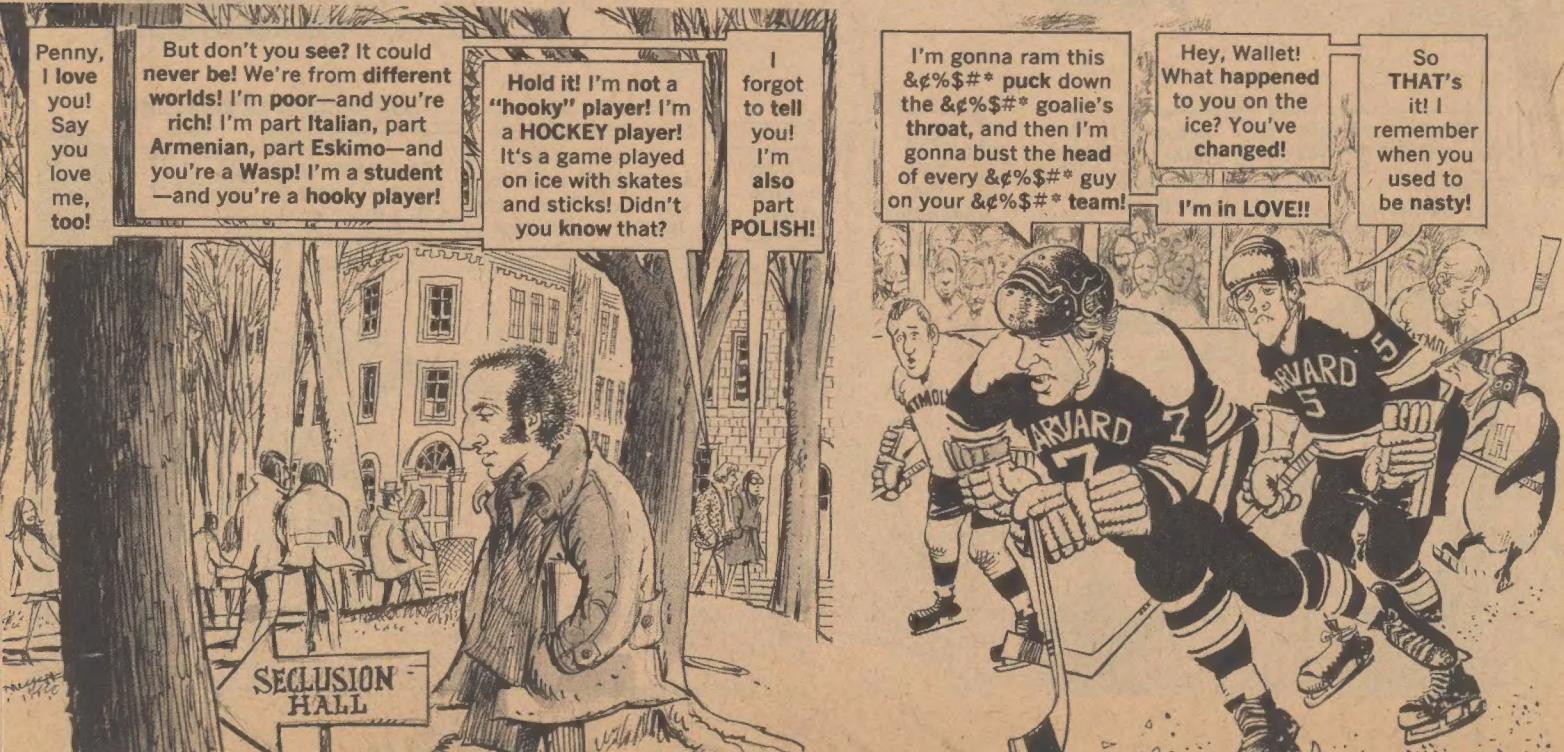
Okay, but please bear with me! Get out 25 boxes of Kleenex and be prepared to cry your eyes out! You see, this is a... sob... gulp... choke...

R'S STORY



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Who'd've thought I'd ever be on your bed, making love to you?! Oh, Oscar, I love you so much it hurts! Love can be so painful!

That's because you've got such a big soul —such a big heart!

No, it's because I've got such a big HOCKEY SKATE in my back!

I usually don't sleep with that, but my Teddy bear is at the cleaners!!

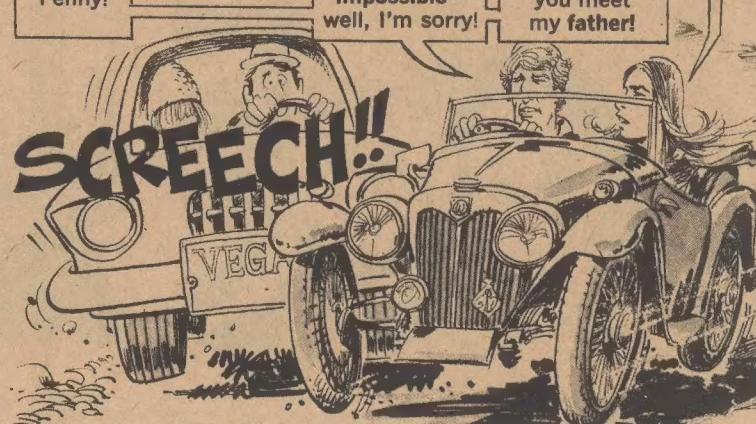
I'm sorry you hurt your back last night, Penny!

Always, remember, Oscar—Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Gee, I sure hope you like my folks! But if you find them impossible—well, I'm sorry!

Oscar, I just told you! Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Oh, no?! Wait'll you meet my father!



Maniacs! You came zooming by doing 85, you were in the wrong lane, and you made me wreck my car! You could at least say you're sorry!

Boy, are you stupid! Can't you see we're in love?!

In LOVE?! Well, why didn't you say so?! You don't have to say you're sorry! Never!! To think that I took up your precious time with my problems! I'M sorry!

THEY smashed OUR car! Why do YOU say you're sorry?

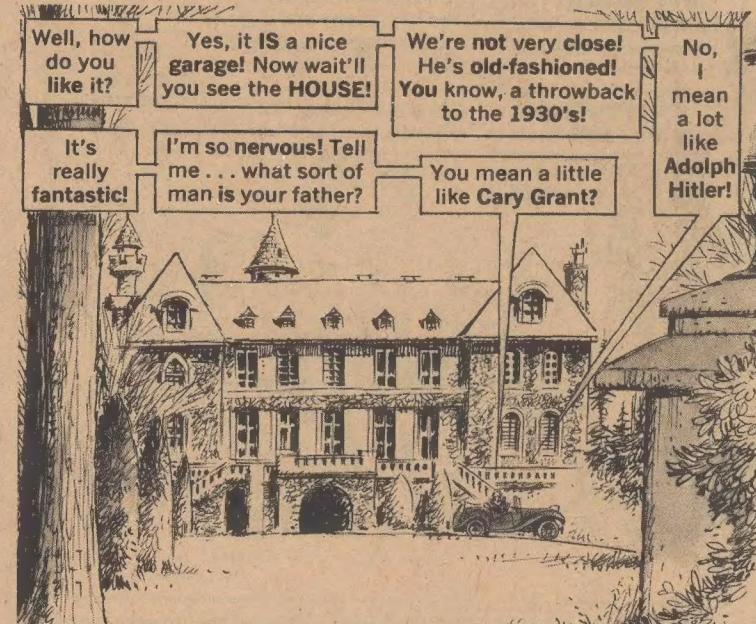
Idiot! I'm not in love!!

Well, how do you like it?

Yes, it IS a nice garage! Now wait'll you see the HOUSE!

We're not very close! He's old-fashioned! You know, a throwback to the 1930's!

No, I mean a lot like Adolf Hitler!



Oscar! Where the hell did you get those ridiculous glasses?!

I told you we're not very close!

Darling, the other one is Oscar!

Too bad! At least this one looks like a man!!

Father, this is the girl I'm going to marry!

She doesn't look at all like High Society to me! What's your last name, girl . . . ?

Cowznofskibumstein

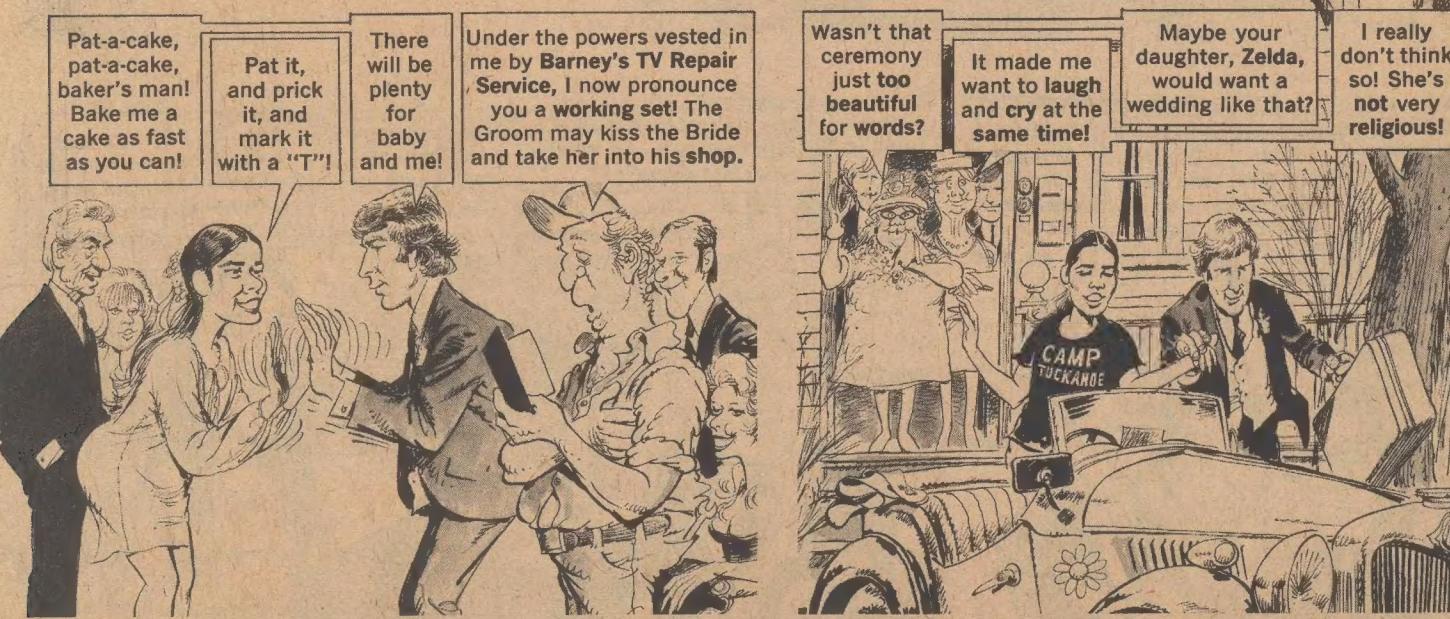
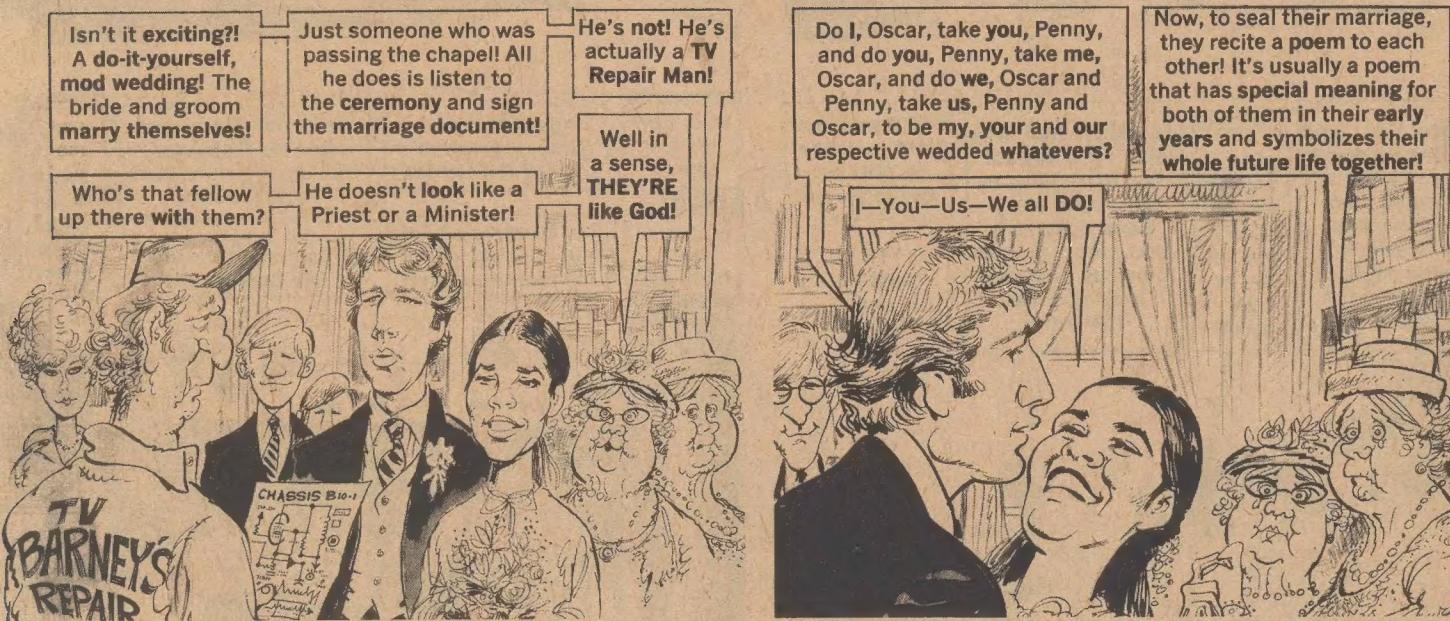
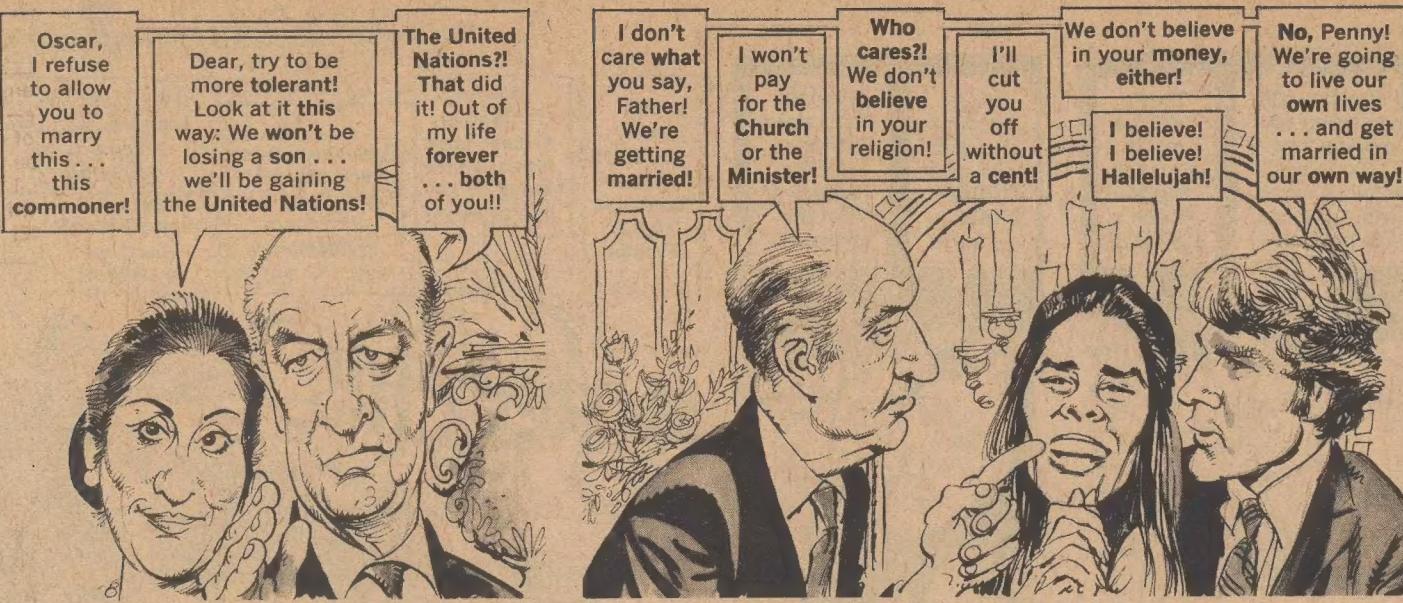
That's the most idiotic name I ever heard in—

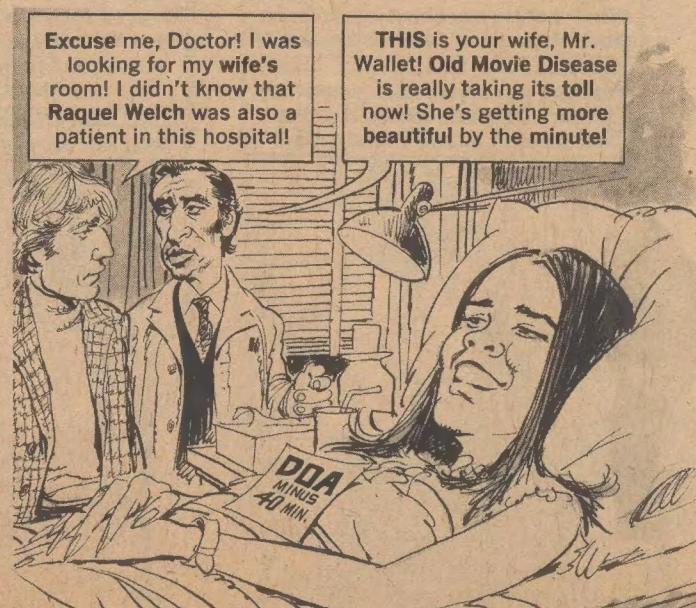
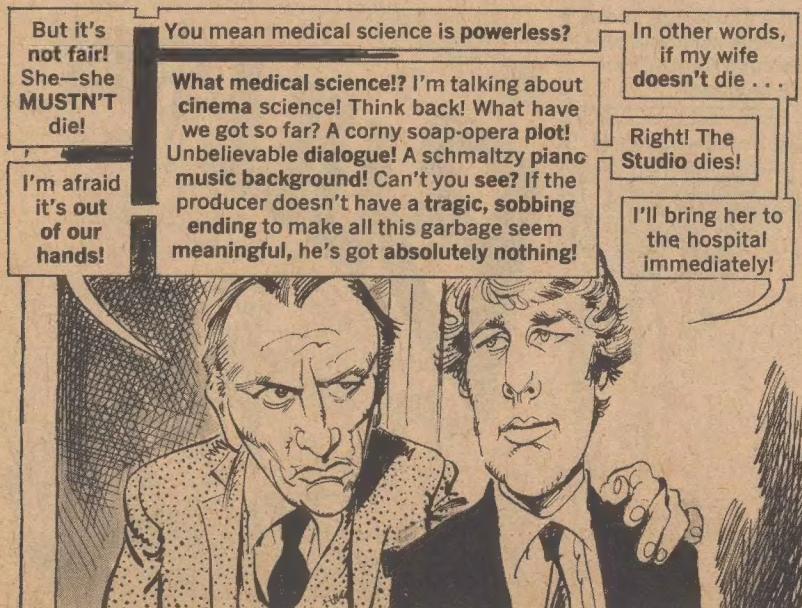
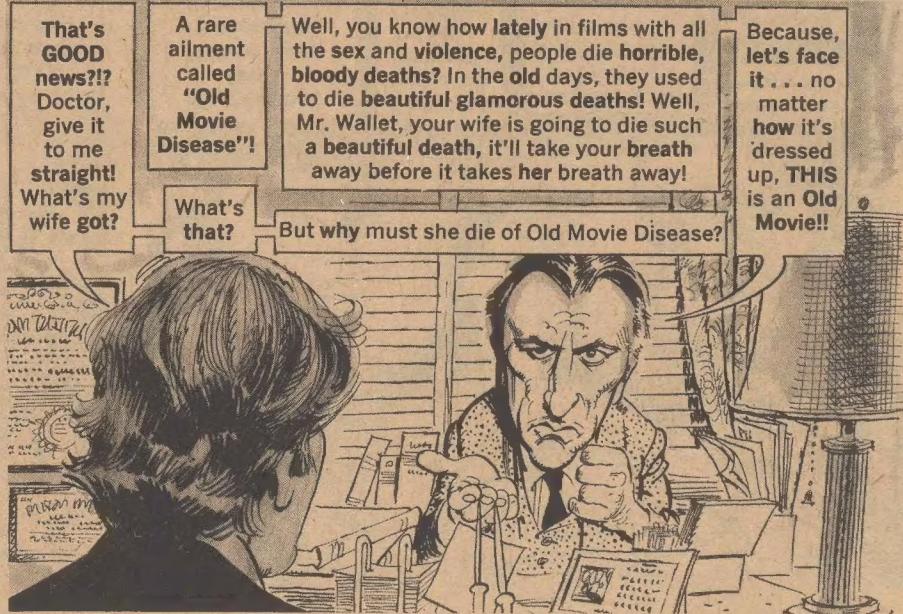
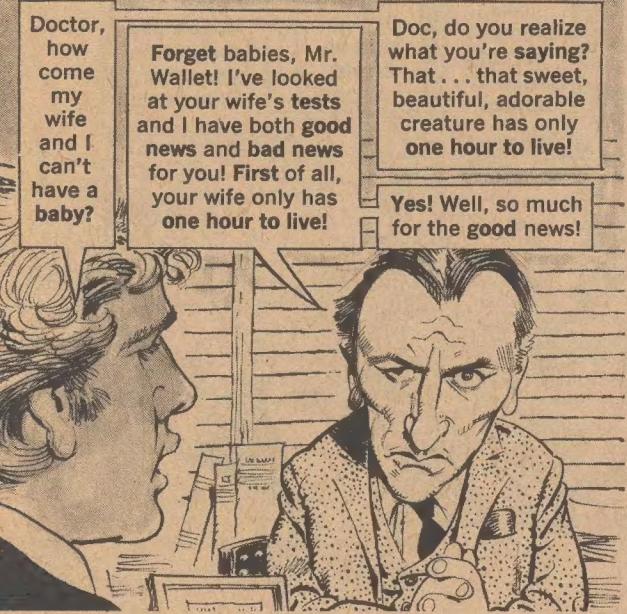
—pastafazoola!

I can't believe that's your real name!

It's not! You should have heard it before we shortened it!







Can
I
speak
to
her!

Yes, but pretend
there's nothing the
matter! Above all,
don't let her know
she now has only a
half hour to live!

The doctor says
you're going to
be—gulp—fine,
honey! He says
you're going to
live a—choke—
long, full life!

I'm glad!
Darling,
would you
please put
the TV set
on for me?

Good idea! You
can watch your
favorite CBS
program . . .
"Thirty
Minutes"!

No, silly! You
have the title
all wrong! I'm
going to watch
"Sixty Minutes"!

Look, Doc! The color is coming
back to her cheeks, the
mascara's coming back to her
eyes, her bust-line has grown
four inches, and all of her
teeth are suddenly straight!

Poor kid! She's
sinking fast!



Doctor!
Doctor!
Is she—?

But according
to my watch,
she should've
lasted another
ten minutes!

Medicine
isn't
perfect,
Mr. Wallet!
I'm sorry!

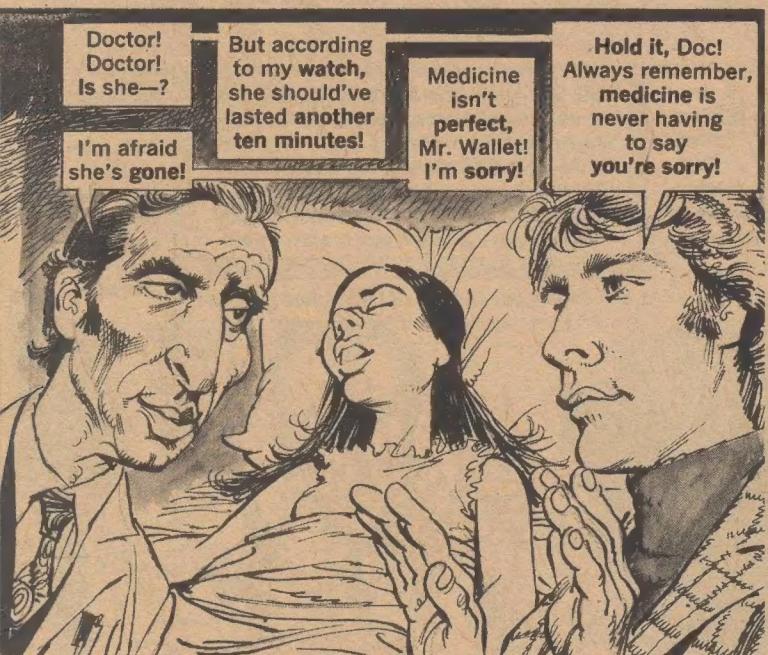
Hold it, Doc!
Always remember,
medicine is
never having
to say
you're sorry!

This has GOT
to be the most
beautiful
movie death
EVER!!

This
moment
sort of
makes me
wonder!

About the
mortality
of Man
here on
Earth?

No . . . about
whether those
angels and
cherubs are
covered by my
Blue Cross!



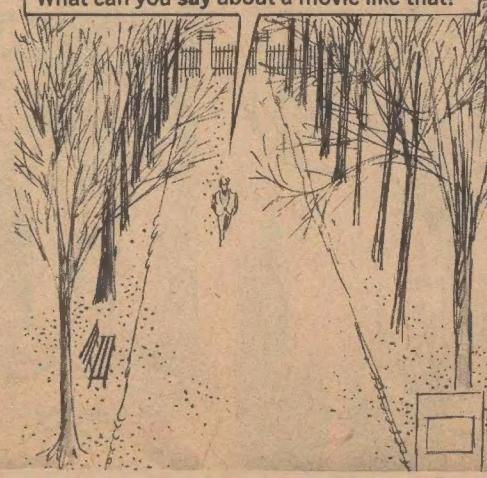
What can you say about a tear-jerker
movie that makes death so beautiful?

What can you say about a movie that
shows a fairy-tale college campus
that couldn't possibly exist today?



What can you say about a movie that shows
New York City as a fabulous wonderland—
where you can walk through Central Park
without being mugged?

What can you say about a movie like that?



BULL\$%&!

Thanks, Penny . . .
you just said it!

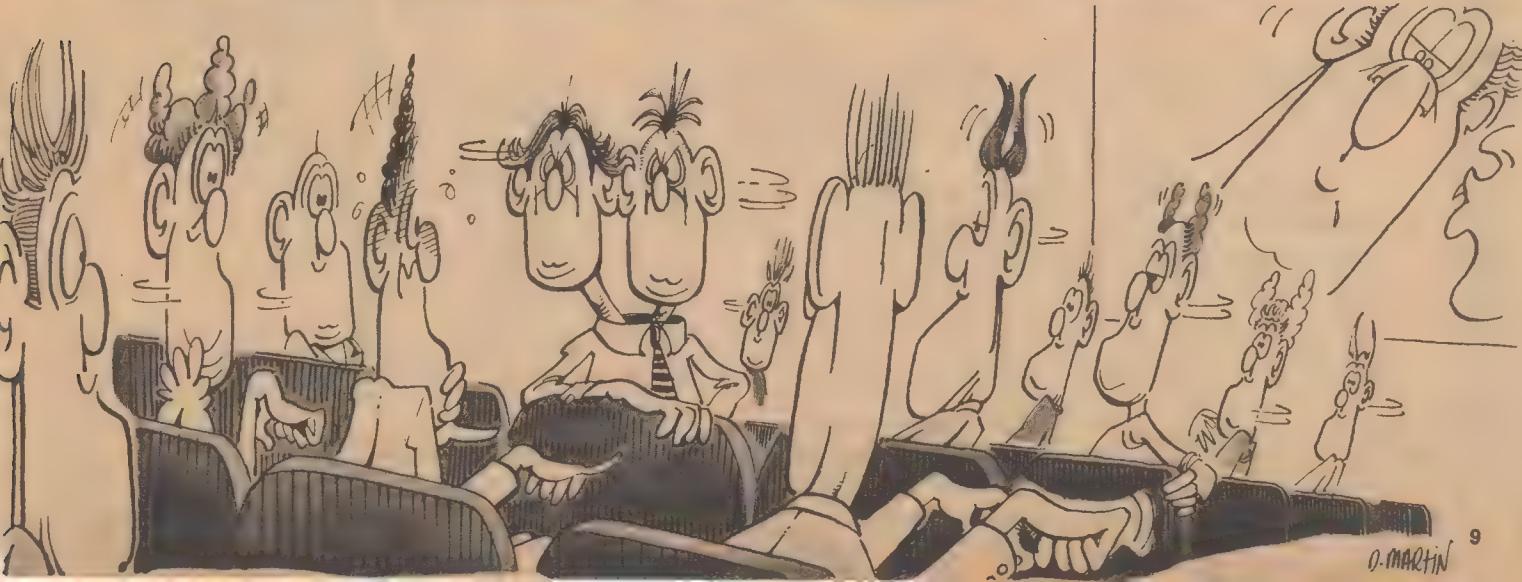
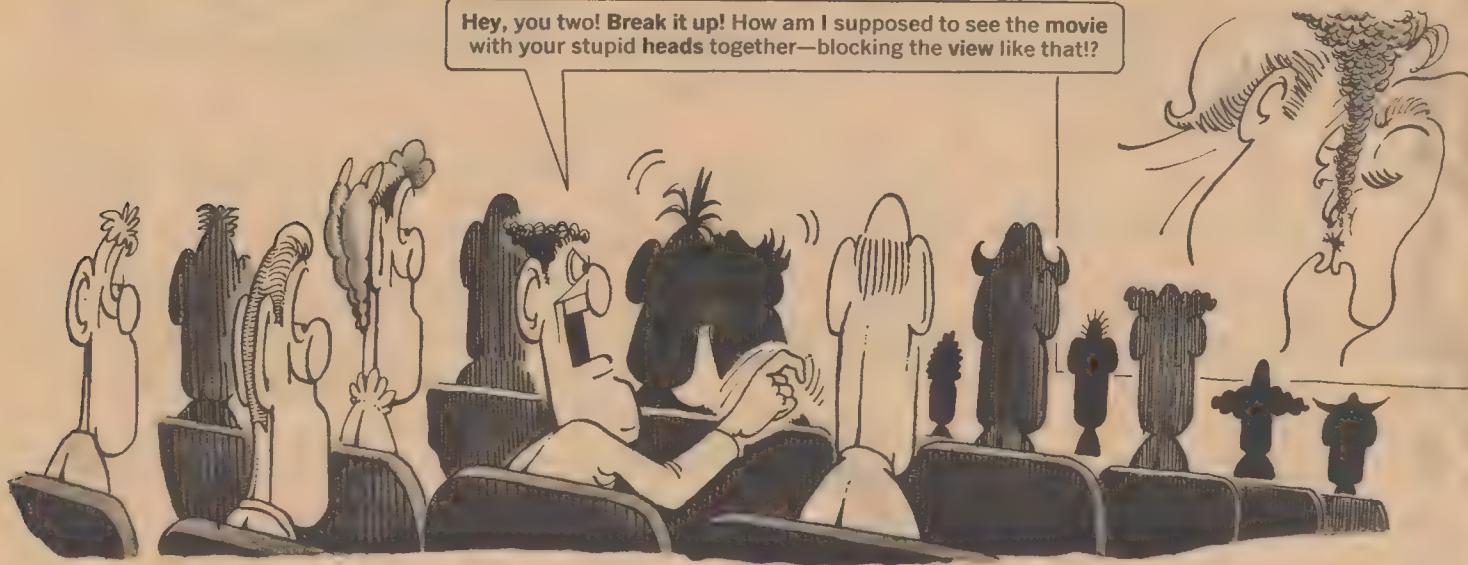


MARTIN DEPT. PART 1

AT A MATINEE



Hey, you two! Break it up! How am I supposed to see the movie with your stupid heads together—blocking the view like that!?



Recently, we read that 20th Century Fox, in order to recoup some of the huge expenses incurred by Marlon Brando while making "Mutiny on the Bounty", has offered to sell the "Bounty"—which was constructed especially for the movie.

HOLLYWOOD'S

BARTENDERS! GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF WITH THIS
Authentic Western Saloon!



INCLUDING THESE EXCITING FEATURES:

● **A Handsome 40-Foot Bar Mirror**

that shatters into a million pieces
the minute somebody starts a fight



● **A 350-lb Wrought-Iron Chandelier**

that crashes to the floor at the
sound of gunfire—or even backfire



● **A Rinky-Tink Player Piano**

that stops playing the minute anyone
over 5' 7" opens the swinging doors



● **A Complete Set of Beer Glasses**

that slide the length of the bar



● **A Complete Set of Beer Drinkers**

that slide the length of the bar



**REAR OF SALOON
CONTAINS MANY ALCOVES AND CORNERS
SUITABLE FOR CUSTOMERS TO BACK UP SLOWLY INTO!**

COMES WITH MANY EXTRAS—THREE, TO BE EXACT:
Sol, Irving and Tex! They haven't worked since "The Alamo"!

If you're handy with tools, this surplus Western Saloon can be turned into a profitable business with just a little work. For example: You can't lean against the balcony or it will collapse, and you'll fall through it onto a large round table which will also collapse, and you'll fall through that too!

**COMPLETE
FOR ONLY \$20,000⁰⁰**

WRITE: DEPT. BUSHWHACKED
HORSE-OPERA PICTURES, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

PET LOVERS!
2,152 SPECIALLY-TRAINED
CATS

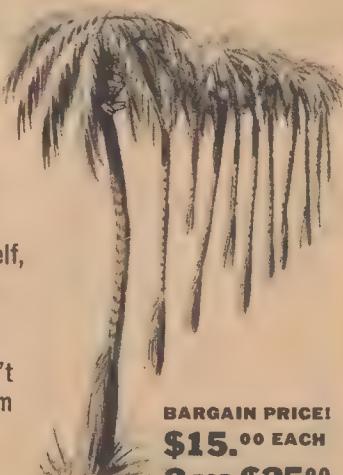


These cats were specially-trained to
knock over garbage can lids, ash trays,
etc., — then freeze in the searchlight
beam—at the sound of approaching low
voices speaking in German or Japanese.

CLOSE CALL WAR PROPS, INC., Hollywood, Calif.

**FOR IMMEDIATE SALE!
2000 PALM TREES**

Simulate Florida or California
in your backyard all-year-round!
BUY SEVERAL PALM TREES TODAY!

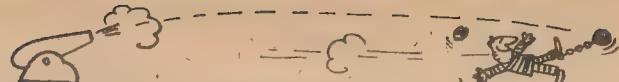


Only one
drawback!
You'll have
to come
out here
and get
them yourself,
as each one
has a Jap
sniper in it!
We just can't
convince 'em
that the
picture is
over !!

**BARGAIN PRICE!
\$15.⁰⁰ EACH
2 FOR \$25⁰⁰**

BANZAI FEATURES, INC.
Hollywood, California

Maybe they should've offered to sell Marlon Brando instead. Anyway, the idea of selling old movie props to offset modern production costs could catch on — and then we'd be seeing ads like these in our newspapers, announcing another



URPLUS SALE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: EARLE DOUD

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS! DRIVE THIS...

AMAZING HORSELESS STAGE COACH



THE ORIGINAL "RUNAWAY STAGE" OF OVER 150 WESTERNS

Careens crazily down roads and trails at breakneck speed, yet always manages to miss those rocks and trees in its path. Drive one around your home town.

Cutaway drawing at right shows location of engine, brakes and steering wheel inside. Pretty neat, hah?



COACH NEEDS WORK, THOUGH. THE LEFT REAR WHEEL KEEPS FALLING OFF AT HIGH SPEED.

YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS!

OWN YOUR OWN

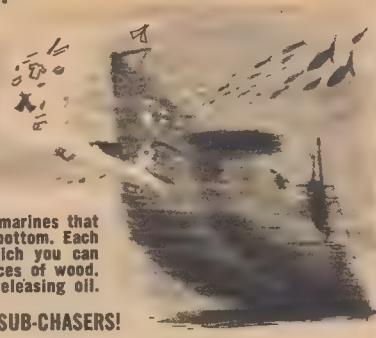
HOLLYWOOD SUBMARINE

We have a limited number of submarines that do nothing but sit on the ocean bottom. Each has 4 torpedo tubes through which you can fire garbage, old clothes and pieces of wood. These subs are also capable of releasing oil.

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS WHO OWN SUB-CHASERS!

NAVY PRODUCTIONS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

\$14,000 EACH



ATTENTION—HORTICULTURISTS! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN ONE OF THESE AMAZING INSTANT SEASON PLANTS

SPRING



SUMMER



FALL



WINTER



You've seen them in the movies. Now you can have one for your very own. Changes seasons instantly. Wilts and blooms . . . wilts and blooms . . . 200 times a day.

WE ALSO HAVE A LIMITED
NUMBER OF FORESTS AND
LAWNS THAT DO IT TOO.

OUTSIDE-THE-WINDOW PROPS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

\$8 95 PER PLANT

FOR SALE—CHEAP! ENTIRE STEER HERD

2,789 Head of Cattle



ONLY
\$57.95

COMPLETE

How can we do it, you ask? Because the steers in this herd are no good for eating! They're only good for one thing . . . stampeding through towns!

SAGEBRUSH SAGAS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MAGIC ASH TRAYS

\$10 00



Now you can have one of those very same ash trays you've seen in the movies—in Board of Directors' meetings—hospital waiting rooms—card games—etc.

PLACE EMPTY ASH TRAY ON TABLE . . . TURN AWAY
FOR 5 SECONDS . . . THEN TURN BACK! PRESTO!
ASH TRAY NOW CONTAINS 400 CIGARETTE BUTTS!
AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS—CUT DOWN ON SMOKING!
Hours Later Props, Inc., Hollywood, California

BOYFRIEND OVERSEAS?
LOVER FAR, FAR AWAY?

SEE HIM AND TALK TO HIM AGAIN WITH A

HOLLYWOOD LILY POND



\$39 95

PER POOL

Send for a genuine Hollywood Lily Pond today! When it arrives, put it out in your backyard! Then, kneel down beside it and brush lily pads away. Notice your reflection. Now notice that your loved-one's reflection has appeared over your right shoulder. Talk to him . . . but only about things in the past. Now, drop a stone in the water, and watch ripples make him disappear.

IMAGES FROM THE PAST PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

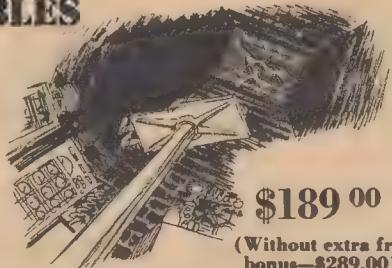
Also available: Hollywood Mirrors

OPERATING TABLES

During electrical storms, these tables rise slowly to the ceiling. Perfect for hospitals with leaky roofs.

FREE EXTRA SPECIAL BONUS
. . . with each order. Complete apparatus for monster-making. Construct your own Ben Casey!

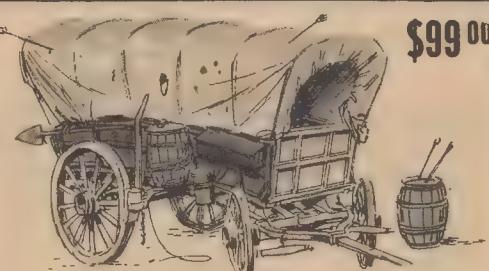
FRANKENSTEIN FILMS, INC.
TRANSYLVANIA, CALIFORNIA



\$189 00

(Without extra free bonus—\$289.00)

OWN YOUR OWN COVERED WAGON



\$99 00

Now . . . for the first time . . . you can buy one of these 47 Authentic Western Covered Wagons that have withstood over 3,000 Hollywood Indian Raids. There is just one little thing wrong with each, however: These wagons are all curved slightly so they can only ride in a circle.

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR SOMEONE WHO
PLANS TO RIDE AROUND THE BLOCK (OR
LIVES ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE IN N. Y. C.)

OATBURNER EPICS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS! TREMENDOUS ASSORTMENT

ALL MAKES AND
MODELS—FROM
"GRANDFATHER"
TO "ALARM"

ONLY
\$5.95
EACH

Handsome—Decorative!
Used in hundreds of
movies to denote the
passage of time. Only
one drawback. They're
not terribly accurate.
In fact, the hands spin
around at a fantastic
speed, registering 24
hours in 10 seconds.

DAYS LATER
PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD,
CALIFORNIA



EXCITING WALL CALENDARS

Available in every year
from 1620 to the present

ONLY
\$1.00
EACH

Handsome!
Decorative!
Used in
hundreds of
movies to
denote the
passage of
time. Only
one drawback.
When you
hang them
on your wall,
the dates
fall off in
rapid
succession—
one at a
time!

YEARS LATER
PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD,
CALIFORNIA



FOR SALE—CHEAP! SLEAZY HOTEL

78
ROOMS...

EACH
WITH AN
IRRITATING
FLASHING
NEON SIGN
OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW!



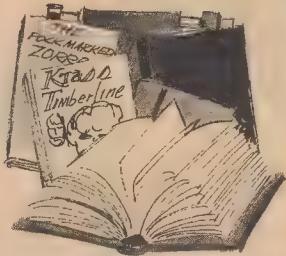
\$9,000⁰⁰

Hideout Locations, Incorporated, Hollywood, California

BOOK LOVERS

COMPLETE YOUR LIBRARIES WITH COPIES OF THESE

VALUABLE
BEST-
SELLERS
WITH AN
EXTRA SPECIAL
BUILT-IN
FEATURE:
THEY TURN
THEIR
OWN PAGES!



All you have to do is sit there and read 'em! But read fast—the pages turn pretty quick!

Authentic Adaptation Props. Inc., Hollywood, California

Horseback Riding Enthusiasts

Love to ride—but
have a small yard?
Order one of these
beautiful palomino

Indian Battle Horses

Now, you can ride
around your small
property to your
heart's content—
because these
specially-bred
horses fall down
every 5 or 6 feet.



Only
100.⁰⁰
Each!

KANYON-KWICKIE STUDIOS, Hollywood, California

OWN YOUR OWN AIRPLANE!



Only \$19,000⁰⁰!

We have several models available: Bombers, Transports, Private
Jobs. The only trouble is, these planes only fly in storms!
And they can't fly forward, only up and down!

HIGH-AND-MIGHTY-BAD EPICS, Culver City, Calif.

COFFEE, TEA AND MILKED DEPT.

Hey, gang! Getting sick of all those "Now" films with little or no story-line? Pictures like "Midnight Cowboy", "Easy Rider", "Alice's Restaurant", "MASH", etc. Do you sometimes wish that somebody would bring back stories in motion pictures like they had in the *old* days? Well, somebody has! Boy, **HAVE** they! They've come up with a movie that not only has a plot, but enough left over for 37 more "Now" pictures! We're referring, of course, to MAD's nomination for an Academy Award "Oscar"...namely a 1946 Academy Award "Oscar"...

AI

I'm Mule Bakersdozen, Manager of Crisis International Airport! You are about to join me in an evening of fun and crises you won't believe! Oh-Oh, there goes the Crisis Phone!

Hello? State your crisis! What's that? The airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, and 27 planes are stacked up . . . ?

Okay! So much for the fun! What about the crisis?!

There's the other Crisis Phone . . . Hello? I'm a busy man! This better be a real crisis!

Mule, this is your wife, Cinderblock!

It's a real crisis!

Mule, when are you coming home? You're never home! Twenty-four hours a day, you're at that Airport!

What kind of a life is that? You think it's easy for me? You think I like nagging you over the phone like this?

Cinder, why do you want me to come home?

I want to nag you in person for a change!

I know why you don't come home! There's someone else! Someone has come between us!!

Don't be foolish, Cinder! Who could possibly come between us?

Hi, there—remember me?



RIPTLOT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm Tango Livingdoll, your beautiful but cold, wooden assistant who is secretly in love with you, and who you secretly love, too—but we won't reveal our true feelings about each other until 42 crises from now!

Ahh . . . when you've seen one cold, blonde, immaculately-dressed, impeccably-coiffed, expressionless Assistant Airport Manager, you've seen 'em all!

Mule, there's no future for us! I was offered a job in 'Frisco, and I think I'm going to take it!

Doing what . . . ?

Working as a Dress Manikin in a Store Window! The one they have now is too emotional!

Oh, Mule, I'm so upset—so overwrought by our secret love that I'm a washed-out wreck! Look at my face!

Your face looks fine to me!

Look closer! That's a WORRY dimple!!

All I see are two flawless eyes, a perfect nose, two lips and a dimple!



Oh-Oh! There's the Crisis Phone again!

Oh, Mule! How I've cried!

But your face is dry!

That's just it! I cry INSIDE! You should see the sockets behind my eyeballs! They're filled with tears!

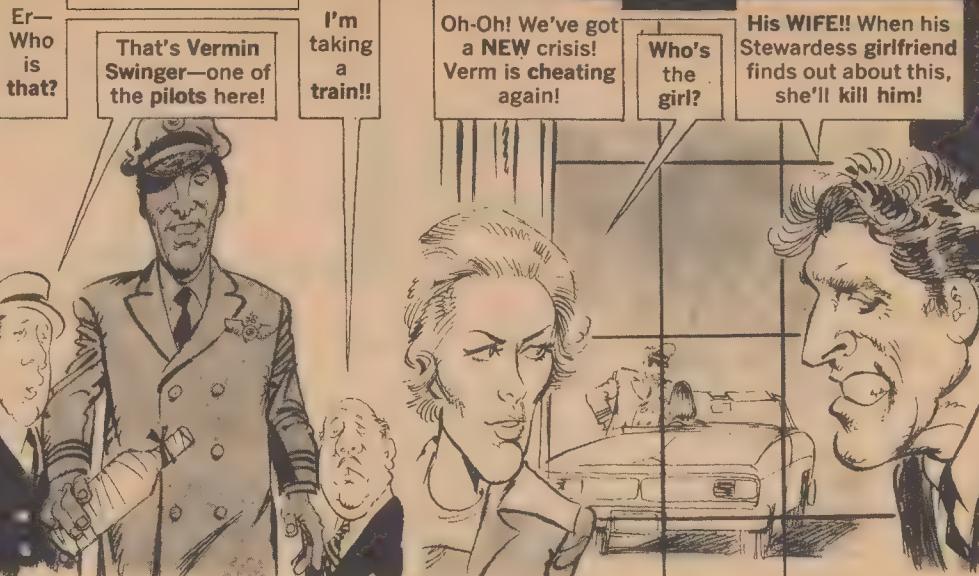
Hello? State your crisis! What's that? There's a plane stuck on Runway 28? That's no crisis! Taxi it off! What? You can't taxi it off? Well, tow it off! Listen, I've got the 4th of July holiday rush to worry about and—What? The plane is stuck in SNOW!! On the 4th of July? Listen, who am I talking to? What's your name?

Who was it, Mule?

Boy, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a recorded crisis!



I think flying is fabulous! I think it's much safer than driving, and a lot more fun! I love to get up in the air! I feel so free—so alive—so wonderful! And I have words of confidence in the planes and the fantastic men who fly them!



Another crisis, Mule! You've got to close the Airport! Residents for 20 miles are complaining! The jet noise and sonic booms are driving them crazy!

Close the Airport, Commissioner?! That's insane! Where are those Residents! I want to talk to them!

You can't! They're all deaf!!

I'll write them letters!

That's no good either!

How come?

It's impossible to read when you're vibrating like that!

Commissioner, I have a dream . . . a new Airport that will solve all of our problems!

Hmm! A new Airport! What size is this model scaled to?

Model? That's no model! That's the ACTUAL AIRPORT! I see tiny hangars—teensy-weensy planes—and trained ants to fly them! We won't annoy ANYBODY!!



Bakersdozen, you're INSANE!!

Okay! Okay! We'll build a real Airport right here! An Airport so new . . . so modern . . . that it will never bother those Residents from 20 miles around again!

How large do you figure this Airport to be?

About 20 miles around!



New crisis, Mule! We just picked up this stowaway on our L.A. flight!

Hello! I'm Ida Cutesy! I'm 75! I sneak on planes, I forge passports, and I steal!

Why do you do these things, Miss Cutesy?

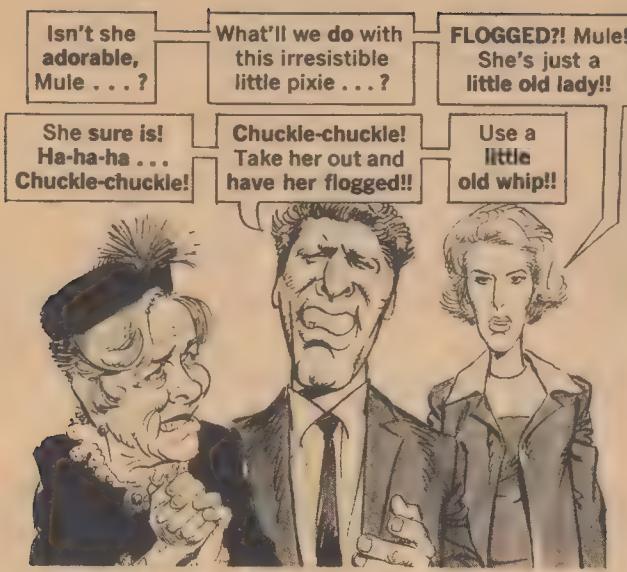
I'm a rebel! I'm the oldest, cleanest Yippie in the world!

What are you rebelling against? The Administration! President Coolidge has GOT TO GO!!

Miss Cutsey, President Coolidge is GONE!!

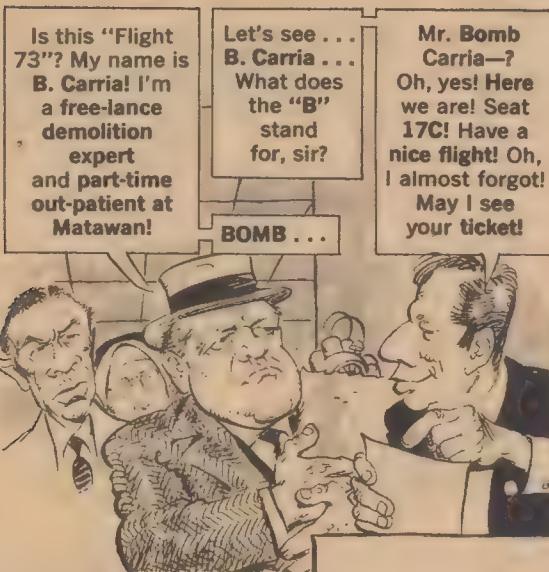
See!! It's paying off!!

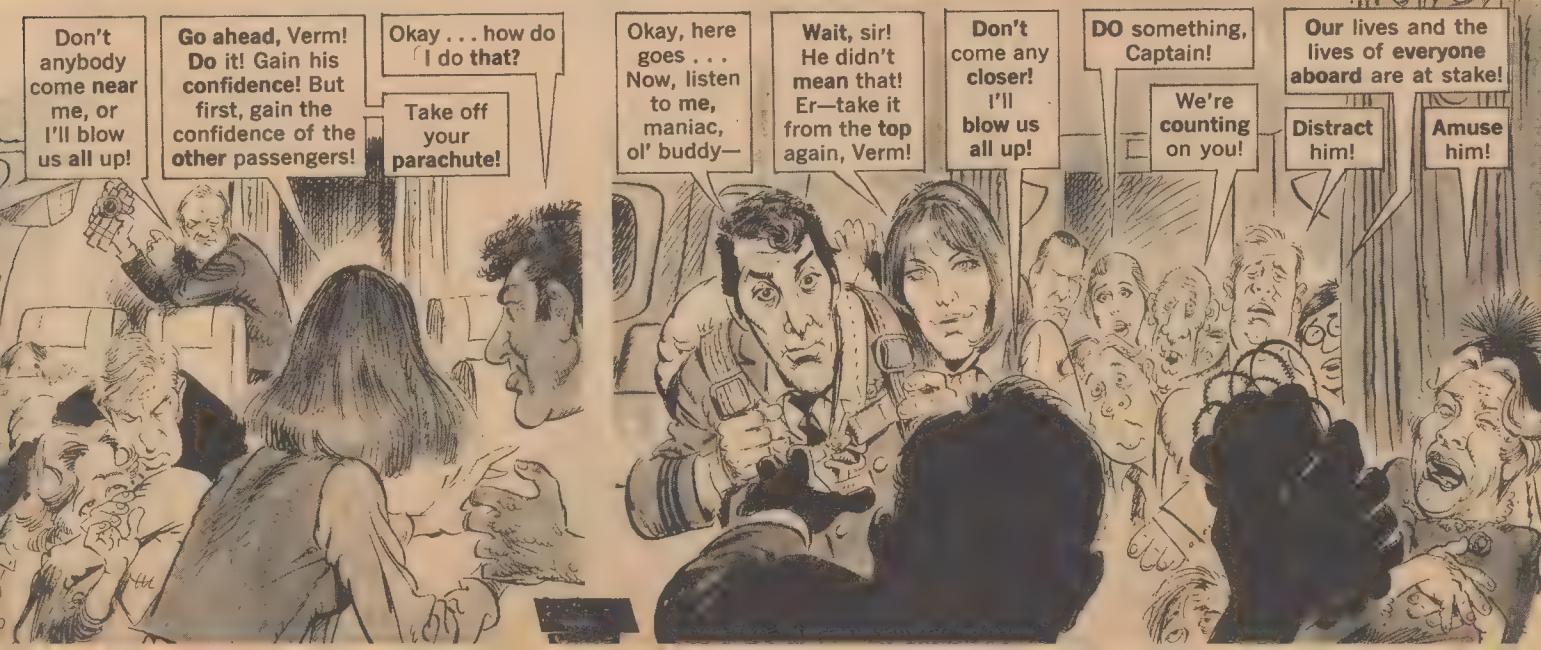
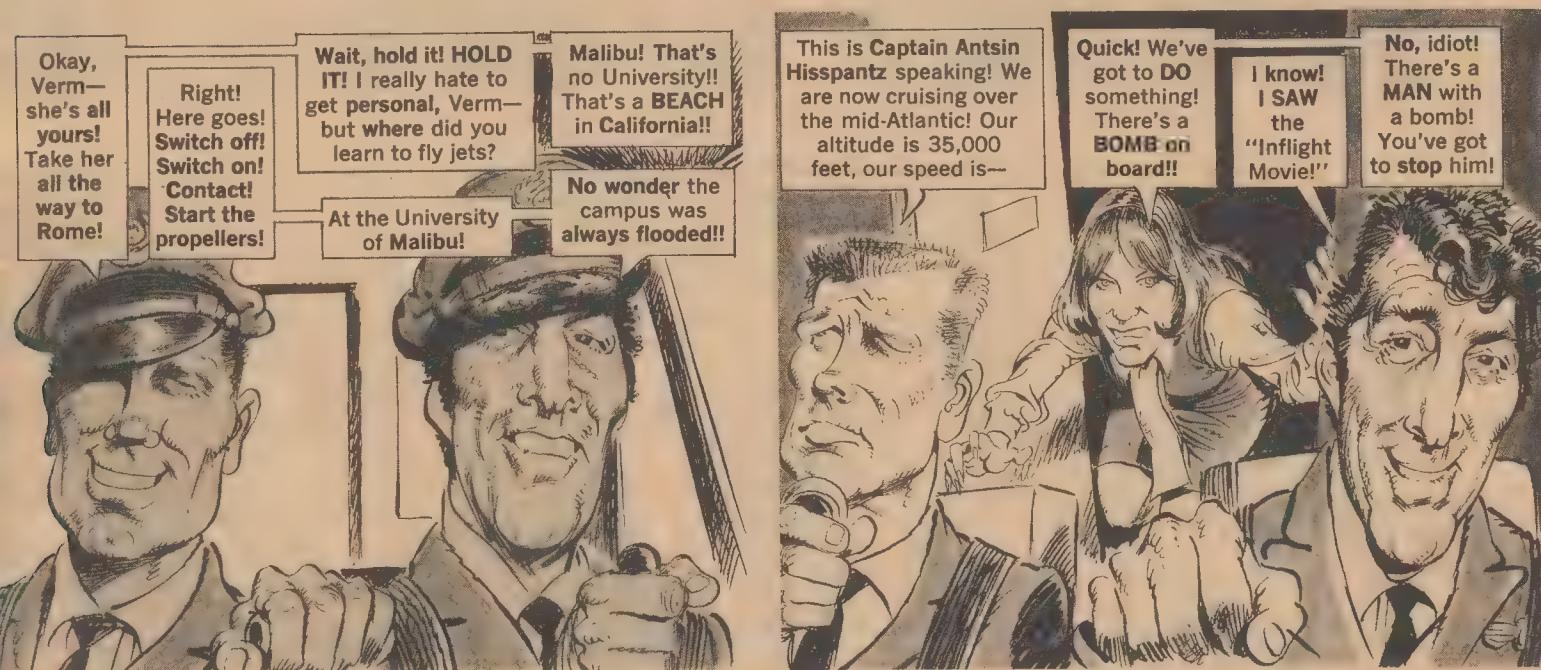
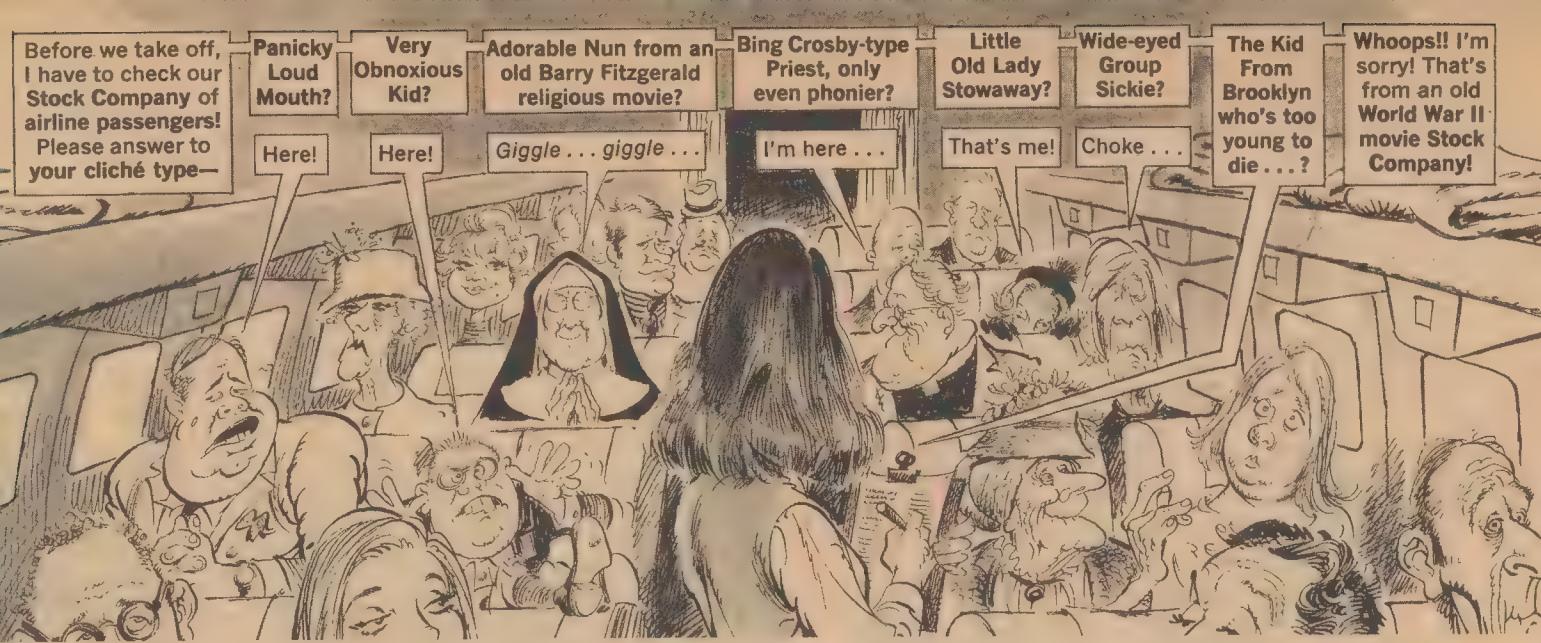


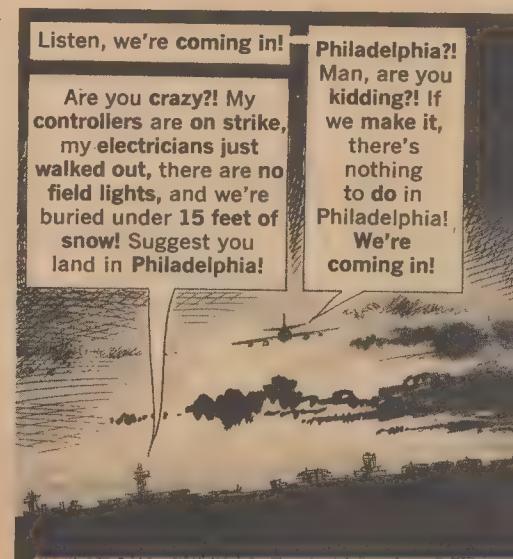
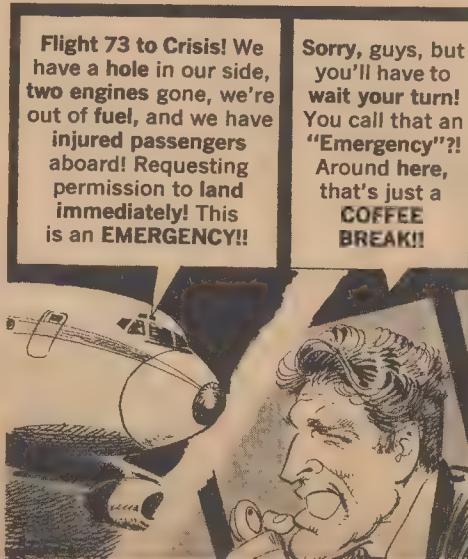
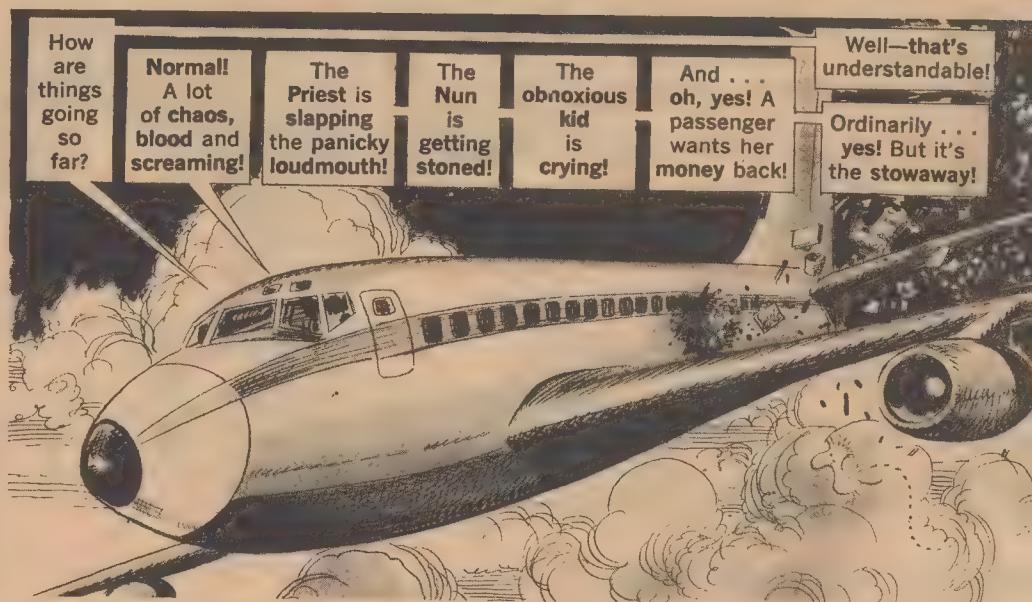
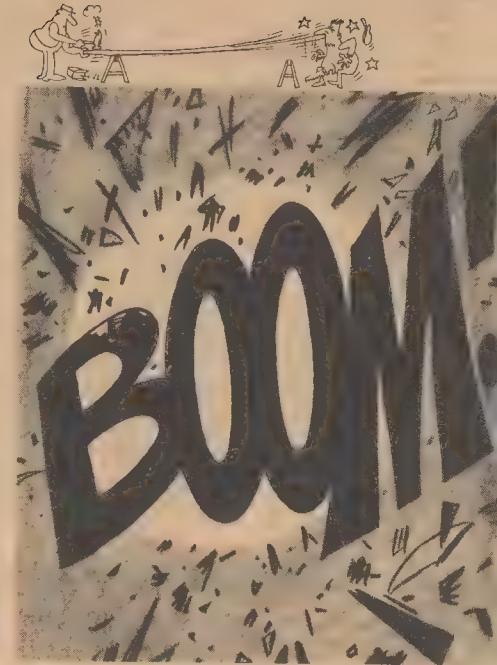
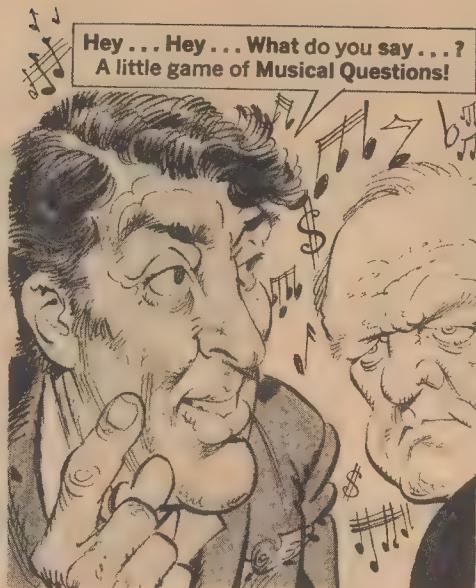


Let's see—just to recap our crises up to this point: The Airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, 27 planes are stacked up, my wife may leave me, Runaway 28 is closed, it's snowing, they may close the Airport, and we just caught a stowaway! What could possibly happen next?

Attention—passengers holding tickets for "Ill-Fated Flight 73", which departs at 7:10 and either arrives in Rome tomorrow at noon—or NEVER!—may now board at Gate 12!





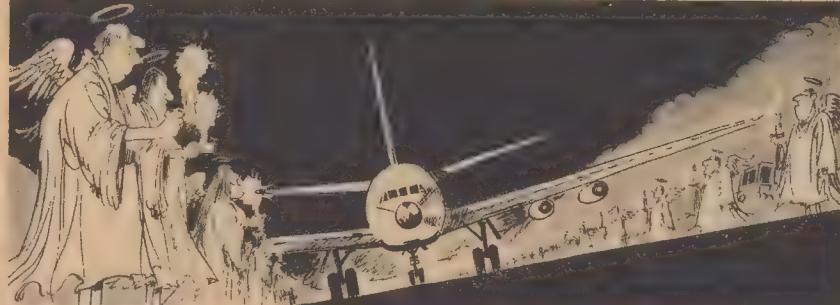


This is suicide, Antsin! We'll never make it! Even if we land okay, we'll be buried in snow! And there are no plows, and no lights! We haven't got a chance! What a shame! All my dreams . . . everything I ever hoped to be someday—all gone—up in smoke—

What did you hope to be someday?

A grown-up!!

Look, Verm! The snows have magically parted! There's a clear, dry runway down there . . . and an emergency crew to guide us in!



What happened, Father?! We had so much more drama we could've wrung out of this situation . . . so much more blood, and screaming, and carrying on by passengers! I was planning an exciting belly-landing! Maybe even flipping over! But it ended so fast—so easy! How do you explain it?

You may find this hard to believe, my son . . . but God got BORED!



What those poor people have been through! A mid-air bombing, a wrecked plane, a harrowing flight, and a miraculous landing . . . cheating death! Well, Mule—that's it! I guess the crises are over for tonight!

Oh, yeah?! Let's get back to my office!



Hello? No, I don't know when the rest of the baggage will be unloaded! Give it until Wednesday—then call me back!

Hello? Some baggage arrived? Good! People left with the baggage? Great! Oh, the people who left with the baggage were not the people who own the baggage? Well, check with our Security Police! Oh . . . THEY walked off with the baggage!!

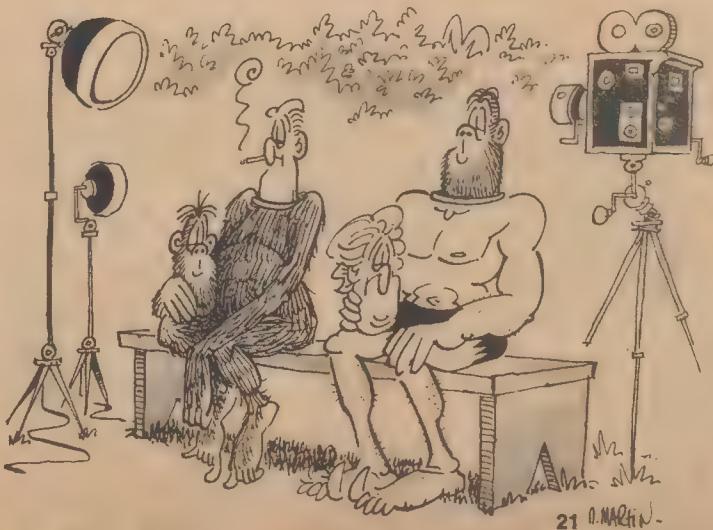
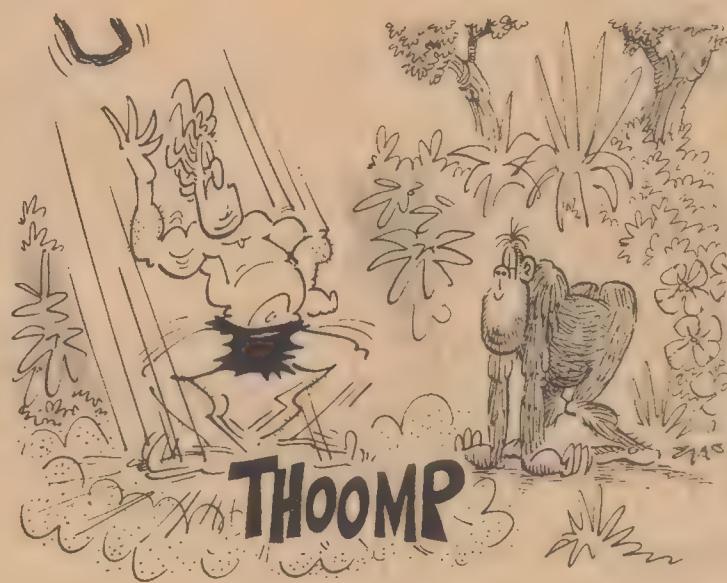
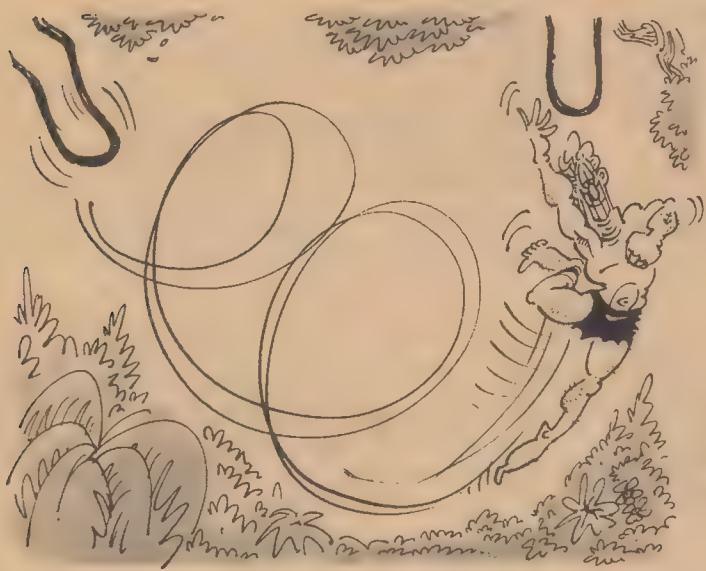
Hello? What? I'm sorry it cost you \$48 to park your car! You should've parked in the "Long-Term Parking Lot"! Oh, you DID park there! And the CAB you had to take to it cost you \$48!!

Hello, what's that? Traffic leading from the Airport is stacked up for 30 miles! No, you mean BACKED UP! Planes get stacked up in the air! It doesn't happen to cars on the ground! What? Oh . . . these cars ARE stacked up!!

What an idiot I am! I should have known! For the "Arriving Passengers", this is when the crises first begin!



ON THE "TARZAN" SET



SCREEN-PLOY DEPT.

THE ANATOMY OF A

THE NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 25, 1969

“W.B.”
IS COMING!

EAST COAST: DEPT. 270 311 WEST 43RD ST., NEW

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 15, 1969

On January First, Nineteen Hundred and Seventy,
Reserved Seat Tickets will go on sale for...

“Whispering
Branches”



THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME

OPENS JANUARY 15, 1970
at the CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

YONKERS DAILY POOP, January 28, 1970

★ NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!! ★
FIRST-RUN NEIGHBORHOOD
PLAYHOUSE THEATER
presents

DIRECT FROM ITS GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT ON BROADWAY
AND ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUN AT "HIT SHOWCASE THEATRES"!

“Whispering Branches”

A HARD-HITTING STORY OF ILLICIT YOUNG LOVE
THAT WILL BLAST YOU RIGHT OUT OF YOUR SEAT!

COME & EVEL! THE WHIPPING-CONTEND
OF THIS PICTURE & YOUR FRIENDS!

2 HOURS & 6 MINUTES OF SICK!

RECOMMENDED FOR
ADULTS ONLY

★ STARTS TODAY FOR ONE WEEK ONLY! ★

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 5, 1970

NOW PLAYING!!
“I Was A Teenage Motorcycle Gang”
plus

“Whispering Branches”

R.K.O. Styx Theatre

Main Street

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 12, 1970

TRIPLE-THREAT DRIVE-IN

“HOME OF THE HITS”

“ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW”

Route 189 at the Traffic Circle

PRESENTS

AN ALL-COLOR, ALL SPECTACULAR GALA PROGRAM
Cecil B. DeMille's “THE TEN COMMANDMENTS”
AND

“BEN HUR” with Charlton Heston
AND

“CLEOPATRA” with Liz and Dick
PLUS

20 Color Cartoons and 6 Travelogues
AND AS AN EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
“Whispering Branches”

MOVIE AD CAMPAIGN

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 15, 1970

OPENS TONIGHT!

A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD



Reserved Seat Tickets Are Now On Sale For All Of 1970
And Early 1971 By Mail, Phone, Or At The Box Office

The CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

SELECTED RESERVED SEATS FOR TONIGHT'S
OPENING PERFORMANCE STILL AVAILABLE

Theatre
Parties
Arranged

THE DAILY NEWS, January 23, 1970



COMING WEDNESDAY!

DIRECT FROM ITS RECENT GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT!
UNCUT! JUST THE WAY SO MANY PEOPLE SAW IT ON BROADWAY!

"Whispering Branches"

A Hard-Hitting Modern Story Of Young Love
Designed To Shock You Out Of Your Seat!

3 Hours And 21 Minutes Of
Sure-Fire Entertainment!



SEE IT AT ONE OF THESE SELECTED "HIT SHOWCASE" THEATRES

The BEEKMAN ART	The ART EAST	The EAST ART	The ART BEEKMAN
The BEEKMAN EAST	The EAST BEEKMAN	The BELCH ART	The ART BURP

TV GUIDE

Monday

March 9, 1970

11:30 **2** THE LATE SHOW—MOVIE

COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
A young man and a young woman find
love. (75 min.)

TV GUIDE

Wednesday

May 13, 1970

3:15 AM **7** INSOMNIAC THEATRE

COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
61 minutes of film fare designed to
have you asleep in no time.

Folks, during this brief shower, while
the game's been halted, let's watch
some of today's stand-by film feature
... "Whispering Branches" ...

RAIN OUT
THEATER

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JUNE 1, 1970

AND NOW—A MOVIE TORN FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES!

See Youth In Trouble!
See Youth Gone Mad!

THE WILD SHOCKING STORY
OF A GUY WITH NO CLASS...
AND A GAL WITH NO MORALS!

Meet the Father that
taught him to be BAD!

Meet the Mother that
forgot to tell her
how to be GOOD!

Meet the whole
UGLY GANG... as



The HELL-RAISERS"

(formerly titled "Whispering Branches")

OPENS THIS FRIDAY AT A SCHLOCK THEATER NEAR YOU!

ILLUMINATING ENGINEERING SOCIETY

BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPT.

In times past, Hollywood has turned out some big, corny movie musicals. But the biggest, corniest movie musical of all is now playing. Sure, the songs are lovely, but take them away and what have you got? Nothing but a collection of the same old dull clichés and boring tear-jerker gimmicks that you've been seeing in movie musicals for years. (We're even falling asleep writing this introduction about it!) It's obvious that this motion picture was made with only one goal in mind: Mainly to hear

THE \$OUND OF MONEY

* How come I'm alone, and there's so much music?
High up on a hill, with no one in view?
So how do they get all this sound and music?
A musical quiz I now pose to you.

Just see how I race up this steep mountainside
Without ever losing a beat!
You'd think that my lungs would give out up here
Over ten thousand feet!

To do all these things
With a wide-mouthed grin
Really should not amaze;
I've had lots of rest,
'Cause they filmed it on five different days!

I'm not singing now; I am pre-recorded!
I'm just mouthing words I have sung before!
And how does it feel to be singing nothing?
It's an aw-ful bore!

III QT
DRUCKER



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

Mother Obsess, we really must do something about Mitzia! You should see how she's conducting the choir at Vespers!

Now, now! She's just a little high-spirited!

And now . . . direct from three smash years in a convent in the Belgian Congo . . . the "Sisters Four"! They'll sing their way into your hearts with a little hymn called—

Mitzia!! Come into my office at once!

Take five, girls!



Mitzia! You are quite a problem! I do not think that you belong in a Convent!

You mean, I belong in the outside world??

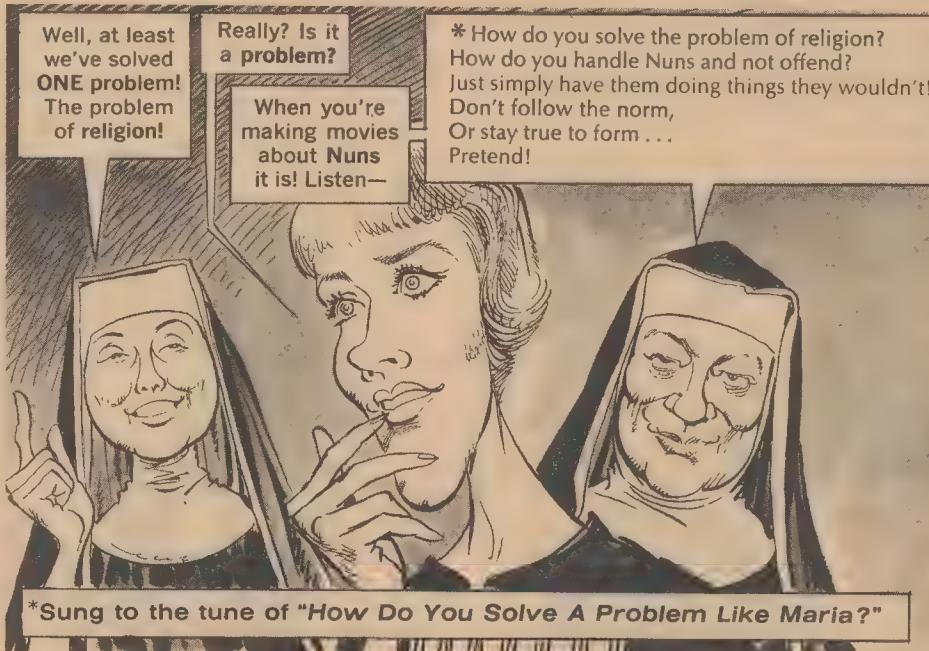
No, not there, either! That's the problem!!

Well, at least we've solved ONE problem! The problem of religion!

Really? Is it a problem?

When you're making movies about Nuns it is! Listen—

* How do you solve the problem of religion? How do you handle Nuns and not offend? Just simply have them doing things they wouldn't! Don't follow the norm, Or stay true to form . . . Pretend!



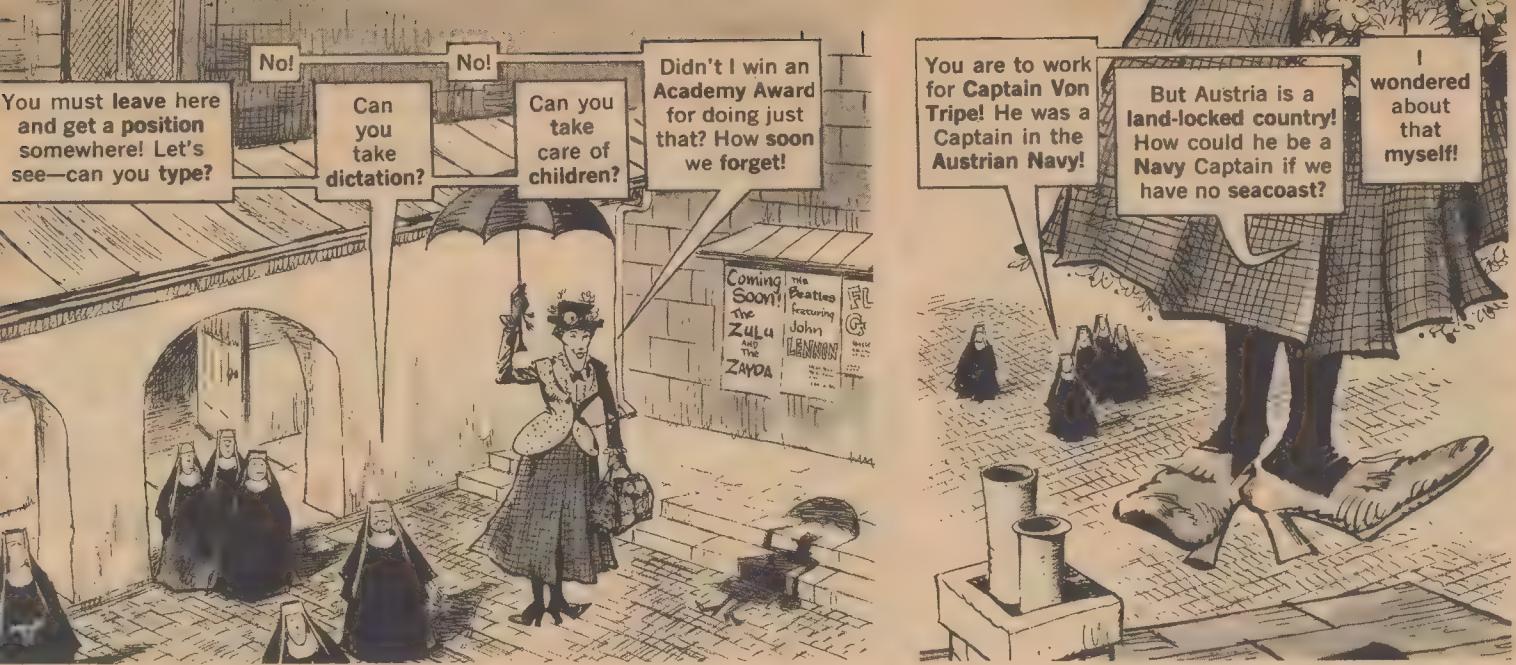
*Sung to the tune of "How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria?"

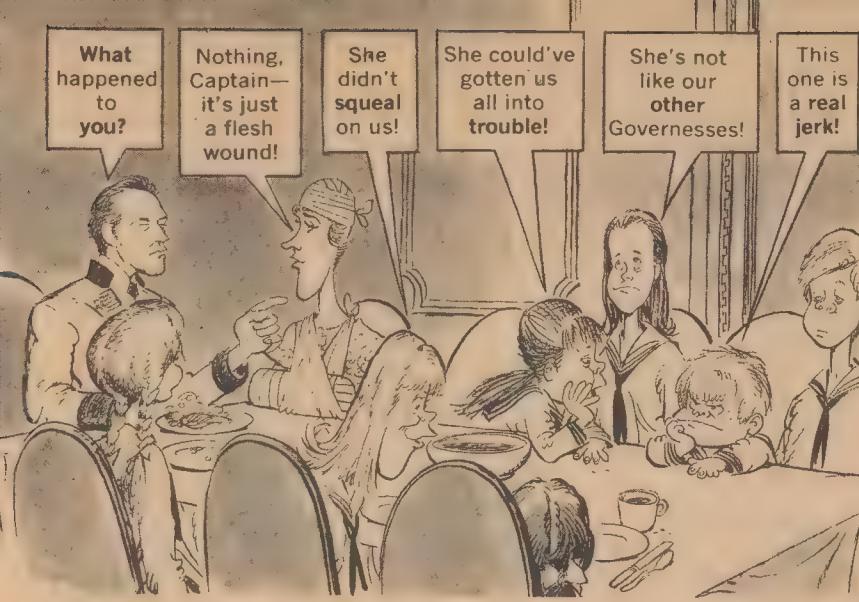
Just show a kookie Nun who rides a scooter; Or show a Sister try to fly a kite. The movies can make folks feel That all these events are real, And being a Nun is fun from morn' till night! People will eat up films about religion! Just keep them cor-ny, sacch-ar-in and trite!

Ingrid Bergman, you'll recall, As a Nun would play baseball; And sweet Audrey Hepburn, Convent life forsware; Sister Debbie was so swinging On her motorbike, while singing; Old Roz Russell, Donna Reed, and many more.

All the Nuns sang a lament While they mixed up their cement, Playing "Lilies Of The Field" with so much zeal; Deborah Kerr was quite specific On that spot in the Pacific; Celeste Holm, Loretta Young all had appeal. Yes . . . everyone loves a picture on religion— Long as the Nuns and Priests are so unreal!







THAT NIGHT . . .

I came in because I heard you whimpering! There . . . there . . . Don't be afraid! The thunder and lightning can't hurt you!



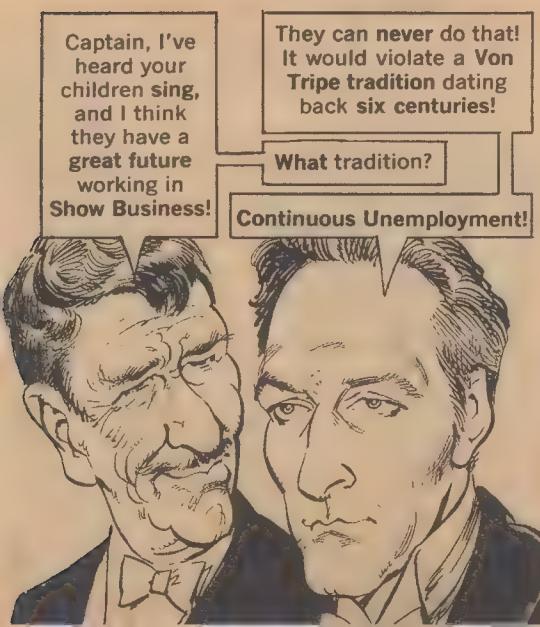
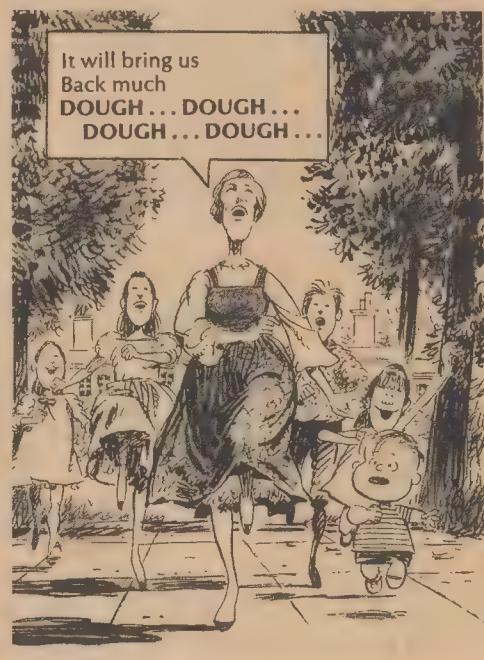
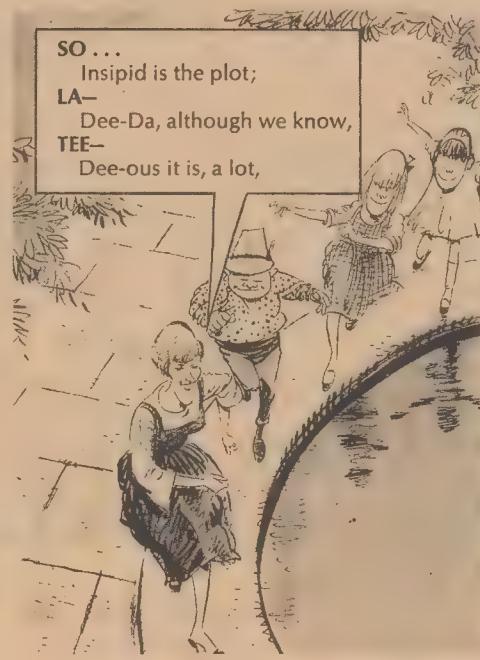
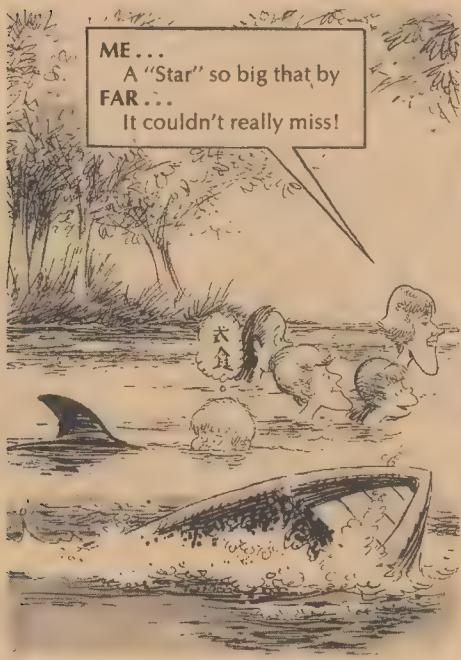
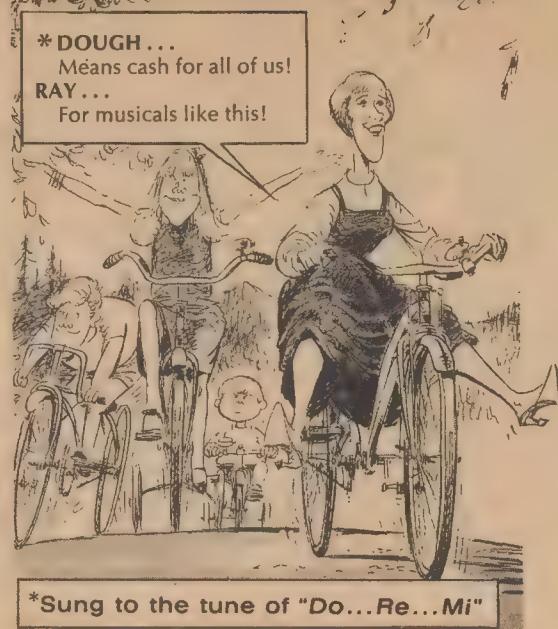
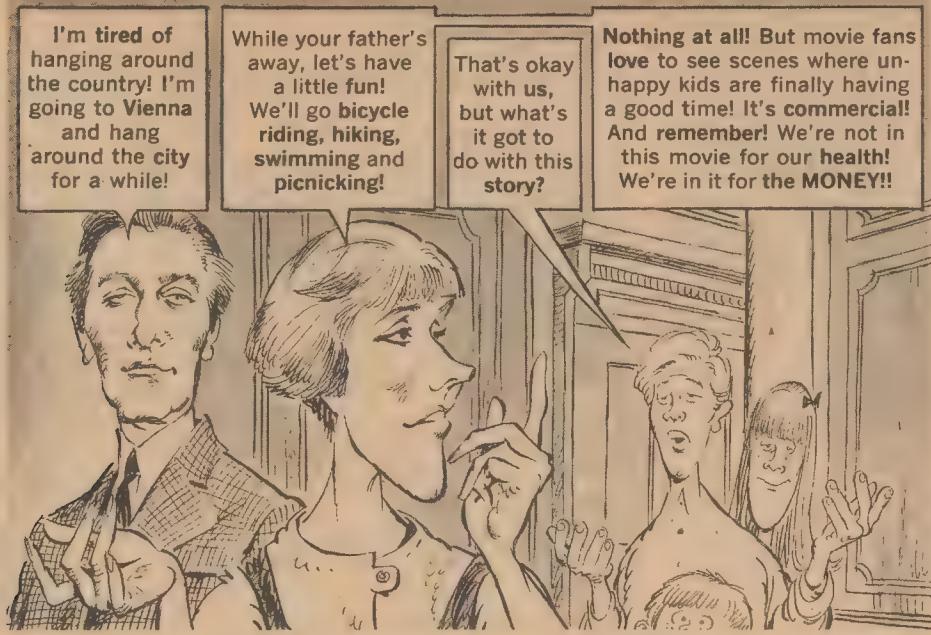
* Lightning and thunder and Danger that hovers;
Scared little children who Hide under covers;
When I start singing, then Happiness springs—
These are just some of the Corniest things!

One little kiddie who Lisps out a sentence;
Makes his stern Daddy so Full of repentance;
Movie fans love all the Tears that it brings—
These are just some of the Corniest things!

See how the children all Love one another;
You know that's nonsense if You have a brother!
Who can believe that such Harmony rings?
These are just some of the Corniest things!

When a storm comes, And we're frightened By the things we Dread,
We put on our nightclothes and Jump up and down, And break hearts—but not The bed!





Countess,
I cannot
marry
you
I am in
love with
someone
else!

You didn't have
to tell me! I am
a woman, and a
woman's heart
knows! It's that
Dancer in Vienna!

No, it isn't her!

It's
that
Nurse
in
Salzburg!

Not her,
either!

That
waitress
in
Carlsbad?

No, not
her
either!

Well,
who
is
it,
then?

Guess!

All right, I'll
tell you! It's
... it's ...
I'm so bad at
remembering
names ...

Mitzia??

You
are
so
wise!

Are you sure it's
love, Captain? Or
could it just be
the fascination
of saving money
on a Governess?

If you really
knew me, you
wouldn't ask
that question!
Actually, it's
a little of both!!



Isn't it lovely,
Mitzia! You've
got seven little
attendants!

What's so lovely?
They're all from
HIS side of the
family!

Sorry to interrupt
your honeymoon,
Captain, but
I order you to
report to
Bremerhaven
to join the
German Navy!

You must be joking!

Listen, Bud,
I'm not one
of those
lovable Nazis
you see on
television!

I can't join
the German
Navy, Mitzia!
I just can't!

Poor dear!
It's against
your
principles!

No, it isn't that!
You see, I'm not
really a Captain!
I just have this
"thing" for
Sailor Suits!



We must leave
Austria, but
the Nazis are
watching every
road out!

Let's join the
children at the
Folk Singing
Festival, and
then escape!

Excellent idea! Pack
only what we'll need
for the trip! That's
three Sailor Suits,
two Whistles, and my
Security Blanket!

We've finished
our song! Now's
our chance to
escape!

While the
audience is
applauding?

No ...
while the
audience is
sleeping!

Stop them ... stop them!

From trying to escape?

No, from doing an encore!



Stop them! Stop them!

From doing an encore?

No, idiot! From escaping!



The search party is gone! It will be safe to leave!

Besides, I took this out of the Nazis' car! Did I do wrong, Mother Obsess?

I'm afraid so, Sister! This part is from Von Tripe's car!



Let's see! Have we forgotten anything?

I don't think so! I packed toothbrushes, underwear—

Not that stuff! I mean, have we forgotten any element that will make sure this movie is a resounding success?

Well now, we've got the "Religion," the "Corny Stuff," the "Tear-Jerking Parts," "Unrequited Young Love," a "Happy Ending"—There's only one other element! PROPER MERCHANDISING! We'll...

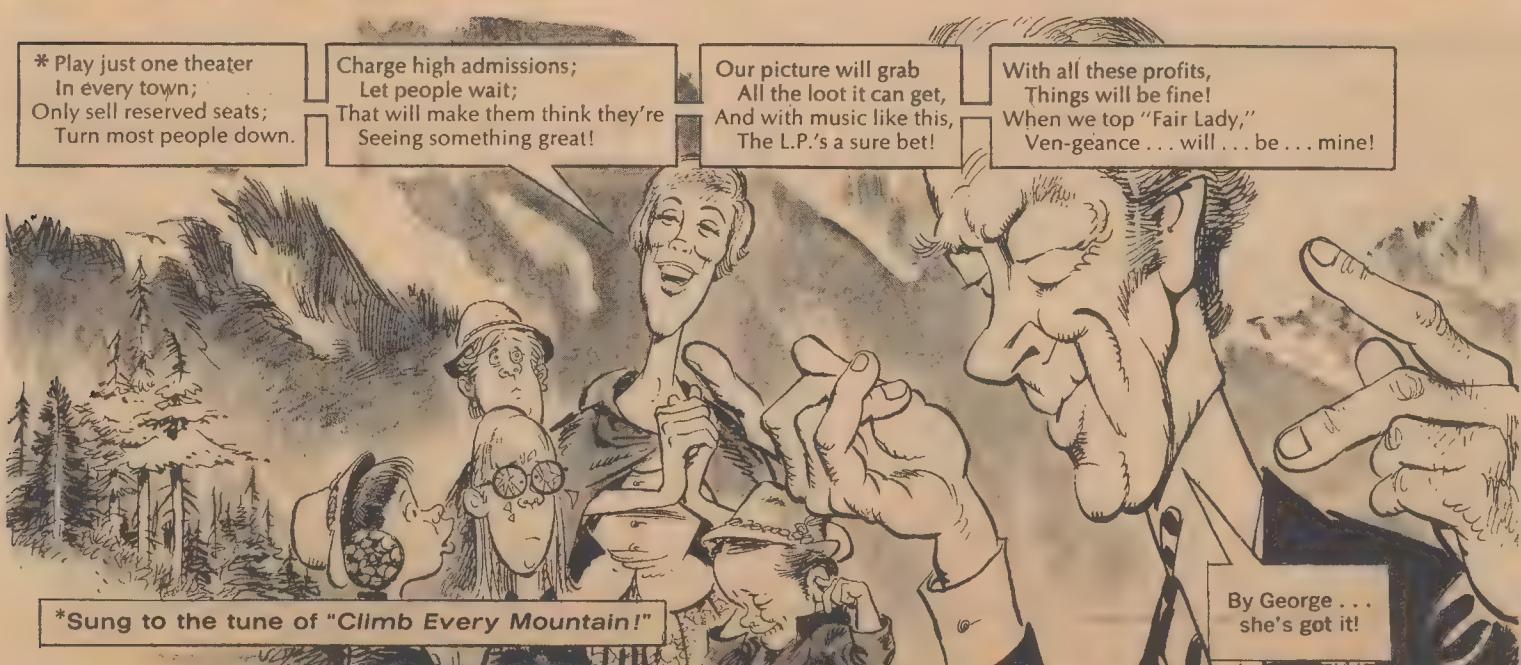


* Play just one theater
In every town;
Only sell reserved seats;
Turn most people down.

Charge high admissions;
Let people wait;
That will make them think they're
Seeing something great!

Our picture will grab
All the loot it can get,
And with music like this,
The L.P.'s a sure bet!

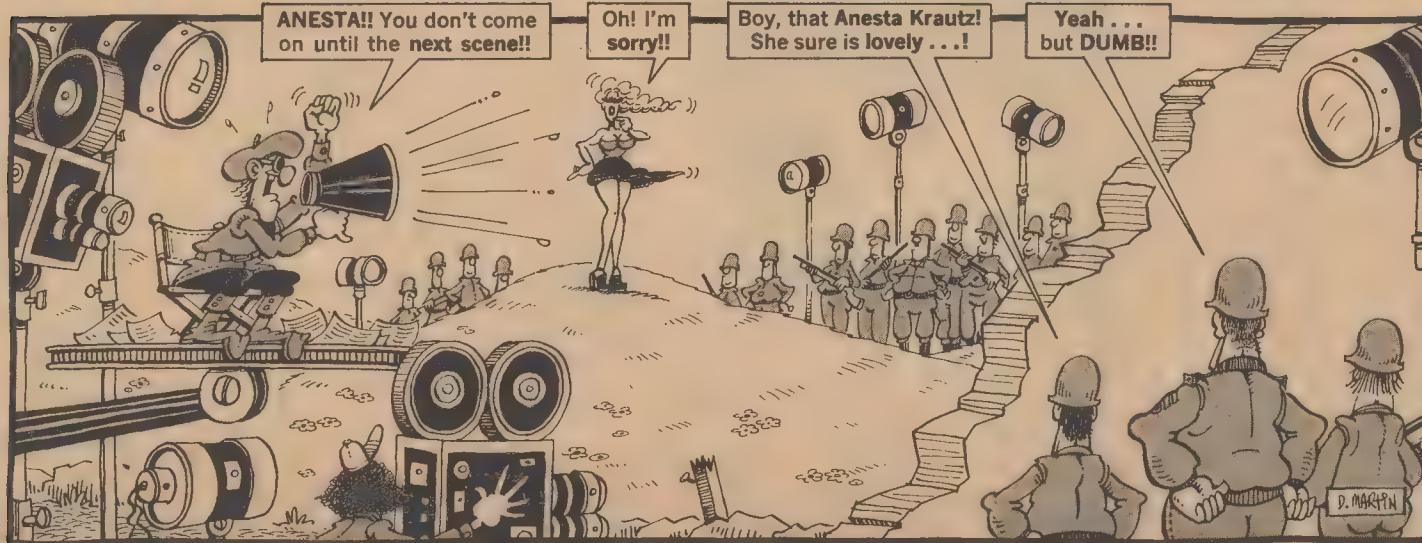
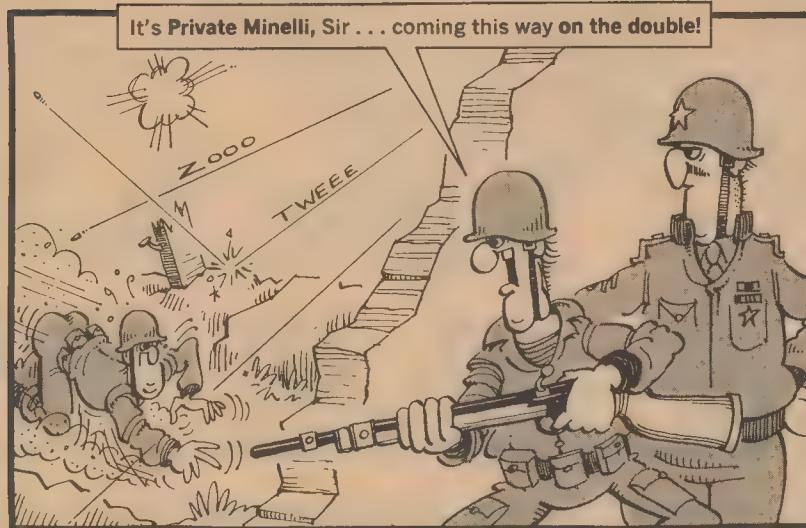
With all these profits,
Things will be fine!
When we top "Fair Lady,"
Ven-gance . . . will . . . be . . . mine!



*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain!"

By George . . .
she's got it!

ONE DAY WHILE FILMING A WORLD WAR II MOVIE



Hello! I'm sullen actor, Warren Booty! I recently starred in a great film epic about the Depression Era of the Thirties. I got the part because I'm a sensitive actor, I'm a versatile performer, and by a fantastic coincidence, I also happened to be the Producer!

This is my co-star, Faye Runaway. The historic couple we're supposed to play in this film were really ugly, savage killers. But after watching the movie for five minutes, you'll know at once what famous American couple we're really portraying . . . Steve and Eydie Lawrence!

This picture deals with one of the most violent crime waves in American history.

Oh, by the way, the girl who just walked in is my sister, Shirley MacKook! She recently starred in "Woman Times Eight"! But that was another violent crime . . .



BALMY

Hi, thayah, you purty li'l thang. Ah'm Clod Barrow. Ah'm a full-time ex-con an' a part-time degenerate.

Tha's nice. Ah'm Balmy Parker. Ah'm a full-time waitress an a part-time moron.

Whaddaya say? Let's do some robbin' an' spittin' an' cussin' an' stabbin' and shootin'.

Sounds okay t' me. But Ah'm warnin' you. Ah never kill on a firs' date.

See this hyar gun? Guess what it really stan' for in mah life. Go ahaid an' guess. Ah'll give you a hint—

It got somethin' t' do with Freud an' symbolism. Heh, heh! Go ahaid, guess what the gun stan' for.

Yor mother . . . an' you a son of a gun! Hee, hee! Don' you jus' love mah cute sense of humor?



Some people have asked me how I happen to be qualified to produce films at my age. Well, actually I am a great student of the motion picture. In fact, I've seen every movie that Walt Disney ever made. I just love his adorable little animals. And now, speaking of adorable little animals, here is the story of . . .

WE RIB BANK ROBBERS DEPT.



AND CLOUD

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hoo—
boy,
are
you
stupid!

Well, Ah tol'
you Ah'm a
part-time
moron! An'
Ah'm "On
Duty" now!

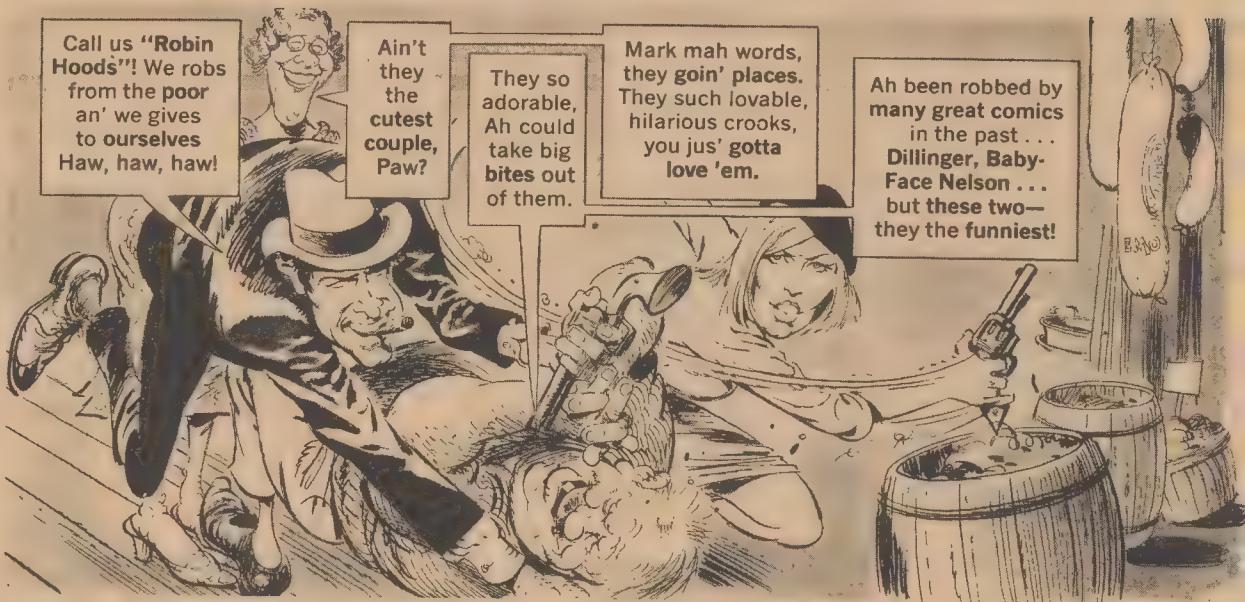
Call us "Robin
Hoods"! We robs
from the poor
an' we gives
to ourselves
Haw, haw, haw!

Ain't
they
the
cutest
couple,
Paw?

They so
adorable,
Ah could
take big
bites out
of them.

Mark mah words,
they goin' places.
They such lovable,
hilarious crooks,
you jus' gotta
love 'em.

Ah been robbed by
many great comics
in the past . . .
Dillinger, Baby-
Face Nelson . . .
but these two—
they the funniest!



Oh, Clod, weren't that
fun? We gonna have such
a happy life together.
Kiss me! Hug me! Make
out with me!

No makin'
out! Ah
cain't
make out
with you!

You cain't make out
with me? Why? 'Cause
you got problems?
'Cause you sick? 'Cause
you need a haid doctor?

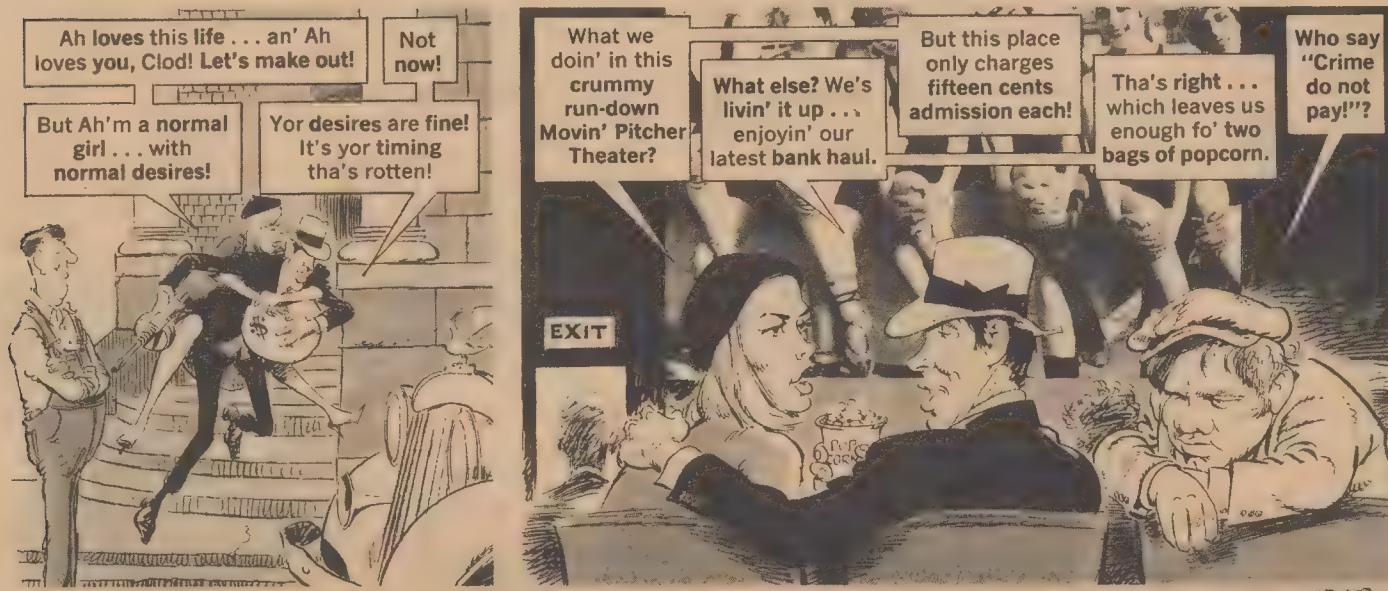
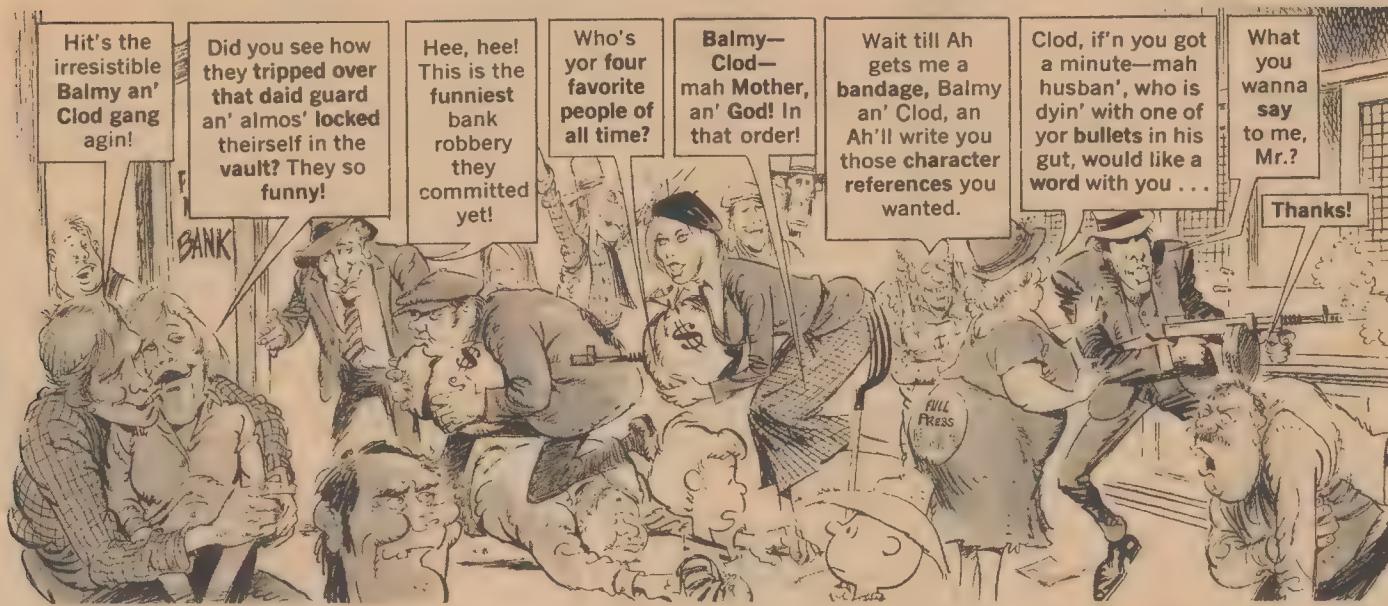
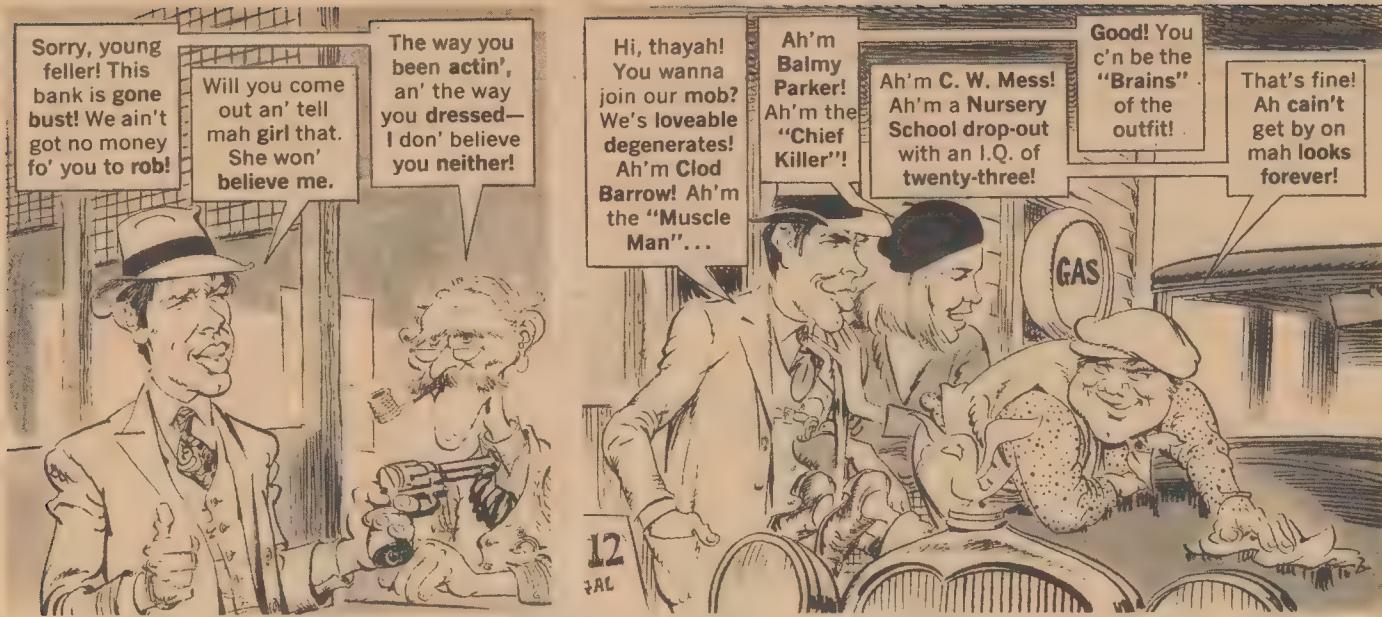
No, 'cause Ah
happen t' be
drivin' this
car at eighty
miles an hour!



TEXAS 1933
587-9041

FULL Press
FLOUR





Balmy . . . C. W. . . .
This mah brother,
Cluck, an' his wife,
Blunjid. They gonna
join our mob . . .

Great. When we make
our nex' haul, we
c'n split the sixty
cents FIVE ways
instead of three!

C'mon,
evahbody,
le's pose
fo' funny
pitchers!

Ain't it great
t' be young
an' alive an'
in love . . .

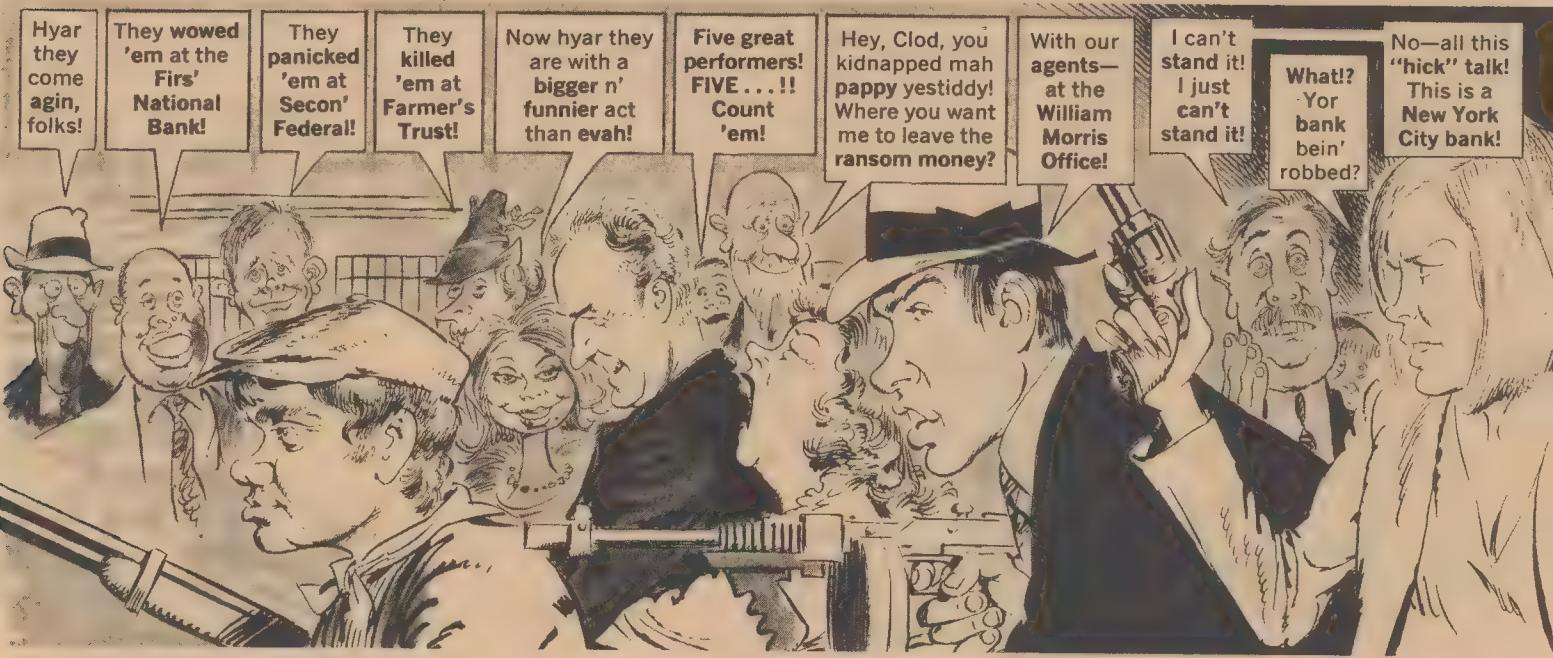
. . . an'
wanted fo'
murder . . .

. . . an'
posin' fo'
pitchers . . .

. . . an'
stupid!

Why you
say we
stupid?

You see
anybody
workin' the
camera?



We been goin' together
fo' 51 bank jobs an'
112 killing's! Le's
make out now, Clod!

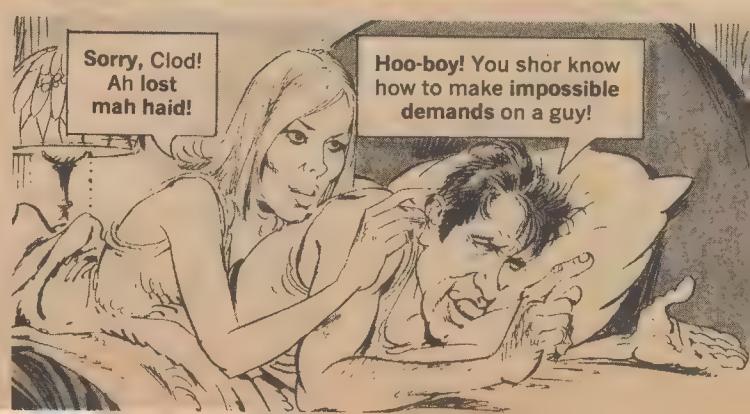
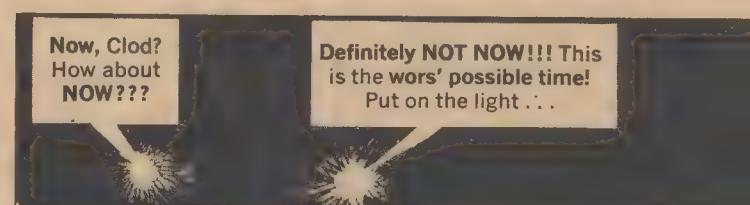
You outta
your mind??
NOT
NOW!

Now,
Clod?
NOW??

You mus'
be insane!
NOT NOW!!

Now, Clod?
How about
NOW???

Definitely NOT NOW!!! This
is the wors' possible time!
Put on the light . . .



Hot dawg! We got
Balmy an' Clod
surrounded! Le's
close in on 'em!

Wait!
Balmy is
writin'
somethin'!

What
she
writin'?

She don'
know! She
cain't
read!

Clod, Ah got two s'prises fo' you! Firs', Ah learned how t' read
yestiddy... an' secon', Ah jus' wrote somethin' which Ah
thinks is beautiful. When Ah read it to you, you gonna be
so inspired, won'erful thangs is gonna happen to our...
you should pardon the expression... **LOVE LIFE!**

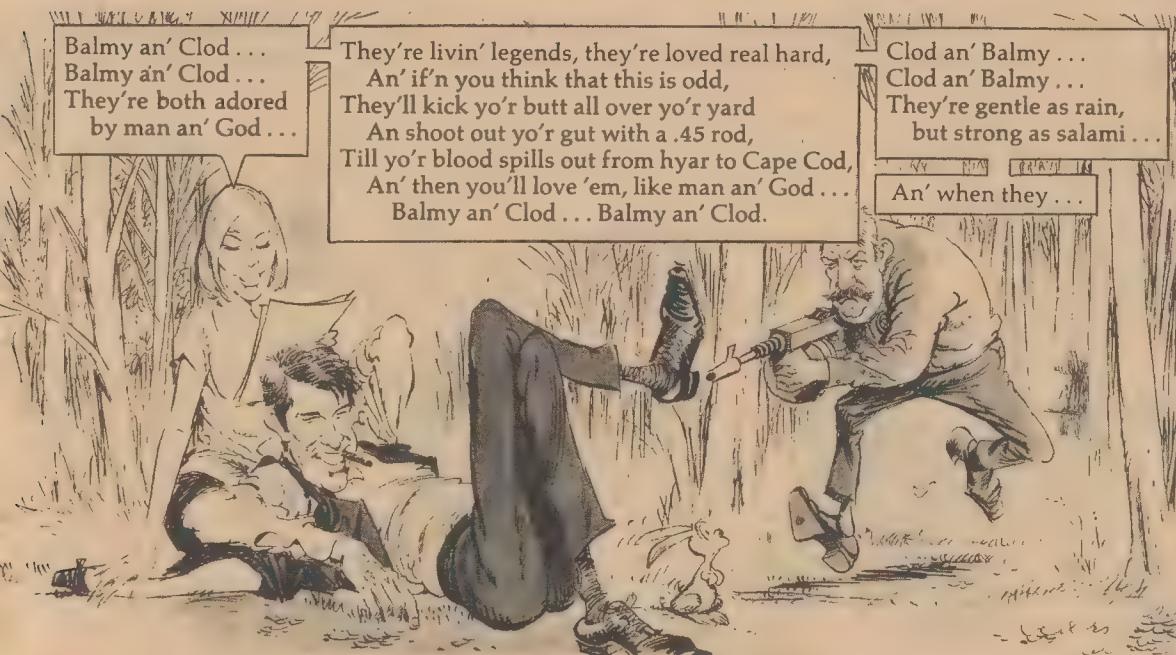


Balmy an' Clod...
Balmy an' Clod...
They're both adored
by man an' God...

They're livin' legends, they're loved real hard,
An' if'n you think that this is odd,
They'll kick yo'r butt all over yo'r yard,
An shoot out yo'r gut with a .45 rod,
Till yo'r blood spills out from hyar to Cape Cod,
An' then you'll love 'em, like man an' God...
Balmy an' Clod... Balmy an' Clod.

Clod an' Balmy...
Clod an' Balmy...
They're gentle as rain,
but strong as salami...

An' when they...



BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

Hey, why'dja go an'
shoot 'em like that?
We was supposed t'
bring 'em in **ALIVE!**

The thought of it
was too horrible!
Ah couldn't stan'
it any more!

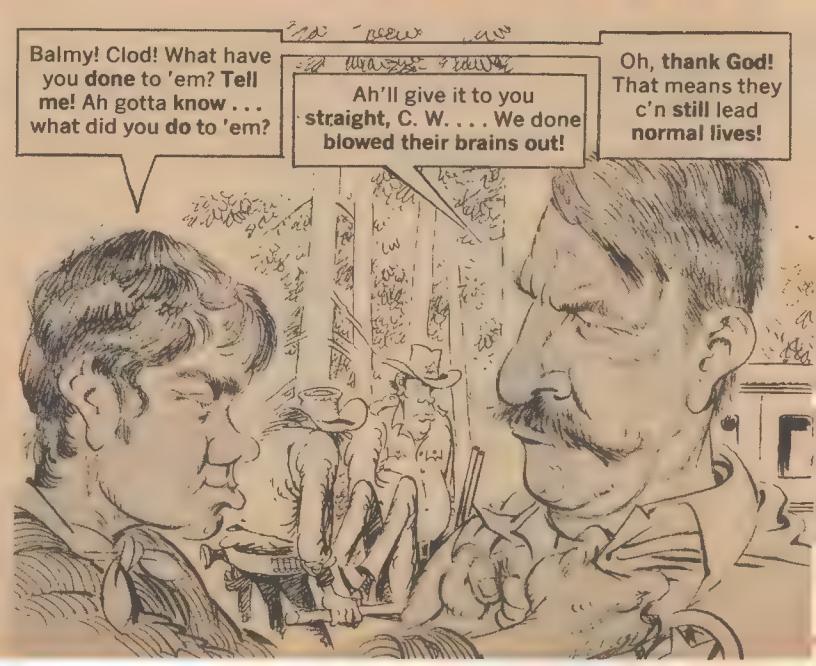
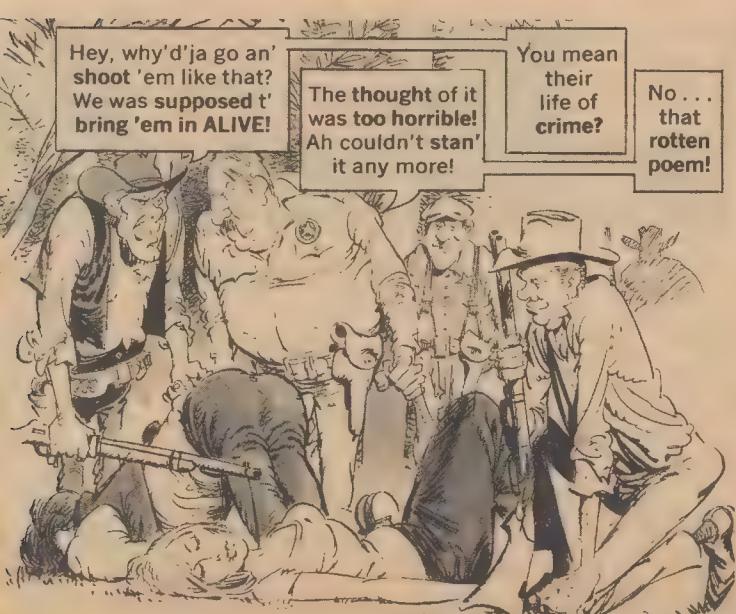
You mean
their
life of
crime?

No...
that
rotten
poem!

Balmy! Clod! What have
you done to 'em? Tell
me! Ah gotta know...
what did you do to 'em?

Ah'll give it to you
straight, C. W... We done
blowed their brains out!

Oh, thank God!
That means they
c'n still lead
normal lives!

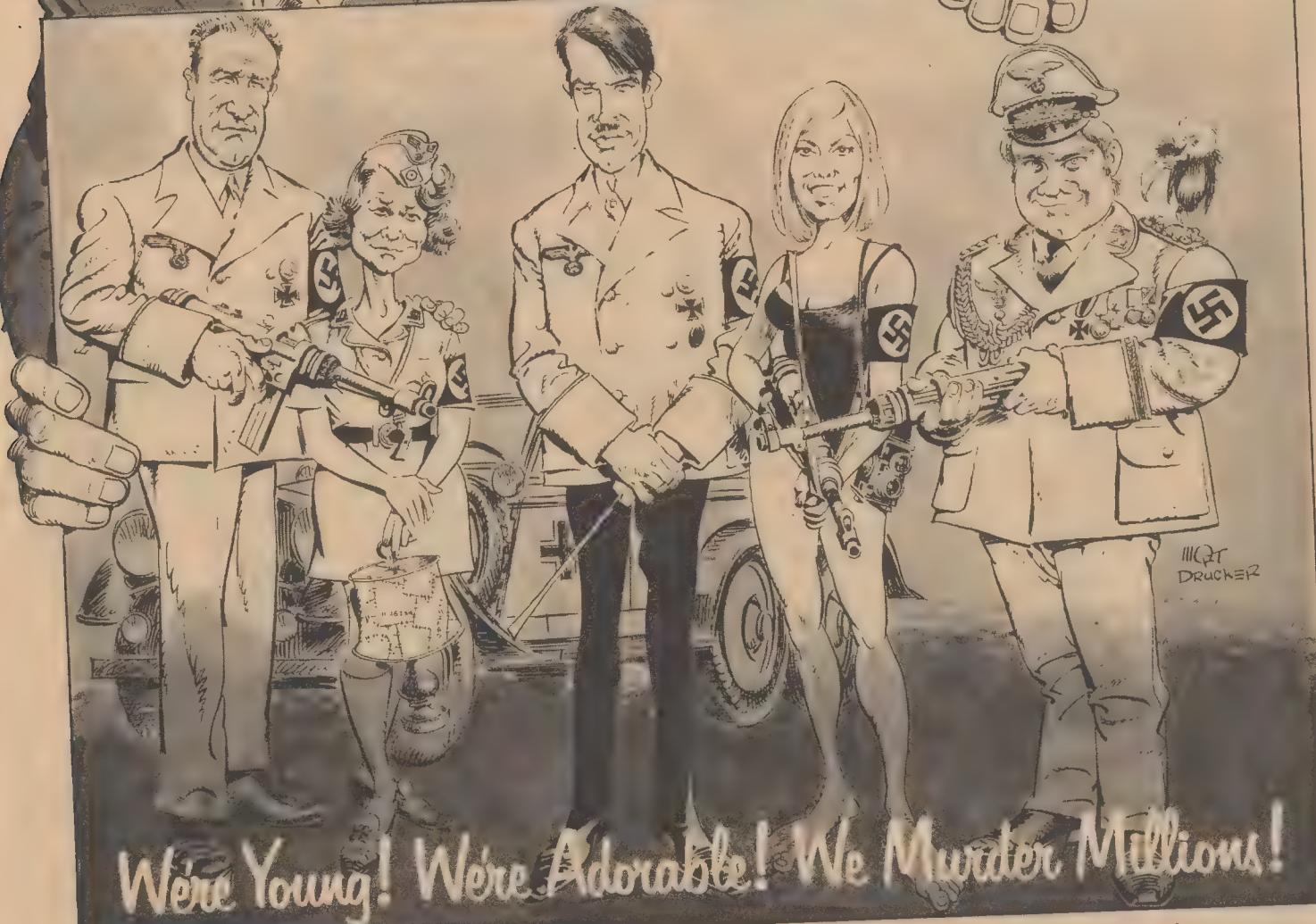


Well, that's our picture!
And what a fantastically
successful one it's been!
We've made millions on it!

And now, for all our loyal fans . . . particularly
you wonderful teenagers who identified so strongly
with our adorable hero and heroine . . . I've got a
marvelous surprise for you! . . . Dig this poster:

My next picture deals with
still another . . . and if
possible . . . much better
"fun couple" of the Thirties!

If you liked
"Balmy and
Clod" . . .
you'll love—

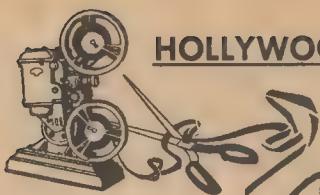


WARRIOR IN BOOTY FAVORITE RUINAWAY *as those beloved Nazi nuts...* EVA AND IDOLF

History's most talked-about couple!

CO-STARING
MICHAEL J. DULLARD as GOERING • **GENE HACKHACK** as GOEBBELS.
and featuring **ESTELLE PARSNIPS** as the irresistible ILSA KOCH

PRODUCED BY **WADDEN ROOTY** • DIRECTED BY **ARTHUR PINHEAD** • WRITTEN BY **DAVID NINNY and ROBERT BOOBY** FROM AN IDEA SUGGESTED BY **THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK**

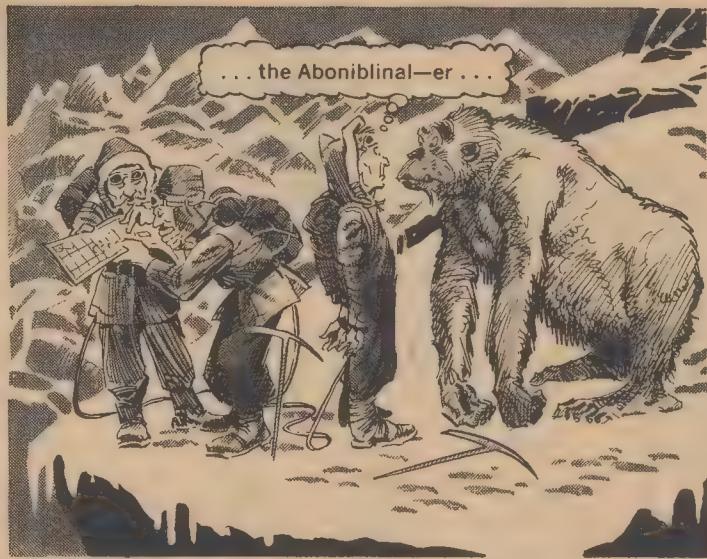
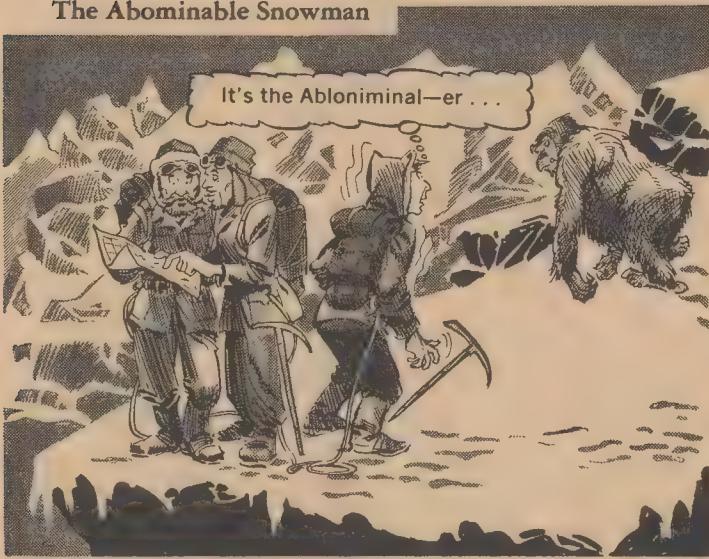


HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

Scenes We'd Like to See

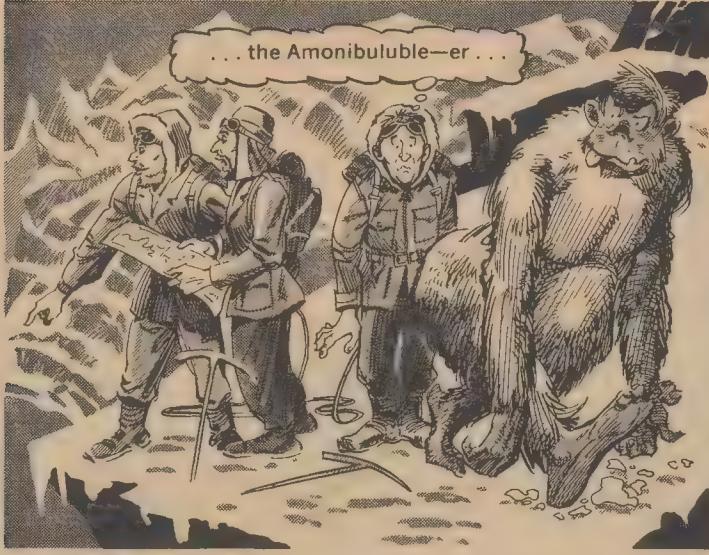
The Abominable Snowman

It's the Abominimal—er . . .



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

... the Amonibuluble—er . . .

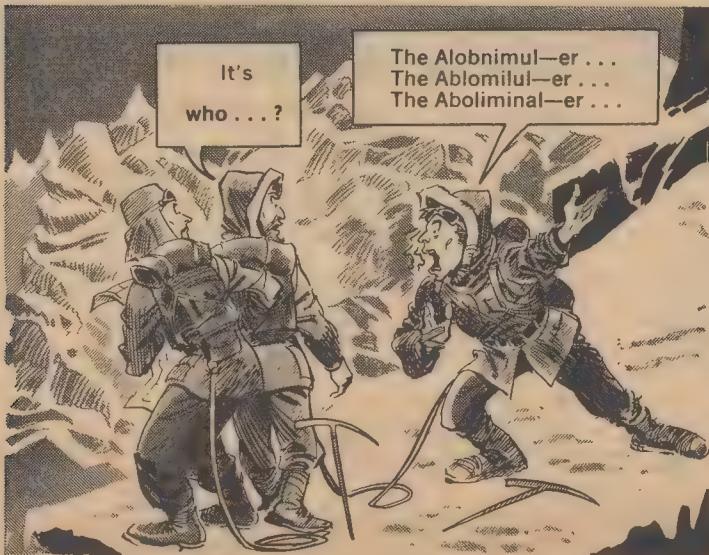


IT'S HIM!!



It's
who . . . ?

The Abominimal—er . . .
The Abomilul—er . . .
The Abominimal—er . . .



Abominul . . . Amonluble . . .
Amoblable . . . Abominimal . . .
Ablonimbulul . . . Ablonimul . . .



Joe Orlando

CAR WATCH DEPT.

According to a recent MAD survey, hardly anybody reads the introductions to these articles. In fact, we discovered that there is only one person in the whole country who reads the introductions to MAD articles. You, Sonia Muffleknopf, of Evanston, Ill.! Hi, Sonia! It's nice communicating with you like this. And Sonia, guess what? We just learned that you are really Anastasia, the sole surviving member of Tsar Nicholas's family. There are \$7,000,000 worth of Russian crown jewels waiting for you under the letter box at the corner of State and Lake Streets in Chicago. Pick them up at your convenience. Don't worry—not a soul knows about this. The U.S. Government has authorized us to contact you this secret way. So, good luck, Sonia, with your newfound fortune. Just remember, while you are driving around in your shiny Cadillac or roaming thru your 40-room mansion with the swimming pool, that you owe it all to reading introductions to ridiculous MAD articles like this one, which presents . . .



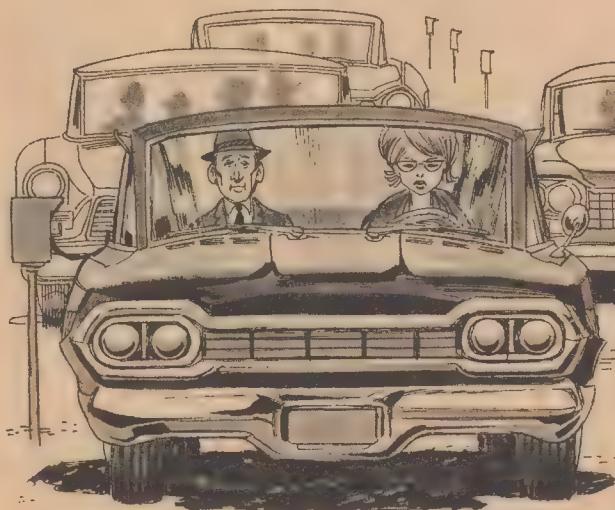
THE MAD drive-in movie primer



Illustrated By
George Woodbridge

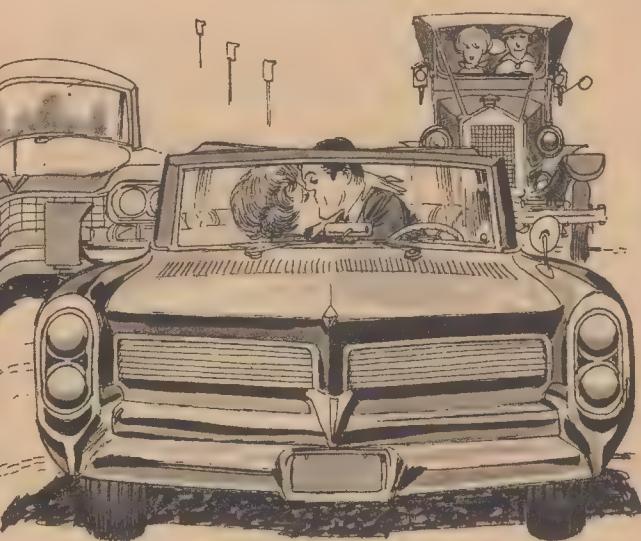
Written By
Larry Siegel

LESSON 1.



See the Drive-In Theater.
See the nice car parked in it.
See the nice man and lady in the car.
What a lovely couple they are.
The man and lady are married.
How do we know they are married?
Because they are in the Drive-In Theater
And they are not necking!

LESSON 2.



See the other nice man and lady.
See them kissing.
Kiss, man and lady, kiss.
What a pair of kissers!
This man and lady are not married.
No, sir!
Then again, they *could* be married—
But not to each other!

LESSON 3.



See the children in pajamas.
 Why are they wearing pajamas?
 So they will sleep in the back seat
 While their parents watch the movie.
 See how nicely they are sleeping.
 See how they talk in their sleep.
 See how they fight in their sleep.
 See how they sleep with their eyes open.
 Tomorrow they will sleep with their eyes closed.
 In school!

LESSON 4.



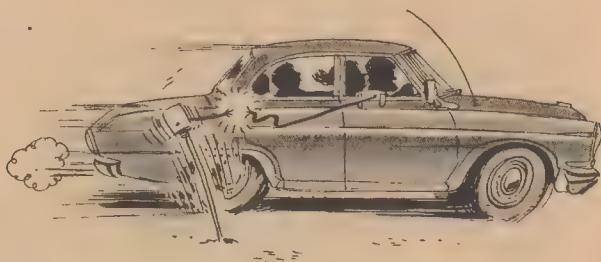
See the refreshment center.
 That's what it's called at a Drive-In.
 The owner has a cuter name for it.
 He calls it a "Gold Mine".
 See the people eating.
 Eat, people, eat.
 Chomp, slurp, gulp.
 Doesn't it remind you of feeding time at the zoo?
 Only the animals have better table manners.
 These people eat as if this is their last meal.
 Considering the quality of the food,
 For many of them—it is!

LESSON 7.



See the speaker.
 Every car has a speaker.
 See the angry man.
 Grrr! Grrr! Grrr!
 The angry man is smashing the speaker!
 Why is the man so angry?
 Because the movie he is watching is called
 "Gidget Goes Crazy" . . .
 And, unfortunately, his speaker works!

LESSON 8.



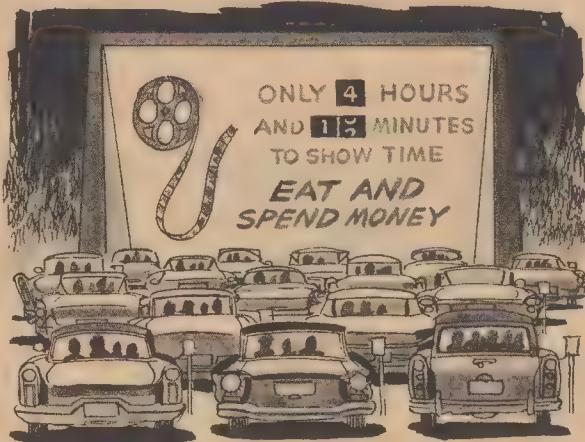
See the funny man.
 He has made a funny mistake.
 He has driven off . . .
 But he has forgotten to remove his speaker
 from his car door.
 The speaker wire has snapped . . .
 And the man is driving home with the speaker.
 Ha! Ha! Ha!
 But some speaker wires are very strong.
 When drivers forget to remove these speakers
 from their car doors,
 They drive home without these speakers.
 They also drive home without their doors!

LESSON 5.



See the Amusement Area.
 See the children having fun.
 Amusement Areas serve two valuable functions:
 They allow youngsters to get rid of excess energy,
 And they allow youngsters to play in the night air.
 This usually leads to two important results:
 Dirty pajamas . . .
 And pneumonia!

LESSON 6.



ONLY 4 HOURS
 AND 15 MINUTES
 TO SHOW TIME
 EAT AND
 SPEND MONEY

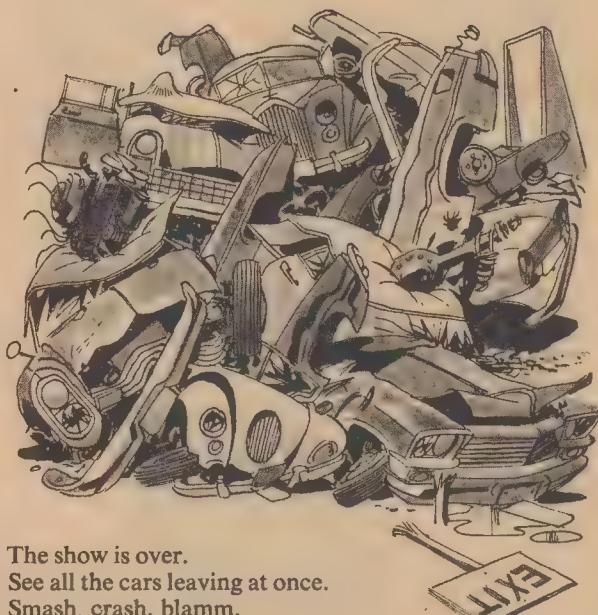
See the Drive-In Movie screen.
 It tells you how many minutes to show time.
 And how many minutes to the next announcement
 Of how many minutes to show time.
 It also tells you about the fabulous
 Refreshment Center.
 And Phil's Garage on Main Street.
 And Ernie's Meat Market on Maple Avenue.
 And Henry's Funeral Parlor on Elm Drive.
 Aren't you glad you're not home watching TV
 With all those lousy commercials?

LESSON 9.



See the rain come down.
 Splish, splash, splosh.
 See the windshield wipers working.
 Flip, flap, flop.
 Hear the defroster fans blowing.
 Rrrr, rrr, rrr.
 You can't beat a Drive-In Movie for a cheap evening.
 It only costs \$1.00 per person to get in,
 Plus \$4.85 . . .
 For using up 15 gallons of gas
 To keep the motor running
 So the windshield wipers will work
 And the defroster fans will blow
 Without running down the battery.

LESSON 10.



The show is over.
 See all the cars leaving at once.
 Smash, crash, blamm.
 What a funny collision.
 It is a 312-car collision.
 Tomorrow the owner will close his Drive-In Theater.
 In its place, he will open an auto junkyard.
 He is off to a grand start.
 Look at all the lovely merchandise he has.

TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPT.

A while back, the folks in Hollywood made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a jet airliner. The movie was called "Airport." It was a huge success and it made millions! Recently, the folks in Hollywood said, "Now let's make a movie that's

THE POOPSIDE

Now, listen to me, Mr. Linassis! This ship is in danger! We could breach if we took a big wave on our beam! And we could founder if we shipped water over our starboard and port gunwales!

What do you suggest?

That we slow down and put some heavy stuff in the bottom!

You mean ballast in the keel?!

Yeah, that!

I figured there'd be a nautical term for it!

No way, Captain! Keep going at full speed ahead! Every day that we delay our cargo costs my company a fortune!

Er—what exactly IS our cargo?

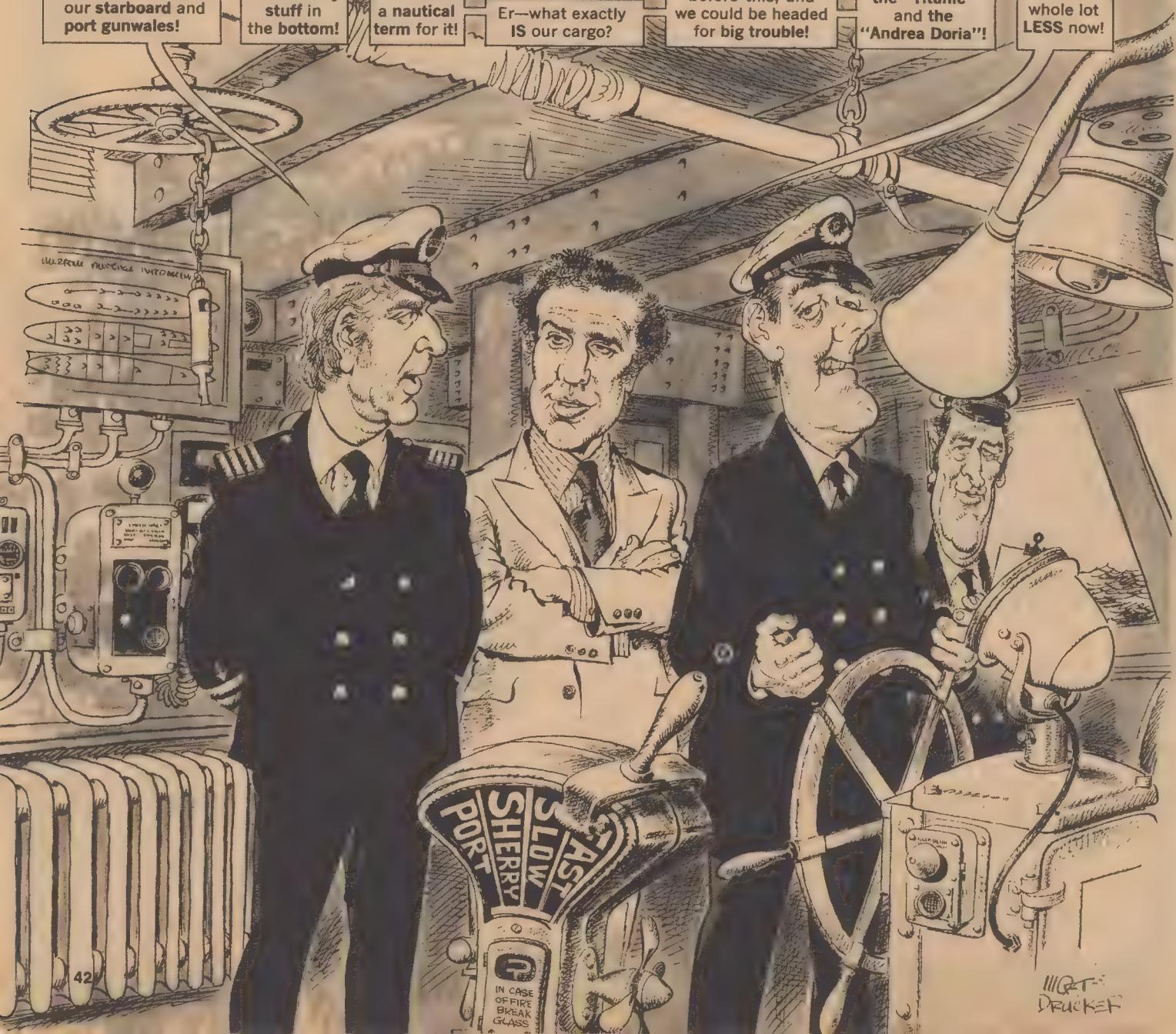
Air Mail Letters! So . . . get flying!

I'm warning you, Mr. Linassis! I've been Captain of three other ships before this, and we could be headed for big trouble!

I'll take my chances!

My three other ships were the "Lusitania," the "Titanic" and the "Andrea Doria"!

Uh—well —I'll STILL take my chances . . . but I like my chances a whole lot LESS now!



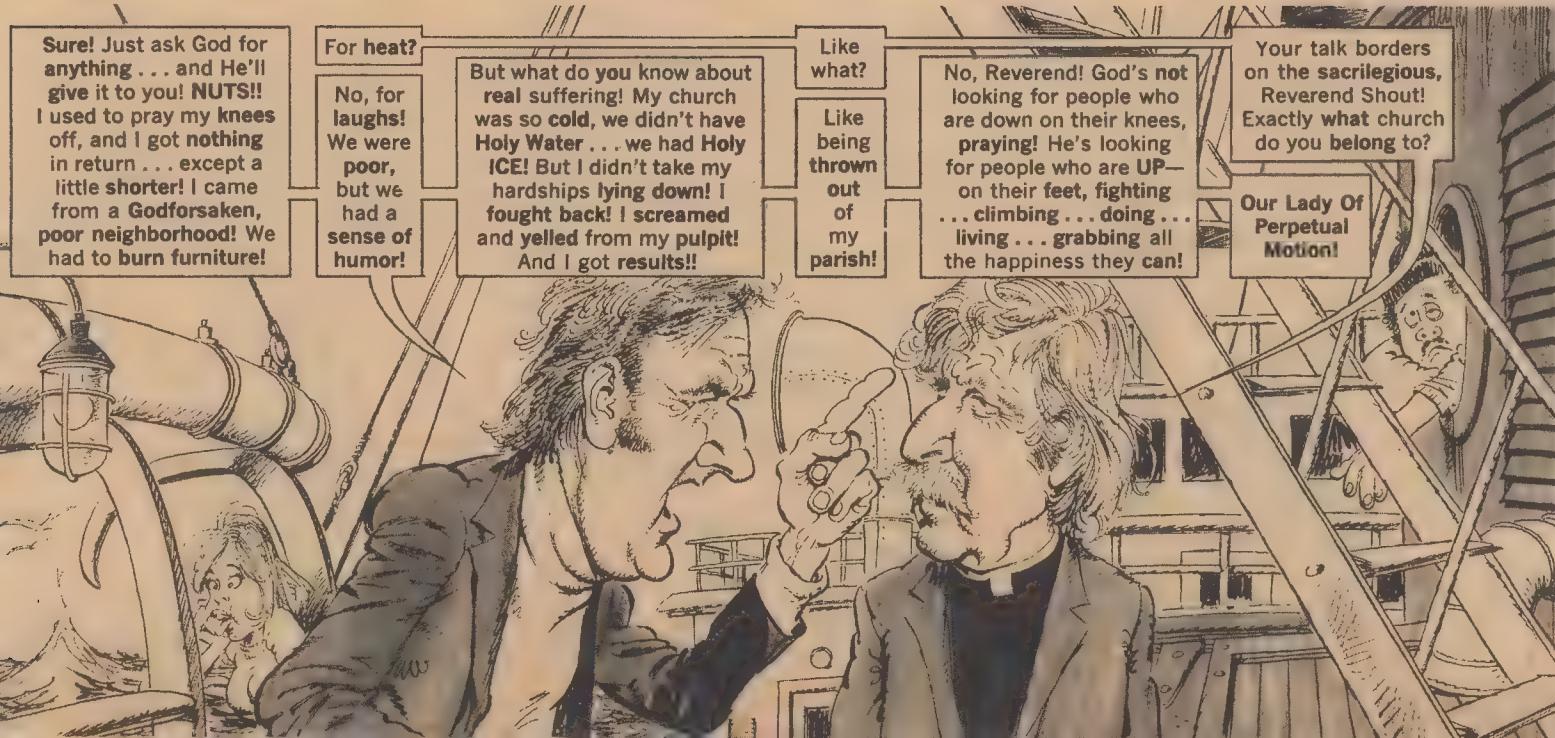
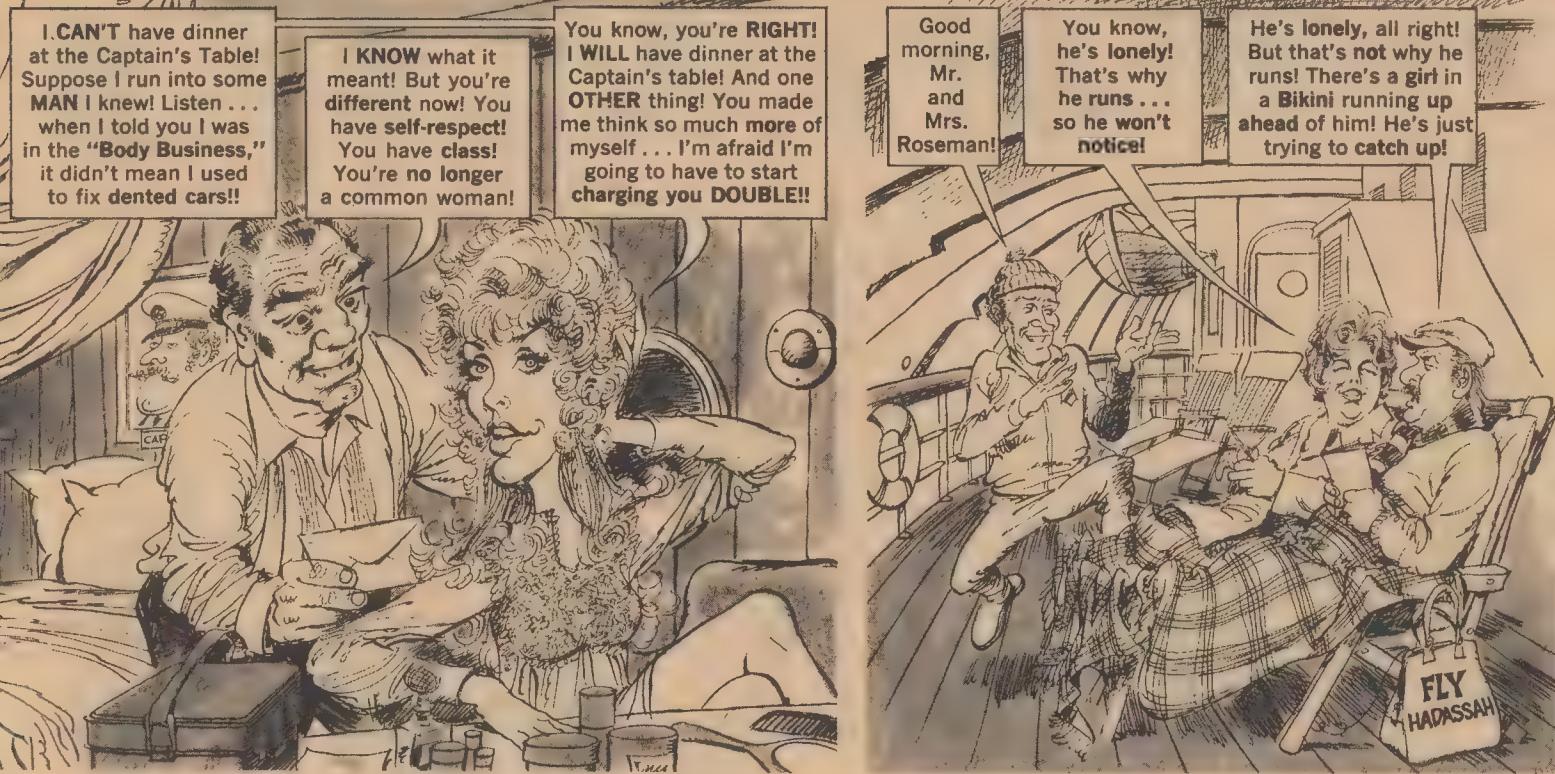


completely new and different!" So they made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a luxury *oceanliner*! Here, then, is MAD's version of this completely new and different movie . . . this sort of "Underwater Airport" . . . which we have titled . . .

OUR OWN ADVENTURE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Listen to this, Snoozin . . . ! The Poopsidedown is one of the most seaworthy ships ever built . . . except for one little incident!

WHAT incident?

At its launching ceremony, when they hit it with the champagne bottle, it turned upside-down! And listen to this! Its Generators make enough electricity to light all the homes in Furd, N.J.!

But there are only thirty-seven homes in Furd, N.J.!

I know! That's another thing wrong with this ship! Its Generators are too small!

My goodness . . . a yellow, a red, a blue, a green and an orange! You sure take a lot of vitamins, Mr. Marty!

What vitamins? These are M & M's!

Are you married, Mr. Marty?

No! With my work, I just don't have time! I hold two jobs, and it's a long day! I'm a Milkman, and a Night Watchman! Sometimes, I don't get home until 4 the following week!



How about you, Purser? Are you married?

No, I have a Mistress!

He means the sea is his Mistress!

No, I don't! I mean your wife is my Mistress!

Limber, I just can't take you ANYWHERE!!

You said, "No more walking the streets!" You never said a word about walking the DECKS!

How does it feel to be the Captain of a ship, Mr. Captain?

It's not like what it used to be! Lately, I can't seem to keep my head above water! I keep getting this—sinking feeling! You know . . . like you're going under! But I really shouldn't complain! I guess we're all in the same boat!

Boy . . . am I sorry that I asked!!

Tell us, Captain! Who is this ship named after?

Poopsidedown, the Greek God of the Sea! That's his statue there!



Do you think it means anything that Poopsidedown just fell on the floor?

Er—just to be sure, I'll go to the—er—little room at the front of the boat!

You mean "The Bridge"?

Yeah! There!

Hello? Weather Station Athens? This is the Captain of The Poopsidedown! Can you give me the latest weather report for this area?

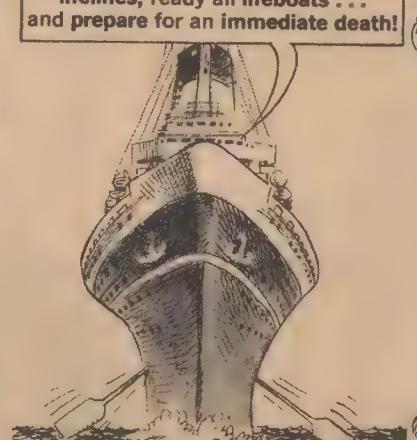
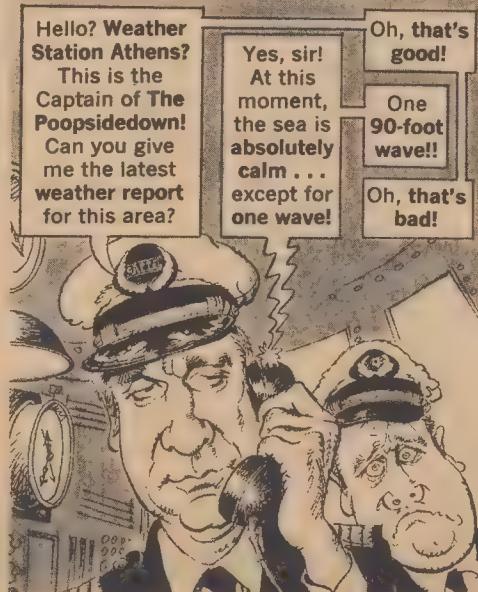
Yes, sir! At this moment, the sea is absolutely calm . . . except for one wave!

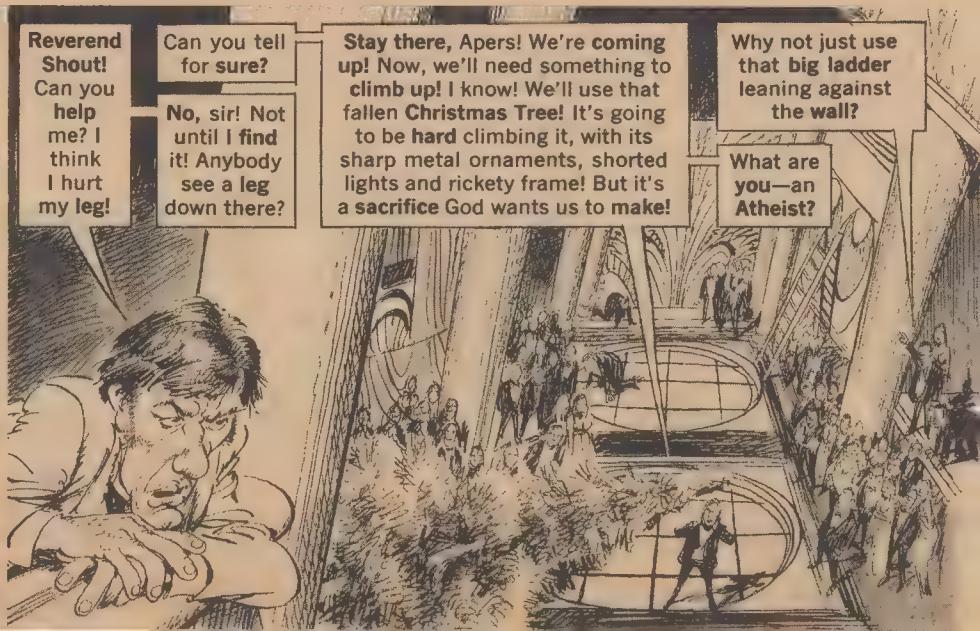
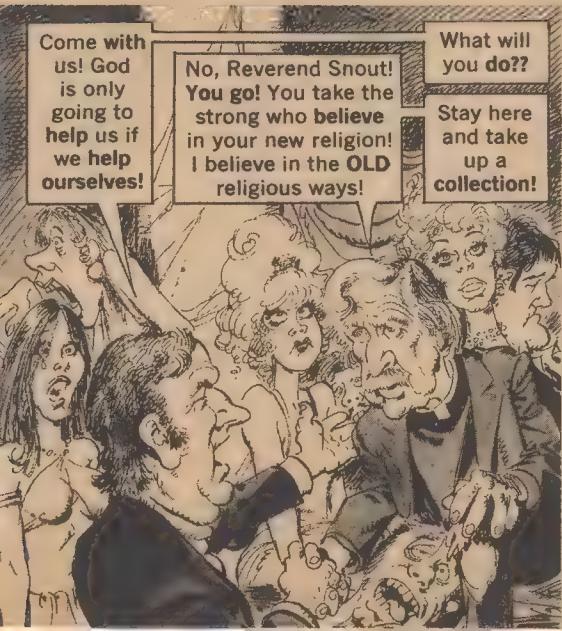
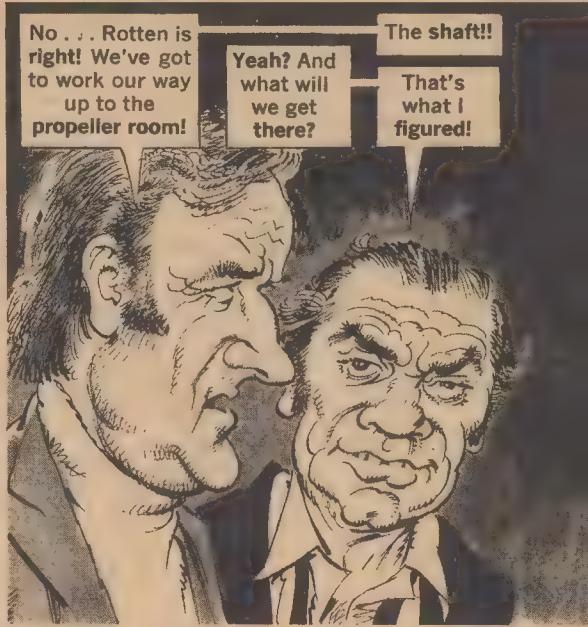
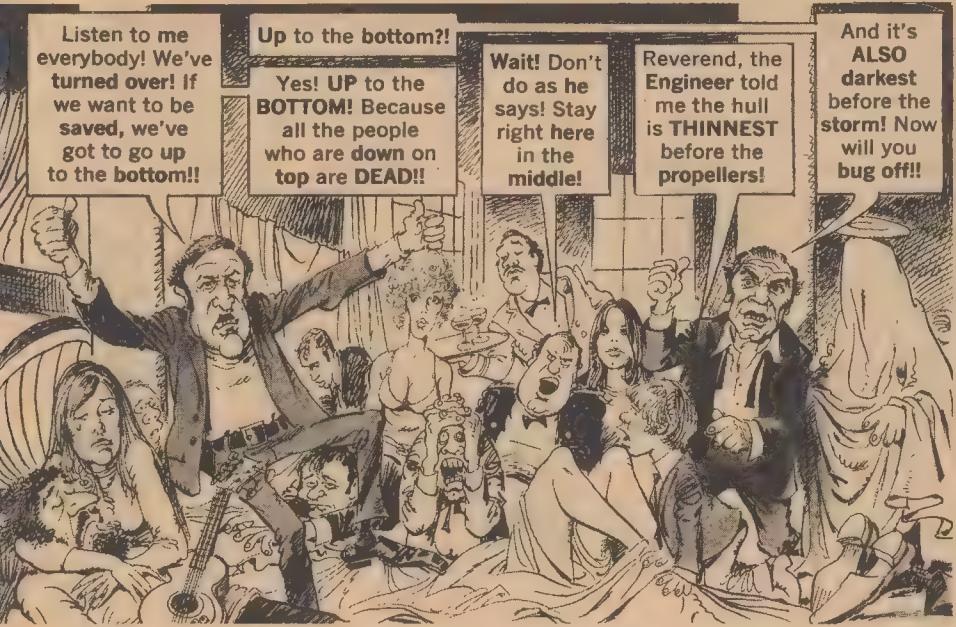
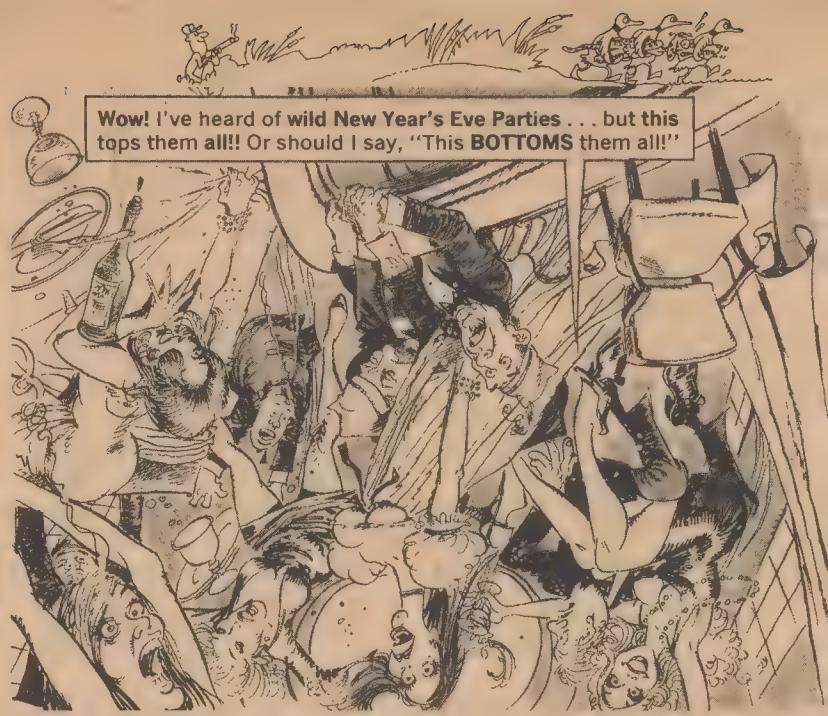
Oh, that's good!

One 90-foot wave!!

Oh, that's bad!

Engine Captain! This is the Room speaking! We have a slight need—but there's no emergency for alarm! Just hatten down the batches, close all watertight doors, secure all lifelines, ready all lifeboats . . . and prepare for an immediate death!







O.K., Mrs. Rougho! You climb up first! But you'll have to take off that long gown ...

Sh—she ain't takin' ANYTHING off! I—I don't want all the men in this room to see her UNDRESSED!!

YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT SIX YEARS AGO!



Marty! You bring up the rear and help all the Feature Players!

But what about the Extras???

The Extras can drown! With 12 Stars and these wild sets, the picture is over budget already!!



Okay! Now, do we have everybody?

I think so! We got me, the tough Cop, for conflict! We got the kids who are "too young to die" for sympathy! We got the old Jewish couple for pathos! We got the lonely bachelor and the lonely girl for the romantic interest ...

... and we've got your wife, Limber, to show that a person can rise above their past sins ...

... and we also got her because the broad's got a great body for "climbing the ladder" close-ups!

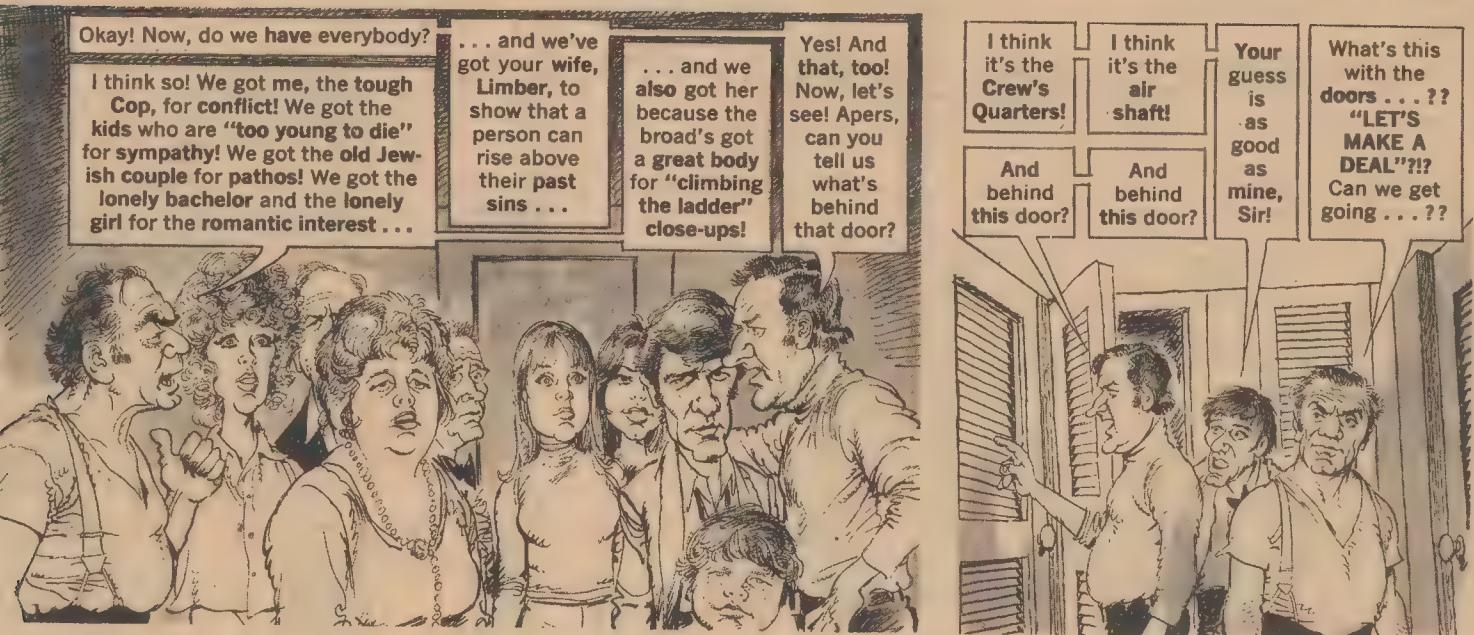
Yes! And that, too! Now, let's see! Apers, can you tell us what's behind that door?

I think it's the Crew's Quarters!

I think it's the air shaft!

Your guess is as good as mine, Sir!

What's this with the doors . . . ?? "LET'S MAKE A DEAL"!!? Can we get going . . . ??



The air shaft leads to "Broadway," Sir! And Broadway runs the entire length of the ship to the Engine Room! The Engineer told me!

Apers! do you know how to get to Broadway?

Yes, sir . . . PRACTICE!!

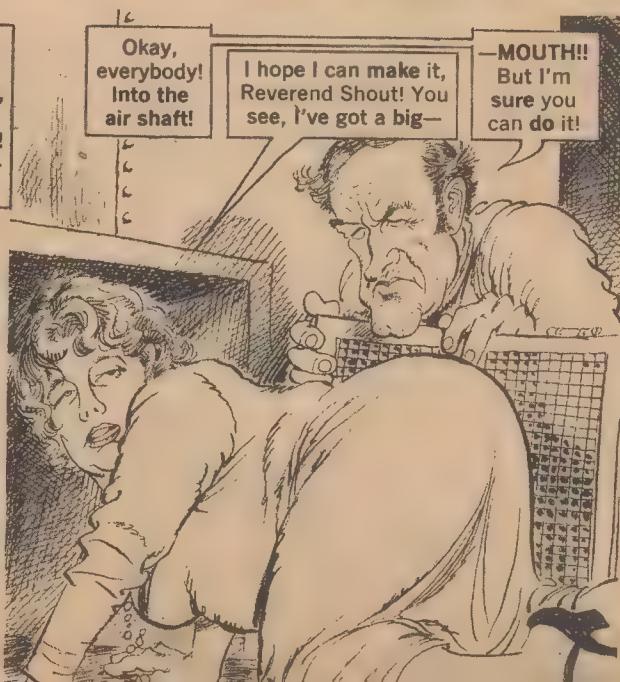
Are you going to believe a stupid little brat?!!?

Why not?! He's one of God's creatures . . . in there—doing, climbing, helping, fighting . . . not begging for mercy! Besides, the stupid little brat may be right!

Okay, everybody! Into the air shaft!

I hope I can make it, Reverend Shout! You see, I've got a big—

MOUTH!! But I'm sure you can do it!



Doctor . . . where are you going?

We're all going back to the front . . . !

But that's wrong! you have to go forward to the back!

Oh, no! It's up to the bottom, and then back to the front!

No! It's up to the bottom, and then forward to the back!

You won't change my mind, Reverend Shout!

Then may God shower his mercy down upon you . . . or is it UP upon you?!

Reverend Shout, is it possible they're going the right way, and we're going the wrong way?

It's possible! If you want to follow an Extra leading a bunch of Walk-ons who don't even have speaking parts—go ahead! The rest, stay here and look for supplies! I'm going ahead to try and find the route to the Engine Room! While I'm gone, each of you will have your very own big scene to do so the movie audience will get to know you so much better!

Hammy, we're never going to see our children again, are we?

Don't talk so glum! And if you HAVE to talk so glum, could you knock off that "WE" STUFF?!!

You know, Hammy, I never said this to you before, but you're a "good man"!

For 48 years, I bring home the salary—nothing! I buy you everything—nothing! I know you're never free with the compliments! So how come, on an upside-down, sinking ship, you finally admit you appreciate me?

I don't know! I guess maybe I'm turning over a new leaf!

Hey, look! You come in here, strap yourself into one of those chairs, and say to the Barber, "Just a little off the bottom, please!"

You're a lonely guy . . . and I'm a lonely girl! Do you know what that can mean if we live through all this?

Yeah! We can go to "Singles Bars" together and maybe meet somebody nice!

I gotta go to the bathroom real bad, but this is going to be a lot tougher than I thought! And I'm also getting seasick! I—think I'm going to throw . . . DOWN!

I think that the Preacher got lost! Let's go follow the other group!

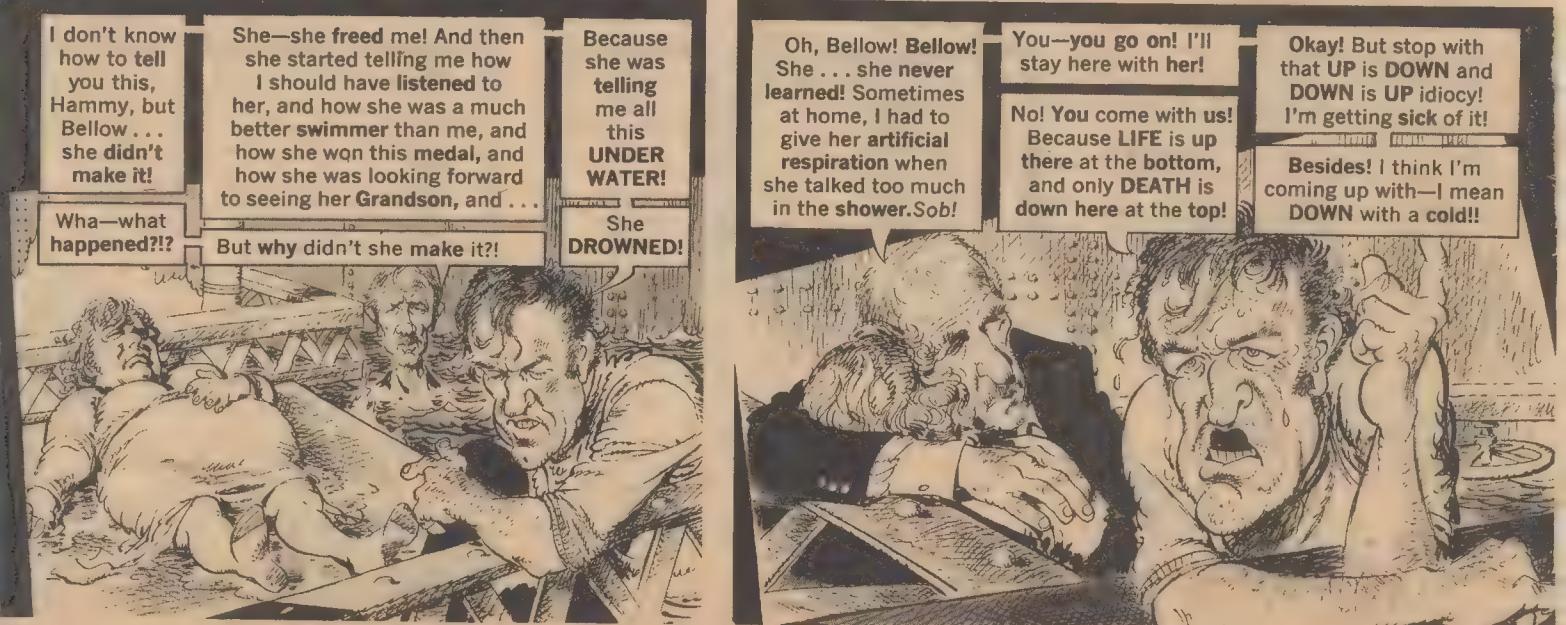
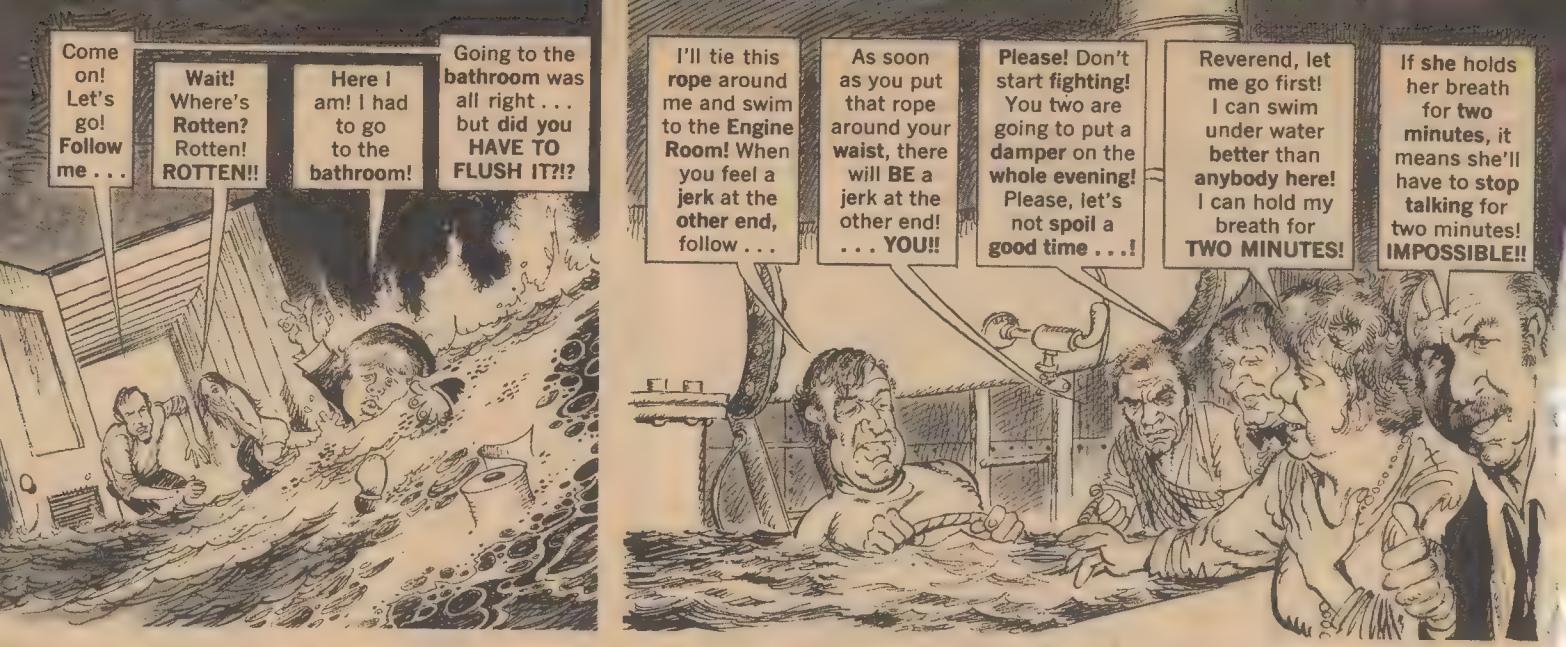
After all he's done for us, I say we can wait a little longer!

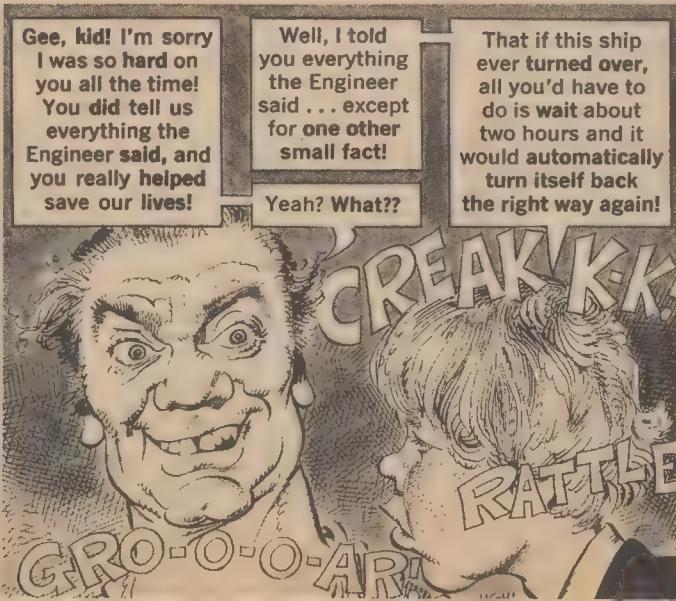
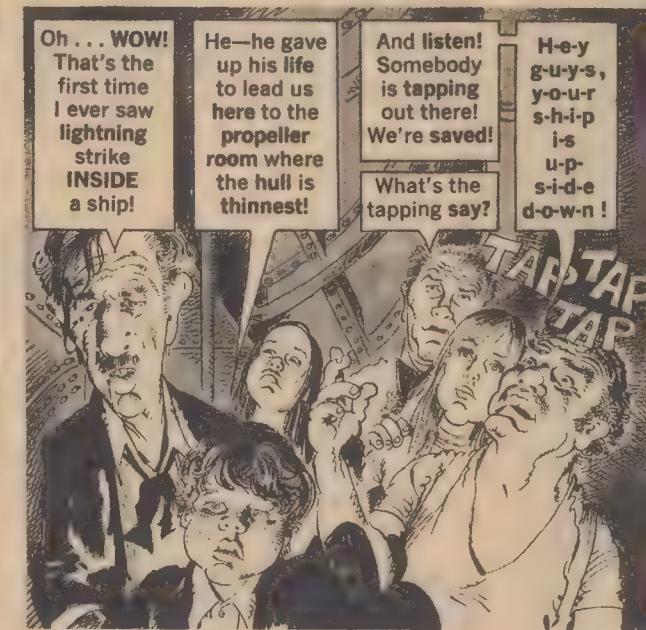
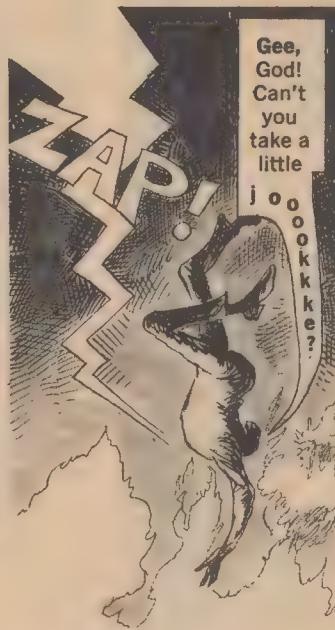
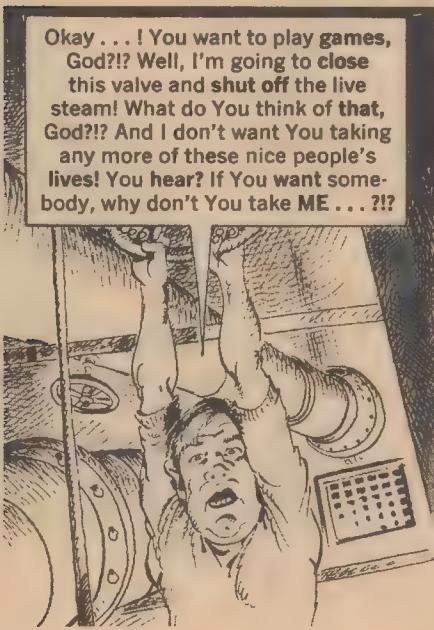
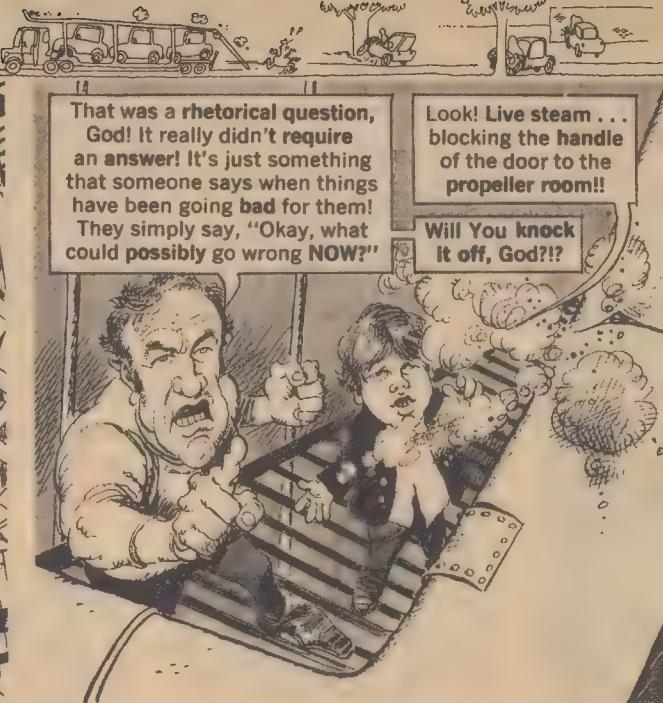
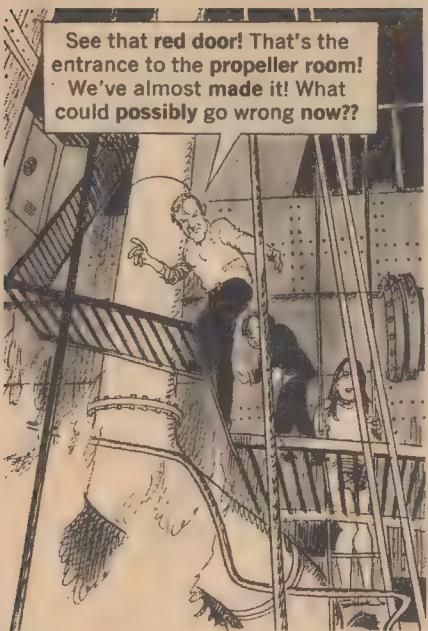
And maybe DIE?!!

That's plenty long enough! Let's go!

I found the Engine Room! All we have to do is go down that passageway, up a ladder, through a room filled with flames, then swim 40 feet under water through bilge garbage . . . and we're there!!

Oh, good! Just so long as I don't have to climb up another Christmas Tree!





MEDI-SCARE DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go again in our never-ending quest for new inspirations for Hollywood

NEW MOVIE MONSTERS

THEY CAME BY DAY . . . THEY CAME BY NIGHT . . .
DRAWING THE BLOOD FROM THEIR VICTIM'S VEINS!

*And when it came time to operate, they
put it all back . . . and charged for it!*

"THE BLOOD-TEST VAMPIRES"



Starring:

BLOODY JOHN ★ Artery ★ George & Pipette
ESEN ★ VEIN ★ CARNEY ★ VESSEL ★ LAURIE

THIS
PICTURE
IS RATED
G

SEE THE UNSPEAKABLE BLOBS THAT
MADE WOMEN FAINT AT THEIR SIGHT
AND STRONG MEN'S STOMACHS TURN!

"THE HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL DIET"



STARRING:

Elisha COON with Stew GRANGER Steam MCQUEEN Broil IVES David FRY Milton SOIL

"Horror Films". This time, MAD suggests that Producers of these bombs can create...

from the MEDICAL WORLD

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

WHY DID THE SADISTIC WHITE SPECTRE WAKE HIM
FROM A FITFUL SLEEP AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WHAT AWFUL THINGS DID SHE FORCE HIM TO SWALLOW?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SEE THE NURSE, WITH HIS MEDICINE, SUBJECT HIM TO

"THE
COLD HAND
AT MIDNIGHT"



WHAT WAS IT THAT...

FRIGHTENED POLITICIANS—
TERRIFIED BUSINESSMEN—
PANICKED THE WHOLE A.M.A.?

IT WAS...

"**THE MENACE OF
MEDICARE!"**



WITH

HY INCOME	DEE SEEVER	HARPO CONDRIAC	OLDEN SICK
			
as the Doctor who padded his claims	as the Nurse who raised her rates	as the Patient who sponged off the Government	as the Needy Man caught in a tangle of red tape

WHAT WAS
THE HORRIBLE
ICY TOUCH
THAT CHILLED
MEN'S HEARTS?



It was the
Stethoscope... in
"THE
ORDEAL
OF THE
CHECK-UP"

WITH

Tapper * Prober * Poker * Phil D.
KNEE * GROIN * GUTT * GLANZ & Luke N.
DeMOUTH

HE RANG AND RANG AND RANG! HE CRIED OUT
TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN! BUT NO ONE
CAME! WHAT WAS THE AWFUL ANSWER TO ...

"THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING NURSE"



WHAT WERE THESE STRANGE CONCOCTIONS? WHY DID THEY TASTE SO TERRIBLE . . . AND COST SO MUCH?
THEY WERE MEDICINES THAT GREW AND MULTIPLIED IN THE BATHROOM CABINET UNTIL THEY BECAME . . .

"THE THINGS IN THE BOTTLES"



STARRING:

JENNY * TERRY * ALICE * LORNA * MITT * ANITA * JANE * MABEL * SARAH * JERRY * ROBERT * ALICE & A. C. THOMAS

SILLIN * MYSIN * SELTZER * GEL * TUREEN * SINN * O'PECTATE * ZORBEEN, JR. * TAN * TOLL * TUSSIN * NESIA & A. C. THOMAS

THIS
PICTURE
IS RATED
 X
sedrin

ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY

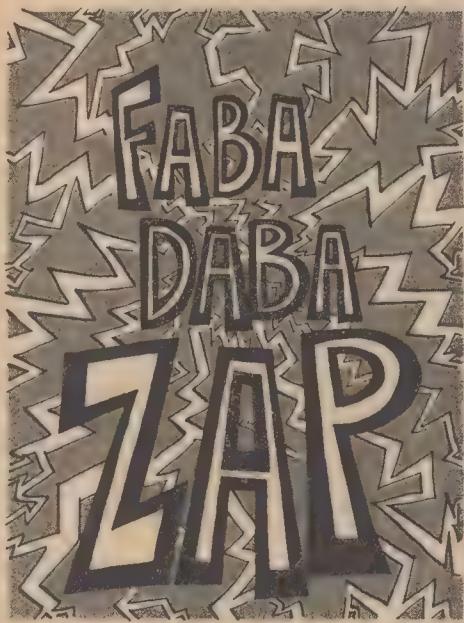
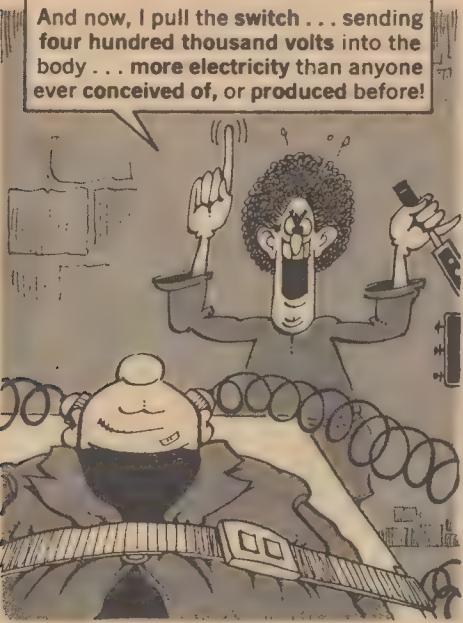
First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



Then . . . I connect the head electrodes . . .



And now, I pull the switch . . . sending four hundred thousand volts into the body . . . more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!



A-ZAP-DAP . . . AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN . . . AN-A HOW'S BY YOU? !? YEAH! YEAH!!



Let's see now! First . . . I connect the cross-body electrodes . . .



TEN—HUT!! Okay... now hear this, you @#\$%¢&! MAD readers, and hear it good! I know you don't usually read any @#\$%¢& introductions to articles in this @#\$%¢& magazine... but you're going to read this one!

And you're going to read this @#\$%¢& introduction because I TOLD you to! And what's more, you're going to read the rest of the @#\$%¢& article that follows this @#\$%¢& introduction, and you're going to read it FIRST!!

You're NOT going to turn to "You Know You're Really A @#\$%¢& When..." or Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of @#\$%!" You're going to read THIS because it's a @#\$%¢& funny satire, of a @#\$%¢& great movie about my @#\$%¢& great life as a chicken-@#\$%¢& General during W.W. II!

Hey, you out there! Stop picking your @#\$%¢& nose and pay attention to me, or I'll kick your @#\$%¢& all the way from here to Berlin!



“GET
TRUCKER

And YOU—you @#\$%&! cheap little eight-year old @#\$%&! Better stop peeking at this @#\$%&! story at the magazine rack and BUY your own copy, or I'll draft your @#\$%&! right into the @#\$%&! Army!

Now, here's my military philosophy! No @#\$%&! ever won a war by dying for his country! You win a war by letting the OTHER @#\$%&! die for HIS country!

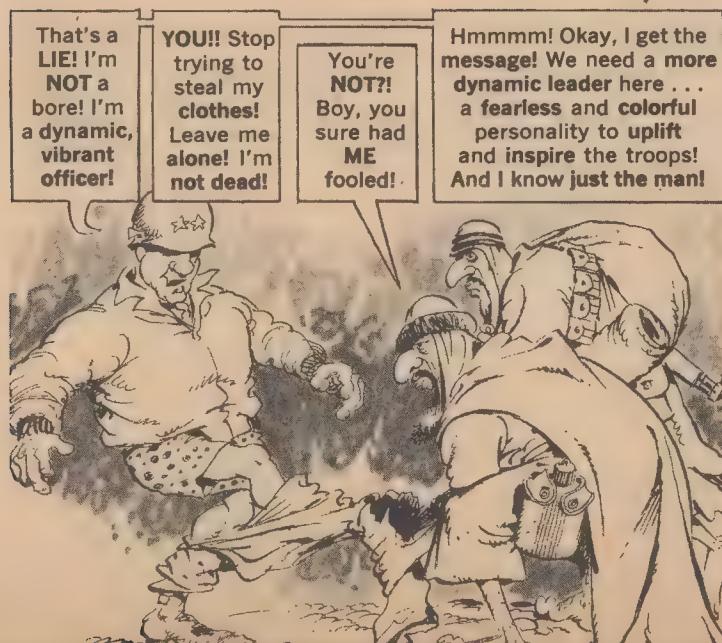
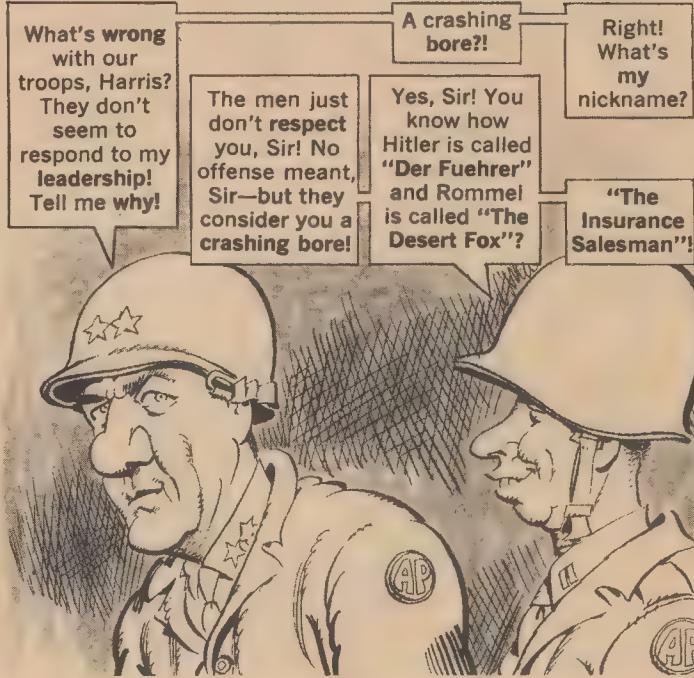
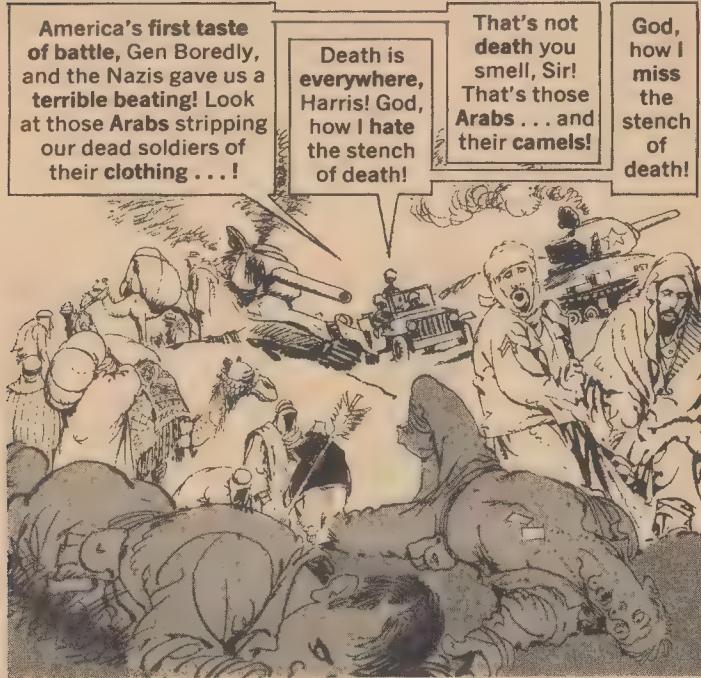
And HOW do you let the OTHER @#\$%&! die for his country? You KILL the other @#\$%&! THAT'S how!

So if you want to win a war, you gotta kill every other @#\$%&! And if that includes ENEMY @#\$%&!—so much the better! All right! You will now sit and pay attention and you will begin reading this story about killing other @#\$%&!s... and you will finish it... and you will enjoy it... and that's a @#\$%&! order! Otherwise, you'll answer to...

PUT'ON

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



You!! Soldier! Look alive when I talk to you! You call yourself a member of the U.S. Army? I say you're a @#\$%&! disgrace! Look at your @#\$%&! uniform! Look at your @#\$%&! posture! You're confined to your @#\$%&! barracks for the rest of this war . . . and for the first two years of the next war . . . if we have another one—God willing!!

Well . . . don't just stand there! DISMISSED!!

Wow! If that's how he talks to his superior officers, WE'RE DEAD!!!

This is the filthiest @#\$%&! barrack I've ever seen! Dirty floors . . . dirty walls . . . dirty beds! And what's this? DIRTY PIN-UP PICTURES?!!



Is that all you can think about, Soldier? Dirty @#\$%&! SEX!

Not exactly, Sir—

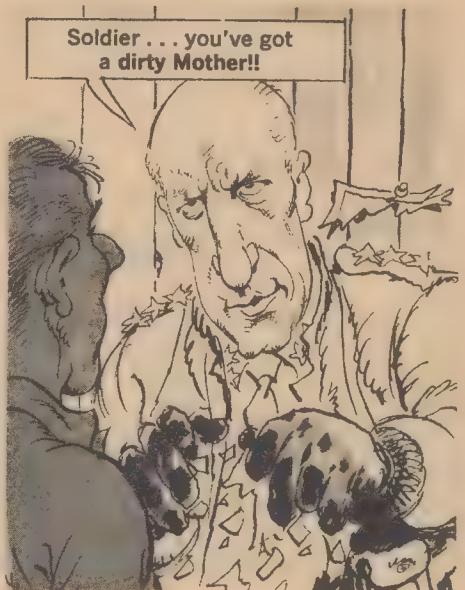
But, Sir! I don't think you know—

You want exciting fantasies at night? I'll give you MY pin-up pictures to hang! 8 x 10 glossies of mutilated Germans!

What would your Mother say if she saw this picture? Your gray-haired, kind, loveable American Mother . . . sitting at home, knitting for the Red Cross and baking apple pie! Soldier, you've got a dirty mind!

B-but, Sir! That pin-up picture IS my Mother!!

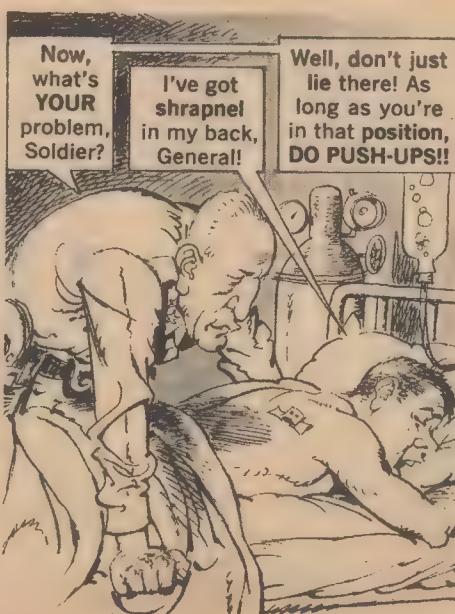
Soldier . . . you've got a dirty Mother!!



Next barracks! Hmmm! What are these men doing in bed? It's past 0500! Everyone on your feet for close order drill—then five laps around Morocco!

But, Sir! This is a hospital!

Okay! Make it FOUR laps around Morocco! And men with leg wounds can crawl!



Ach! Zis mission should be a piece of kuchen, Hermann! Ve come in low over ze town, ve shpray them mit machine gun fire, und zen ve bomb zem—

Turn back, Carl! It's a trap! Ve're outnumbered!

Outnumbered?! Ze Americans haf no planes, no anti-aircraft guns, nuttink! All I see is zat dumkopf in ze middle of ze road firing two pistols at us!

Zat iss vot I mean! Zat iss General George Put~~on~~! Take it from me—ve're outnumbered!!

Take that, you # c\$%&! Kraut! And that . . . and that!!

Mein Gott! He's a madman! But now ve get him! He ran out of bullets!

Turn back, Carl! Please! He'll find OTHER weapons!!

Gott in Himmel! Now, he's throwink rocks at us!

Turn back! You don't know zis idiot! He'll destroy you vit anythink! He killed by brother Vilhelm in ze desert a few weeks ago!

Vit vot . . . ?

You von't believe zis, but he BIT him to death!!

Hah! NOW, ve get him! He ran out of bullets und he ran out of rocks!

Ach du lieber! He got me right in ze eyes! I can't see! Zis iss it! Ve're goink to crash!

Carl! Vot happened to us?!

YOU'RE not goink to believe ZIS, Hermann—but a bomber in Der Fuehrer's Luftwaffe vas just shot down mit SHPIT!

Brilliant, George! One of the greatest single-handed feats of this war! One of the greatest feats of this century!

You call this a WAR?! You call this a CENTURY?!

They don't make wars like they used to! Gee I miss the Spanish Inquisition! The water torture! The cutting out of tongues! Why don't we cut out tongues anymore? And who remembers what's-his-name? Attila The Hun? What a wild, crazy nut . . . with his pillage and rapine! What ever became of pillage and rapine?

And what about that Oriental kook, Ghengis Khan, and his lovable Hordes? Gee, I'd love to slaughter with my own Horde! And what about those goofy Crusaders with their torture racks for Pagans—burning heretics in the name of God? What's become of us? Why aren't we religious anymore?

The old man going down Memory Lane again?

Shhh! Don't disturb an old soldier and his dreams!



Well, Corporal, it looks like I've been ordered to lead the American Army in the Invasion of Sicily...

Yes, General! Your ermine field jacket with 73 combat decorations...

Your gold lame garrison pants with uranium stitching...

Your solid gold helmet liner...

Your diamond-studded combat boots, your pearl-handled revolvers, your ceremonial sword and silver carbine, custom-made to fit the contour of your spine... and your silk ascot that lights up at night and says, "Let me kill you in the dark, Baby!"

Check...

Check...

Check...

I won't forget, Sir! Good night!



Gentlemen, we push off for Sicily at 0900! Now, here's the Battle Plan...

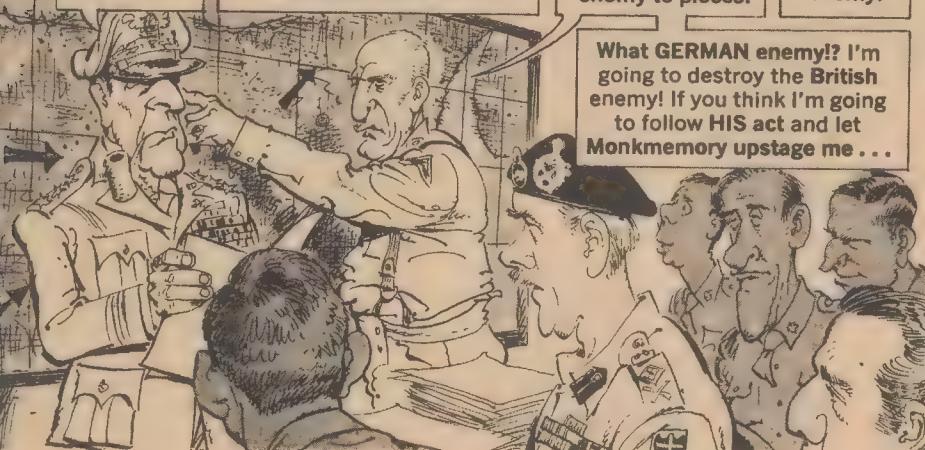
Field Marshal Monkmemory— you will lead the British Forces northeast to Messina! While, you, General Putxon, will assist the British by leading the American forces northwest to Palermo!

Wait! I have a better plan! If my forces go east instead of west, we can cut the enemy to pieces!

Hmmm! It could be a way of destroying the German enemy!

Sorry, George, but this is MY war! I get top billing! It says so here—in my contract: "WORLD WAR II... STARRING FIELD MARSHAL MONKMEMORY...with General George Putxon... and a cast of Thousands..."

That's it, George! You have your orders from Gen. Eisenhower! Follow them!



Give me a breakdown of my forces, Major Brownoze!

Right, Sir! Your forces at the moment consist of 3000 correspondents, 2000 still-photographers, 1,100 cameramen, 150 PR men, 74 make-up men, your agent, and... My God, we forgot something!

What did we forget?

The Troops, Sir!

Troops? Who needs Troops! I'M the Troops! All right, everybody ready?

LIGHTS!

CAMERAS!

W A R !

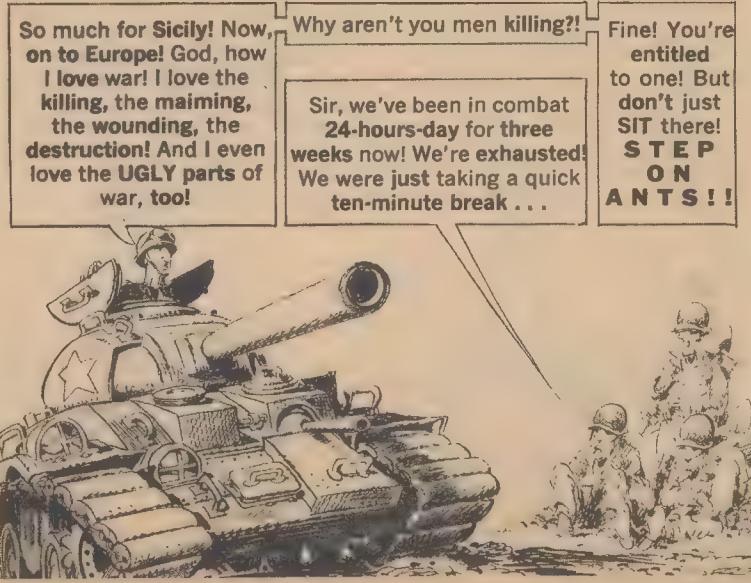
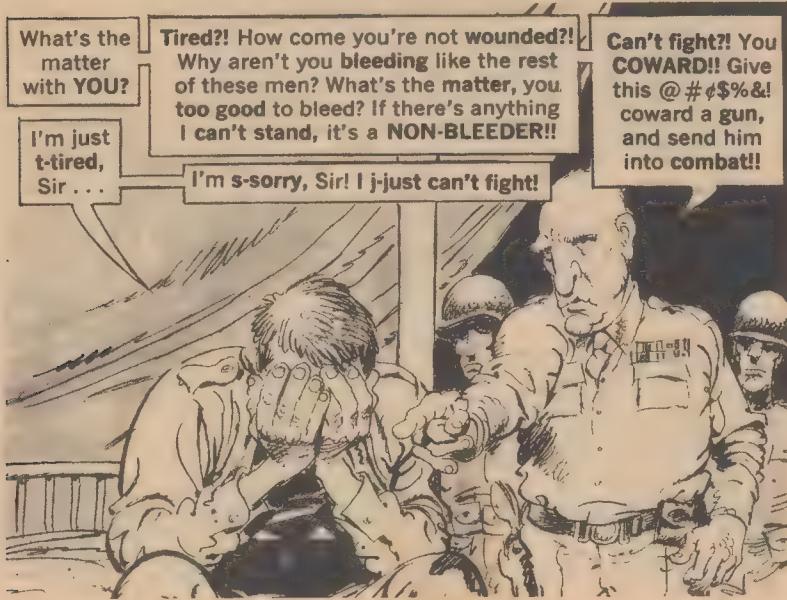
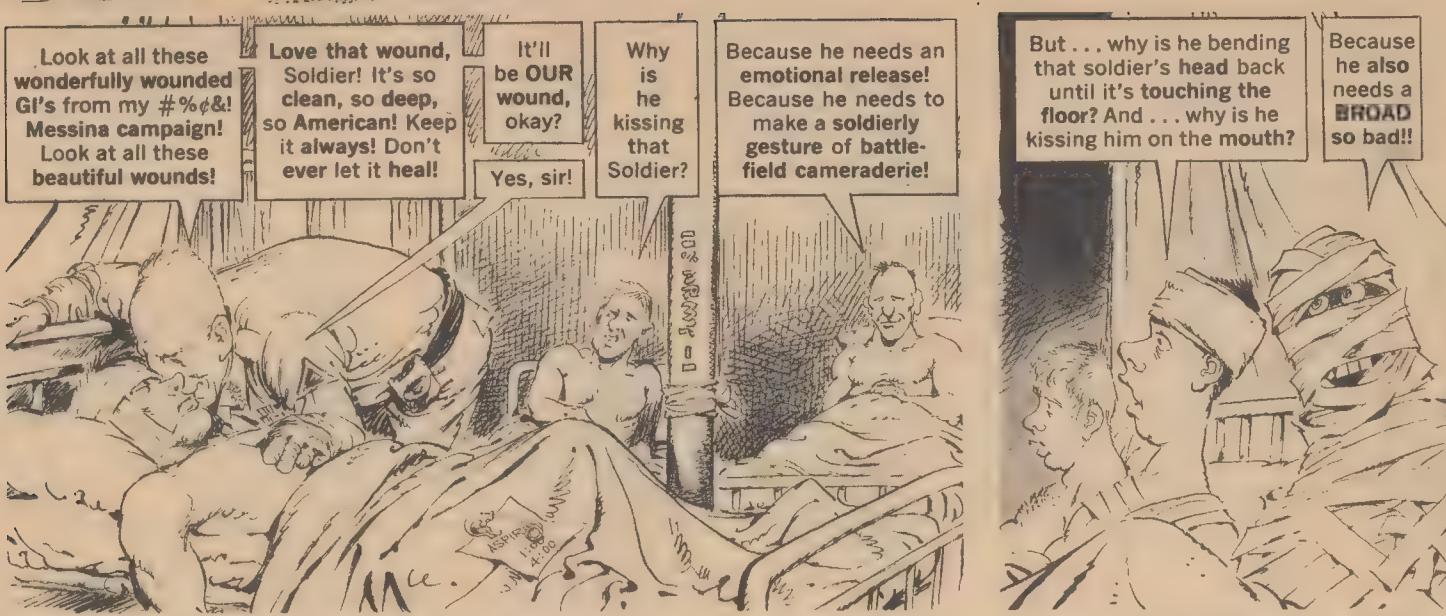
WEST TO PALERMO!!

Hold it! Hold it! I changed my mind! EAST TO MESSINA!!

But your orders from Gen. Eisenhower?!

Hang that @ #\$\$%&! Gen. Eisenhower! Look where those cameramen are! You think I'm going to let them photograph my bad side?! The left side of my face is my good side! So—EAST TO MESSINA!!





Look at all these wonderfully wounded GI's from my #%\$&! Messina campaign! Look at all these beautiful wounds!

Love that wound, Soldier! It's so clean, so deep, so American! Keep it always! Don't ever let it heal!

It'll be OUR wound, okay?
Yes, sir!

Why is he kissing that Soldier?

Because he needs an emotional release! Because he needs to make a soldierly gesture of battle-field cameraderie!

But . . . why is he bending that soldier's head back until it's touching the floor? And . . . why is he kissing him on the mouth?

Because he also needs a BROAD so bad!!

What's the matter with YOU?

Tired?! How come you're not wounded? Why aren't you bleeding like the rest of these men? What's the matter, you too good to bleed? If there's anything I can't stand, it's a NON-BLEEDER!!

I'm just t-tired, Sir . . .

I'm s-sorry, Sir! I j-just can't fight!

Can't fight?! You COWARD!! Give this @#%\$&! coward a gun, and send him into combat!!

Stop him! He'll tear that man's head off! Quick—get the Chief Surgeon!

I've got news for you . . . That IS the Chief Surgeon!

That explains it! No WONDER he said he can't fight! Better call the Chaplain!

I can't! He's in bed with a broken jaw! Don't you remember? HE told the General he couldn't fight, TOO!

Now hear this! I recently slapped a Chief Surgeon . . . and punched a Chaplain! Gen. Eisenhower told me I shouldn't have done it! So this is what I want to say about that:

@#%\$&! @#%\$&! @#%\$&!

Gee, I've never seen him swallow his pride like this before!

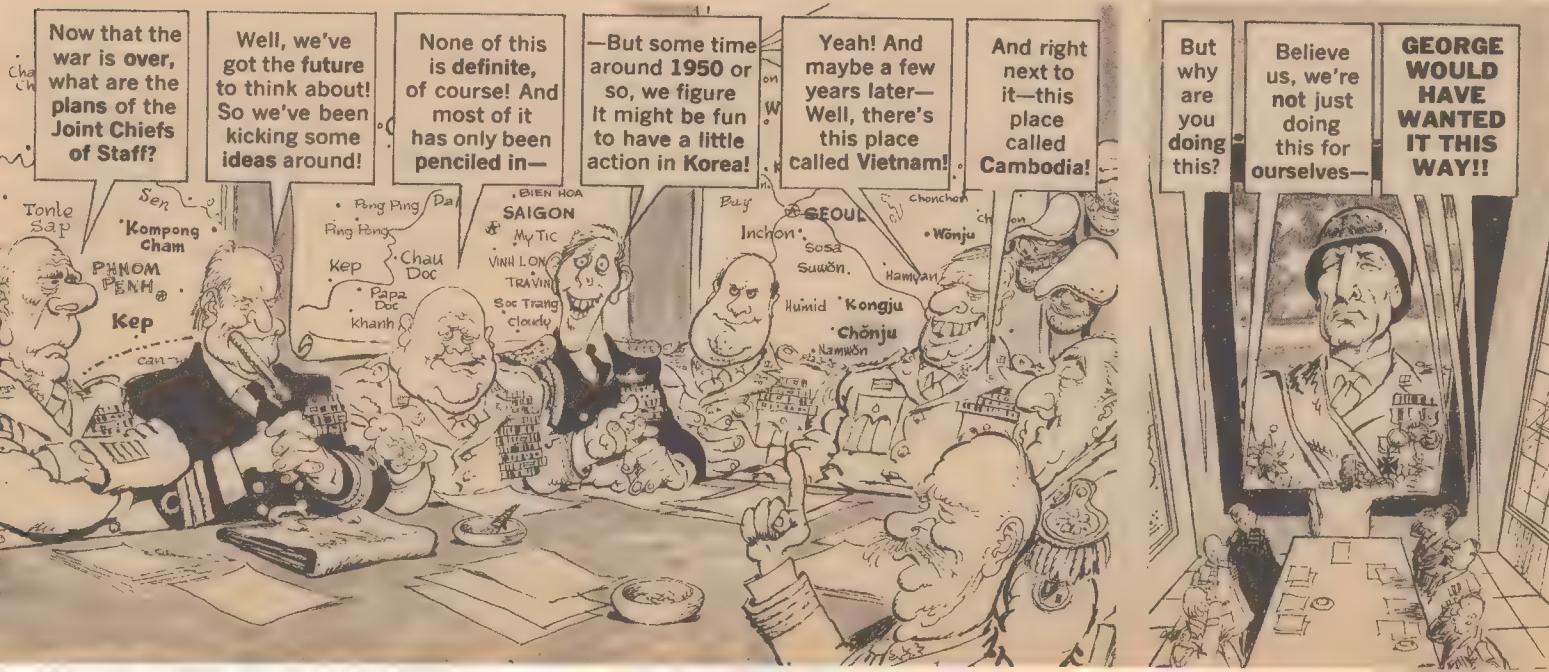
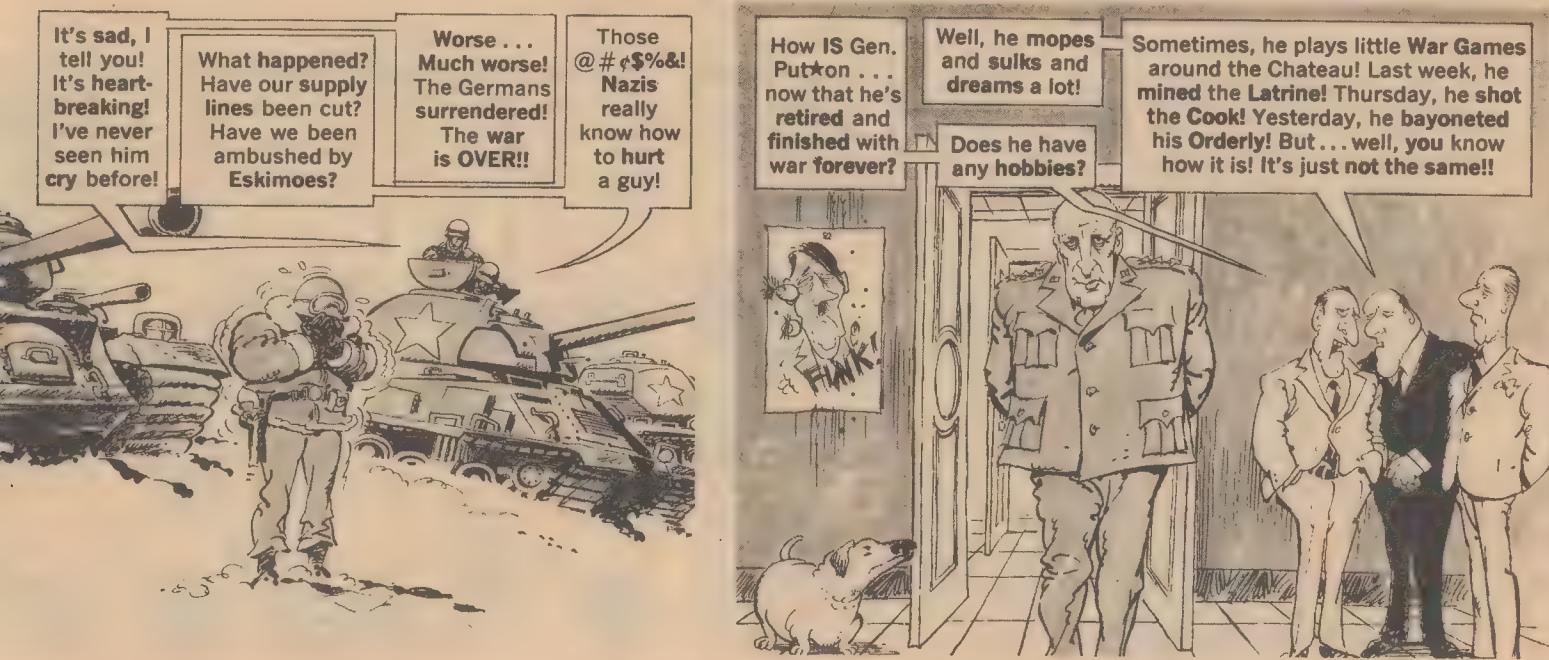
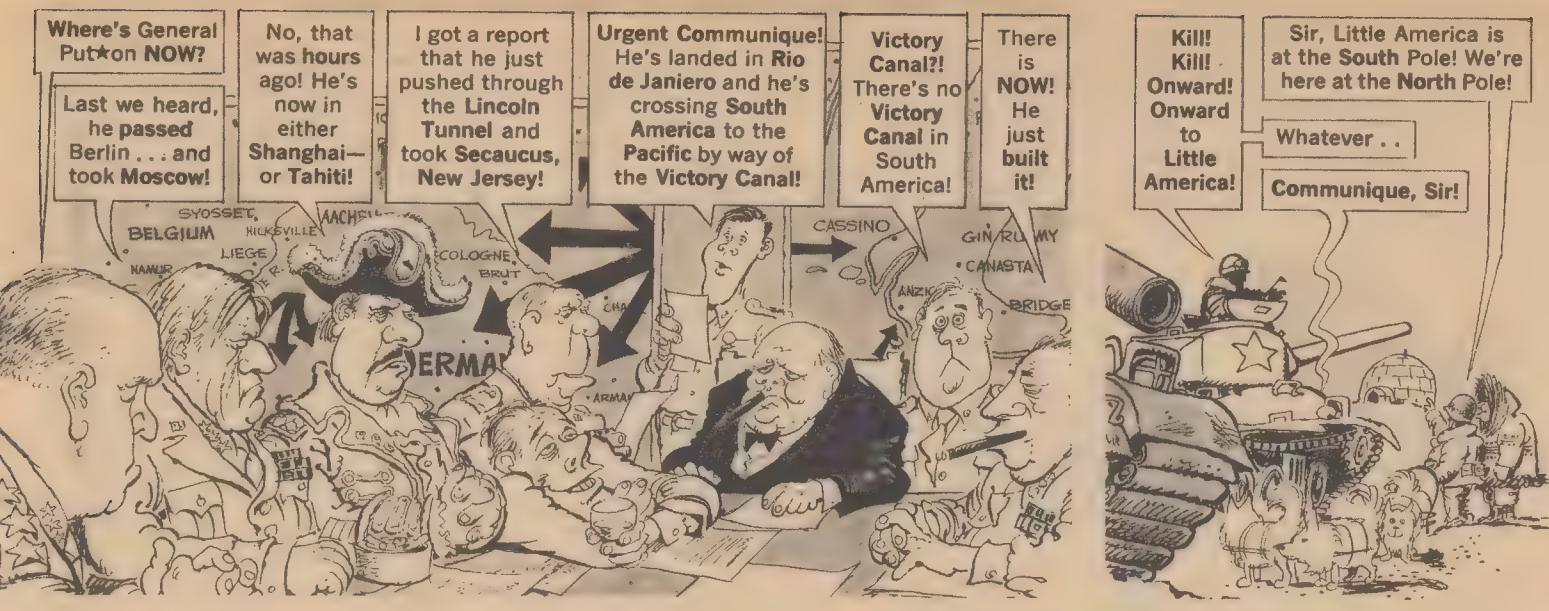
It takes a really BIG man to say he's sorry and apologize!

So much for Sicily! Now, on to Europe! God, how I love war! I love the killing, the maiming, the wounding, the destruction! And I even love the UGLY parts of war, too!

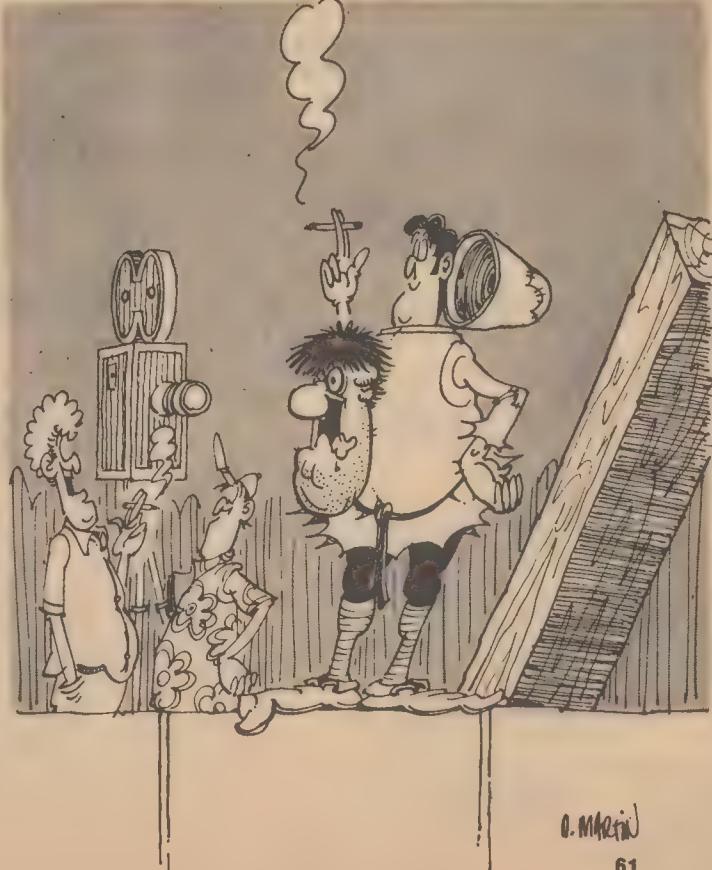
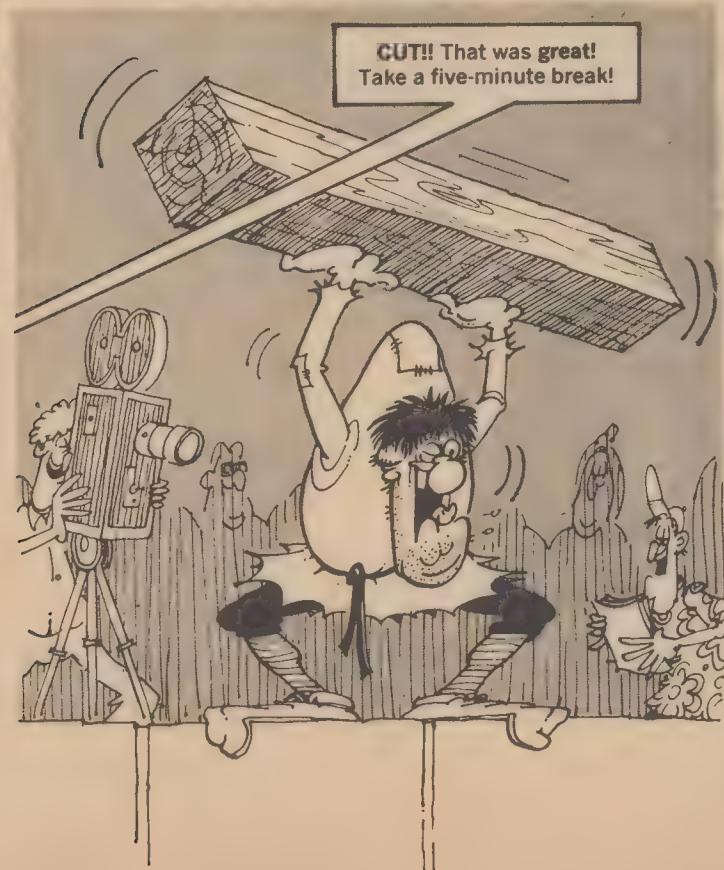
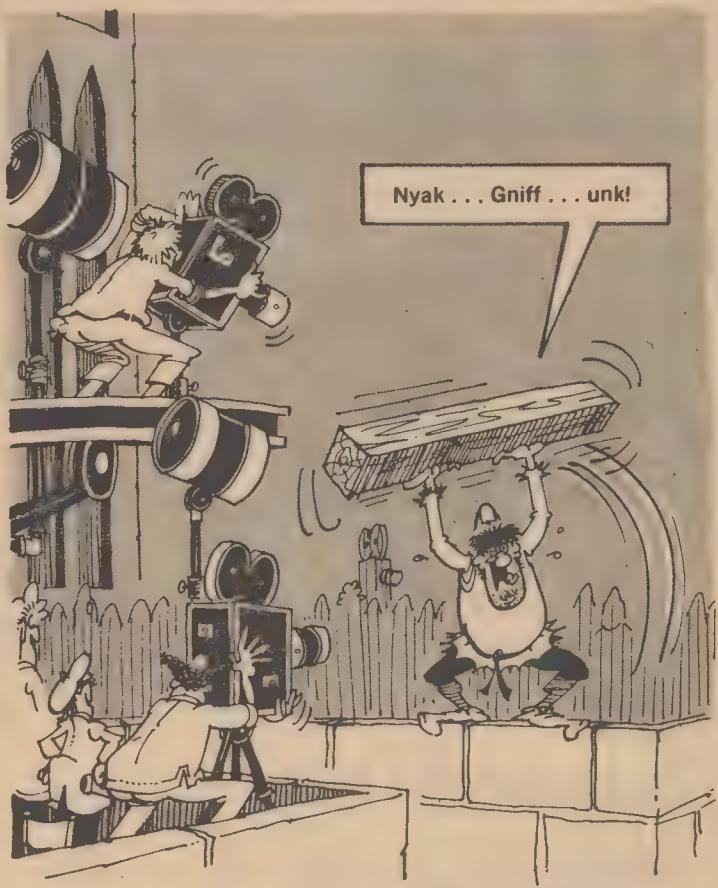
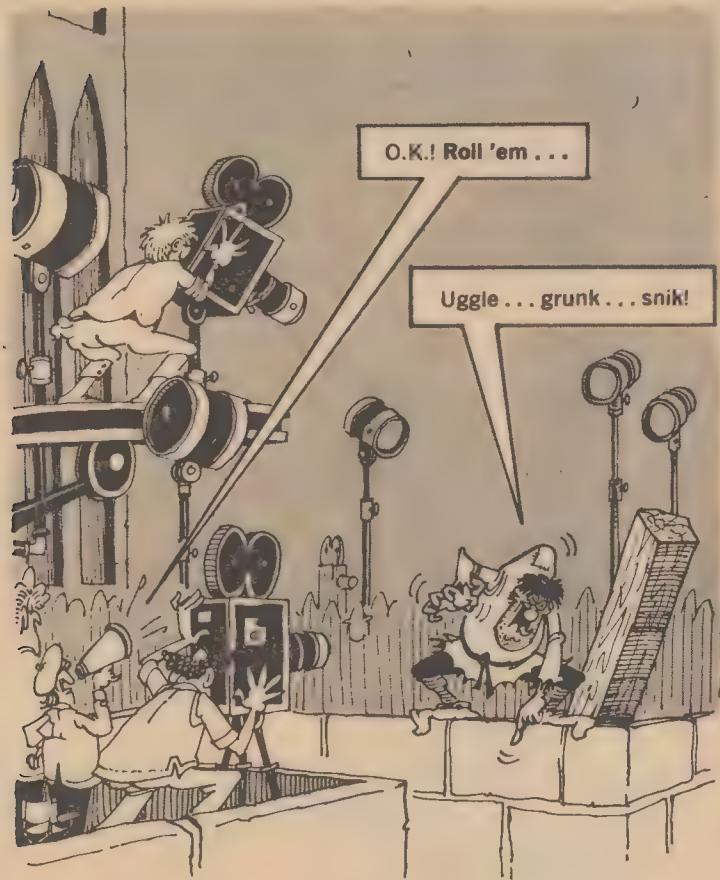
Why aren't you men killing??

Sir, we've been in combat 24-hours-day for three weeks now! We're exhausted! We were just taking a quick ten-minute break . . .

Fine! You're entitled to one! But don't just SIT there! STEP ON ANTS !!



ON THE "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" SET



SLIME PICKINGS DEPT.

The modern phenomenon known as the "New Wave Movie" has created another (and equally sickening) modern phenomenon: "The New Wave Movie Ad" . . . in which all of the sensational elements of the movie are frankly and graphically discussed. These ads are basically all

MAD'S "Do-It-Yourself"

1

2

Suburban Housewife

Sex and Violence!

Wall Street Broker

Zen Buddhism!

College Sophomore

smoking Hashish!

East Village Yippie

taking LSD trips!

Repressed Mama's Boy

this dull garbage!

Hollywood Movie Buff

a gibbering idiot!

3

**Curious
Stimulated
Spaced Out
Disgusted
Nauseous
Bored**

4

**(Yellow)"
(Purple)"
(Green)"
(Hoo-Hah)"
(Yecch)"
(Silly)"**

At Last! A motion picture that dares to show how a normal respectable

1

can suddenly turn to

2

"I Am

3

THE SHOCKING,
OFF-BEAT FILM
THAT PLUMBS
NEW DEPTHS OF
5

Directed by that
brilliant young
"Avant-Garde"

6

Andy Notwell!



NOW PLAYING AT NEW YORK'S EXCITING NEW CINEMA

CINEMA UPTIGHT

SHOWINGS AT 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00 and 8:30

5

EROTICA!

DEPRAVITY!

SADISM!

MASOCHISM!

PERVERSION!

BAD TASTE!

6

genius

con man

money maker

sex fiend

lunatic

phony

7

adults and children!

teenagers with dates!

Mad Magazine subscribers!

gorillas and orangutangs!

well-known sex offenders!

law-enforcement officials!

alike, and it's very difficult to tell one from another. In fact, you could probably switch all of the sensational elements around and you would never notice the difference. To show you just how predictable these "New Wave Movie" pitches are, why not try your hand at filling in . . .

MODERN MOVIE ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: SY REIT

CINEMA MMXVII PROUDLY PRESENTS THE LATEST 1
BY SWEDEN'S FAMED DIRECTOR, INGMAR BUNGELEMAN . . .



Now Playing At The New
CINEMA MMXVII

1

TRIUMPH PUT-ON FAILURE
FIASCO SICKIE MISH-MASH

2

MAN WOMAN
MOTHER-IN-LAW
SCHOOLBOY
TEENY-BOPPER
MUGGER

AND A

3

"

What strange
illicit

4

drove this
bewitched
duo to their

5

What weird
obsession
gave them a
craving for
more and more

6

BECAUSE OF THE SHOCKING CLIMAX OF THIS PICTURE, NO ONE WILL BE
SEATED DURING THE LAST FIVE MINUTES . . . OR DURING THE FIRST HOUR
AND FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES EITHER. IN FACT, NO ONE WILL BE ALLOWED
IN THE THEATER! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE PICTURE, ANYWAY!

3

WOMAN MAN
BIGOT
CALL-GIRL
CHIMPANZEE
CODFISH

5

deaths

hairdressers

bedroom

psychiatrist

grade advisor

local theater

6

sex and sadism

Chinese food

Playboy pin-ups

caramel popcorn

licorice gumdrops

Beatle records

4

desire

passion

no-no

fetish

condition

sickness

INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:



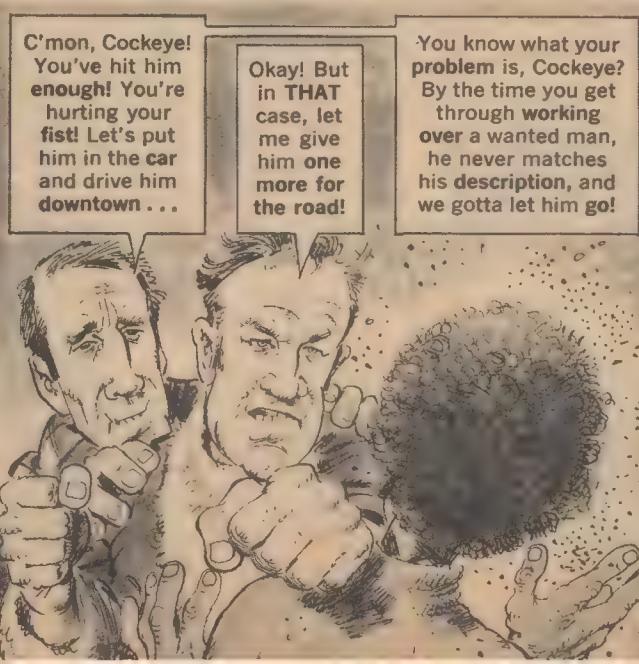
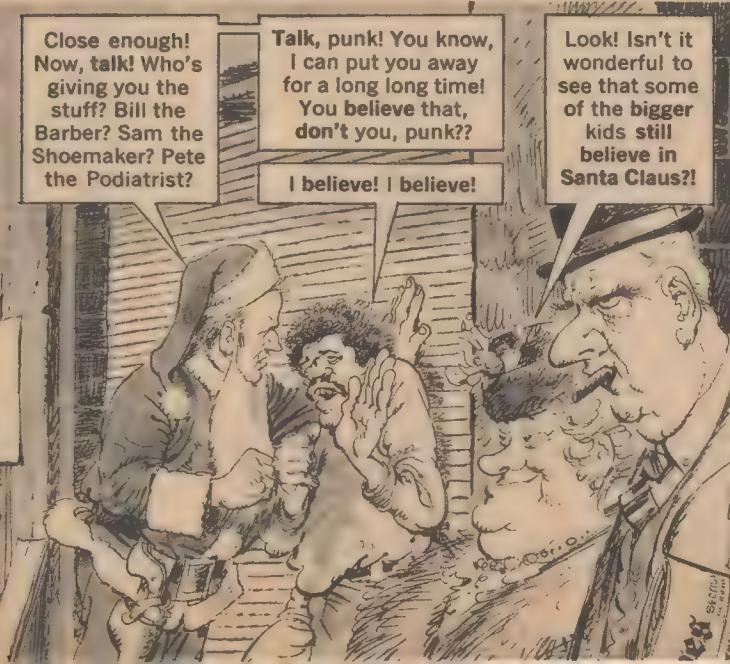
Okay! So I walked around Marseilles! So this brown Mark III Lincoln Continental followed me! So I bought a French bread, and I bought a pizza, and I stepped into this doorway, and now I'm being—GAAAK! —murdered! So after the picture is all over, maybe somebody will tell me ...



WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Hey, Birdie! Did you see? That guy gave the waiter a \$100 tip!

It's not even his waiter! And now he's giving the hat check girl a \$50 tip!

Well? What's so unusual about that?

Well? What's so unusual about that?

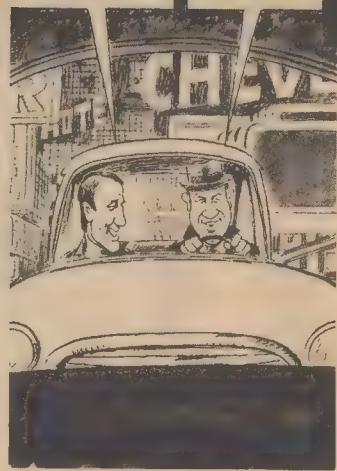
He doesn't even have a hat! There's something fishy going on here! That kind of tipping makes me suspicious! And the fact that they're all wearing GUNS doesn't help! C'mon! Let's follow 'em!

Cockeye, the last time we followed someone, we stayed up for 3 days and 3 nights, went 48 hours without food, and accidentally killed a Federal Agent!

Well . . . I can't promise it will be as much fun as THAT—but let's give it a whirl!

Gee, Cockeye, you're doing a great job of staying right on their tail!

No problem, Birdie! I tied our bumpers together!



But don't you think they'll get a little suspicious—seeing the same car behind them five hours in a row—especially in deserted Brooklyn???

Naw! I keep changing my expression and they think I'm someone different each time they look!

Hey! The guy drives a Caddy, his girl is loaded down with expensive clothes and jewelry, and they come home to a dumpy little Candy Store like that! What do you think, Cockeye?

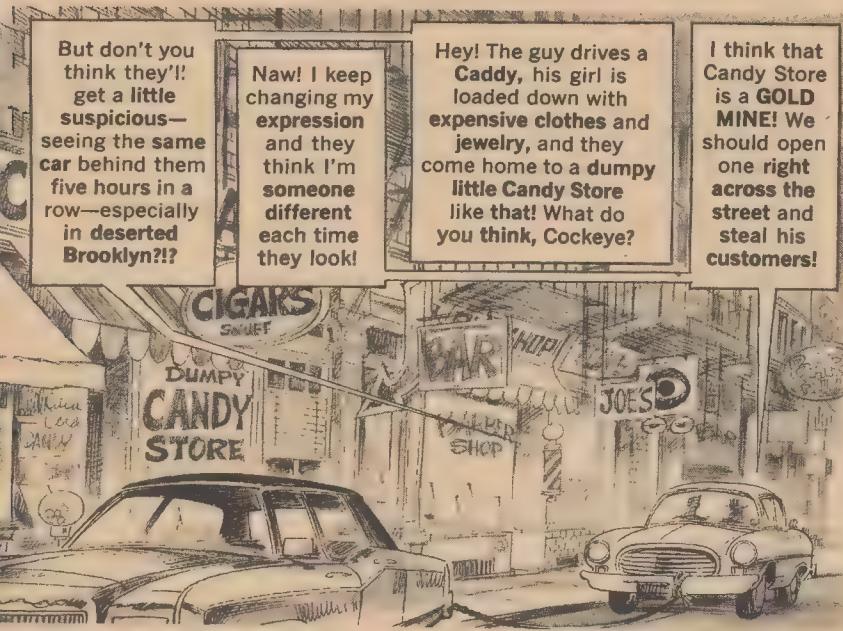
I think that Candy Store is a GOLD MINE! We should open one right across the street and steal his customers!

I'm going to New York!

I bought you a new camera!

I bought you a new coat!

That's great! Now tell me, what's the connection?



I got the scoop on those Candy Store sweeties! His name is Salvatore Giuseppe Bocciballo, and his wife's name is Angelina Bocciballo!

Oh, they're Italians?

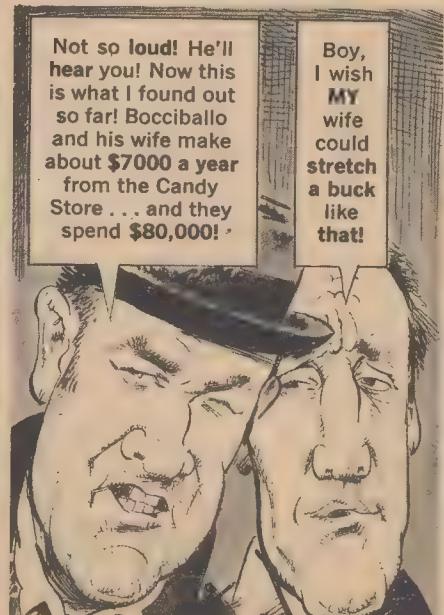
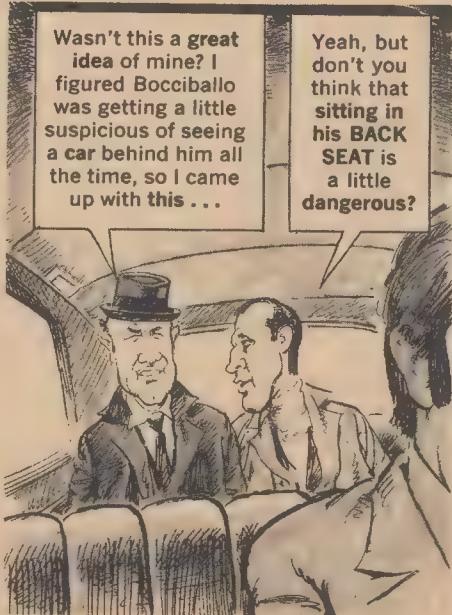
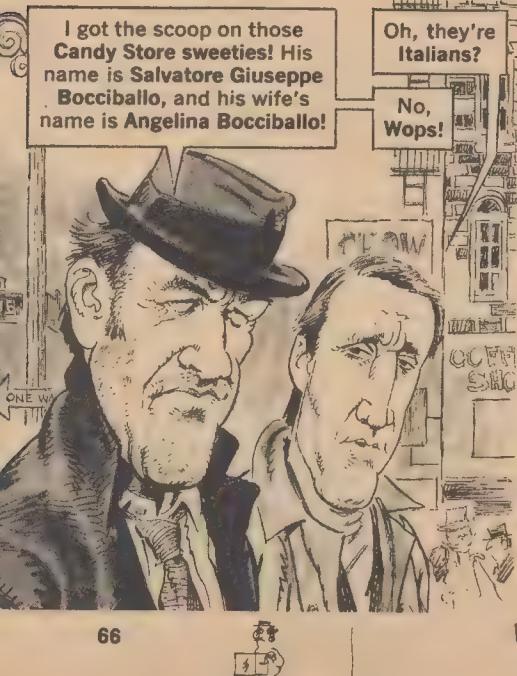
No, Wops!

Wasn't this a great idea of mine? I figured Bocciballo was getting a little suspicious of seeing a car behind him all the time, so I came up with this . . .

Yeah, but don't you think that sitting in his BACK SEAT is a little dangerous?

Not so loud! He'll hear you! Now this is what I found out so far! Bocciballo and his wife make about \$7000 a year from the Candy Store . . . and they spend \$80,000!

Boy, I wish MY wife could stretch a buck like that!



Hey, we're stopping at Sol Beanstalk's apartment! I've been wanting to get something on him for years!

Yeah! They say he's a big bank-roller of illicit narcotics!

Who cares about that!? He's Jewish! That's what galls me! I don't know why those Jews don't go back to Jewland where they came from!

You know, Cock-eye! Sometimes you sound like a bigot!

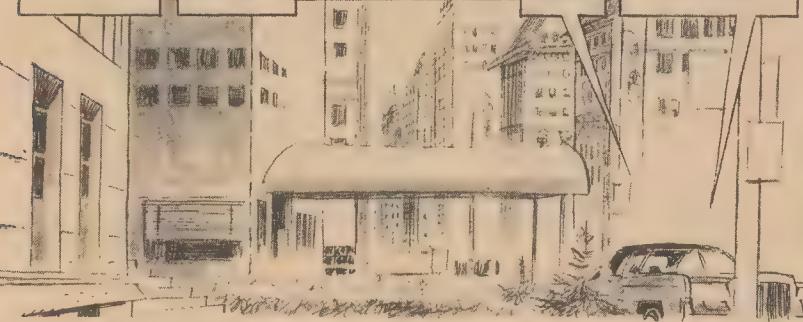
Listen, I don't have any love for them Bigots, either! If I had my way, every one of THEM would be sent back to Bigotland where THEY came from!

And what is the purpose of your visit to America, Mr. Dapperbeaux?

I have come from France to drive my custom-built Mark III Lincoln Continental into Brooklyn where I will park it in the worst rundown section of the waterfront!

Yes, but what's the connection??

Gee, I was hoping YOU guys would know?



Okay, this is a raid! I want all the goodies on the counter!

Gee, Cockeye, why can't you come through the front door just once! This is the fourth plate glass window you've busted this month!

Boy, there are more pills, needles and drugs on that counter than in the last place Cockeye busted!!

Where was that?

The Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company!



Hey, Spade! Haven't seen you in a Coon's age! How's my little Black-Eyed Pea?

You talkin' to me?

Don't get cute with me, Sambo, or I might start some name-calling!

Hey, Man! You got a dime to lend me for the John . . . ?

Wait, I'll open it for you!



Okay! (SOCK!) No one can hear us now! (PUNCH!) So what's the word?

There's a big shipment due!

When? (SLAM!)

Soon! Maybe this week!

How much? (CRACK!)

I dunno! (OOOF!) A lot!

Now I'm gonna knock you back outside with one last shot! Thanks for the info! You're really a friend . . .



Thank God I'm a FRIEND! I'd hate to see the way he treats his ENEMIES!



But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm sure I'm on to something **BIG!!**

Cockeye, the last time you were on to something big, you cost the Department **\$40,000**, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent . . . !

Yeah, but last time, I just had a "feeling"! This time, I got a real "HUNCH"!

Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a Fed to help! Let's see, who won't I miss if he gets shot accidentally??

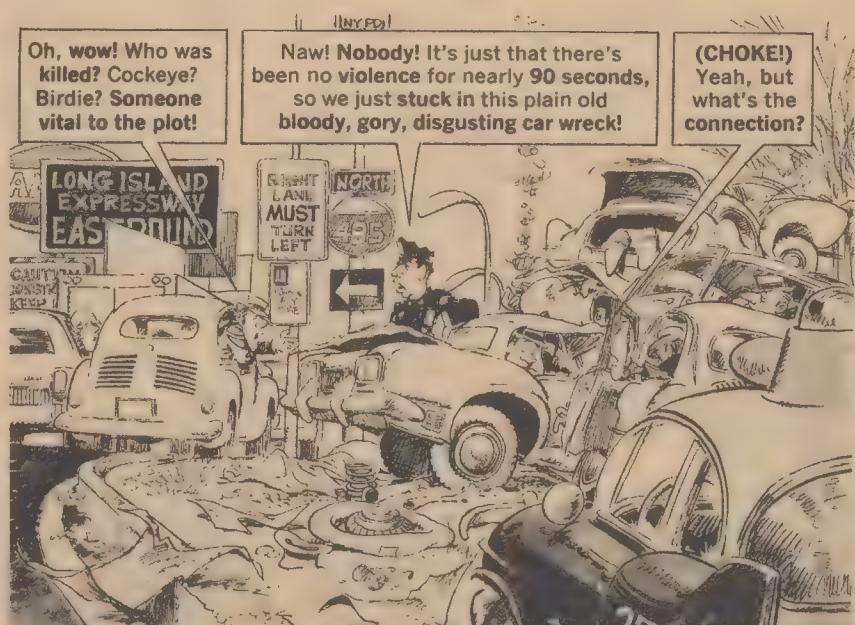
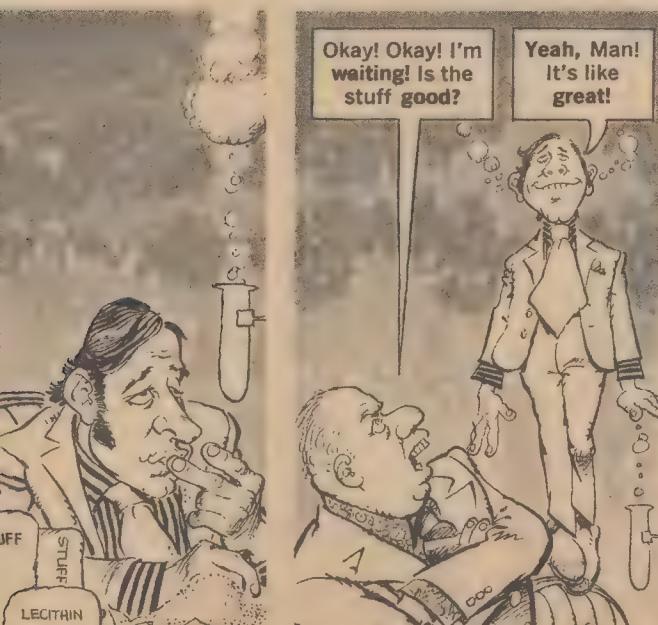
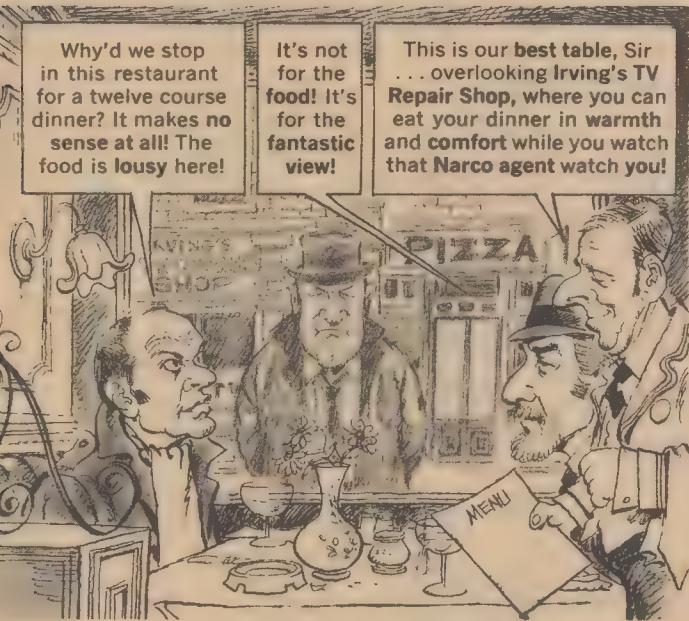
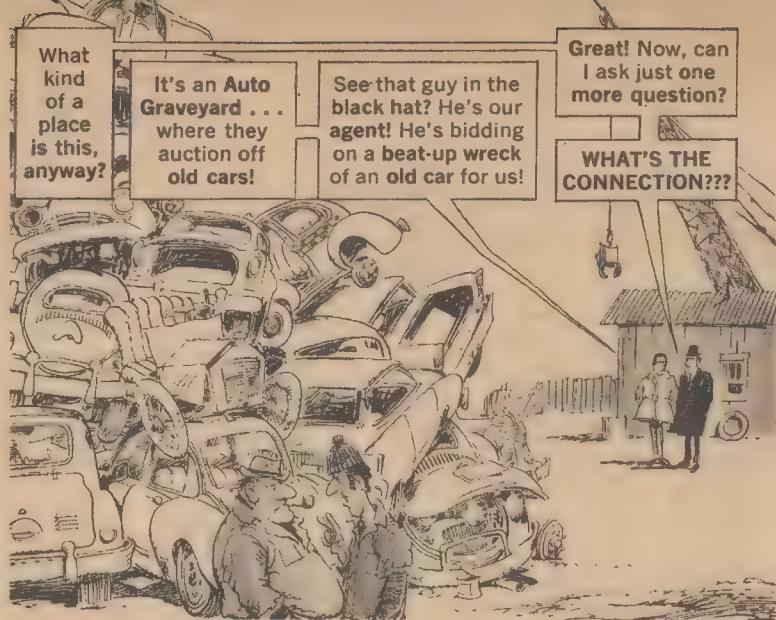
What kind of a place is this, anyway?

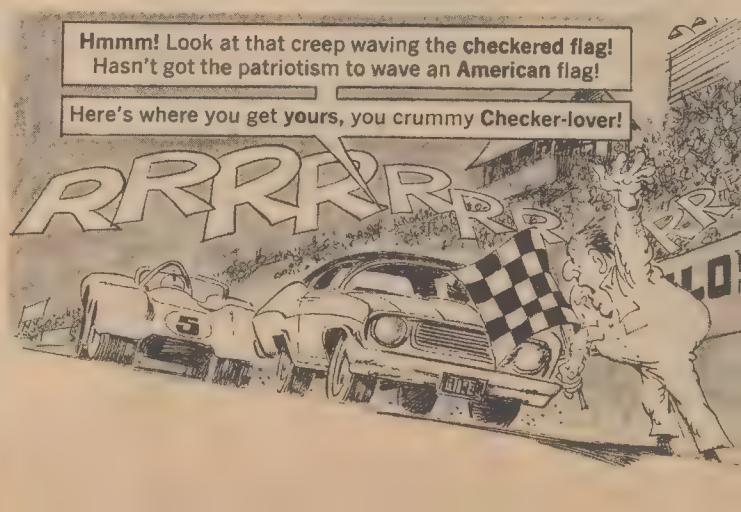
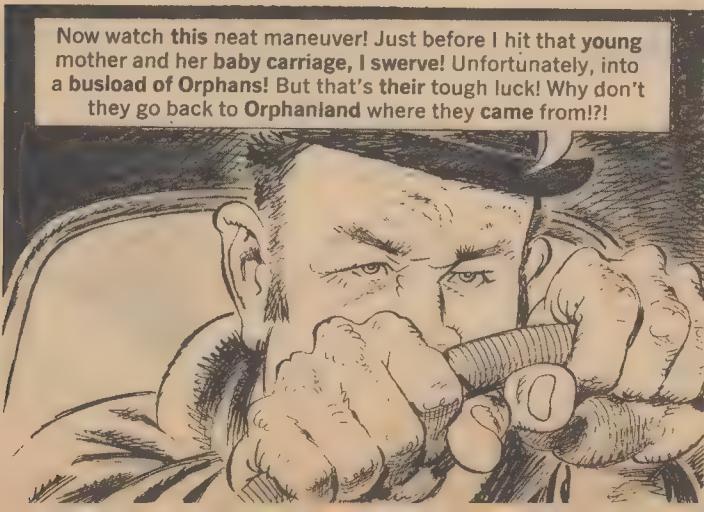
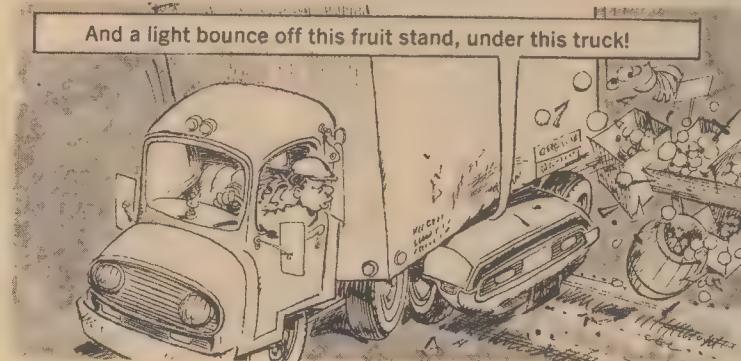
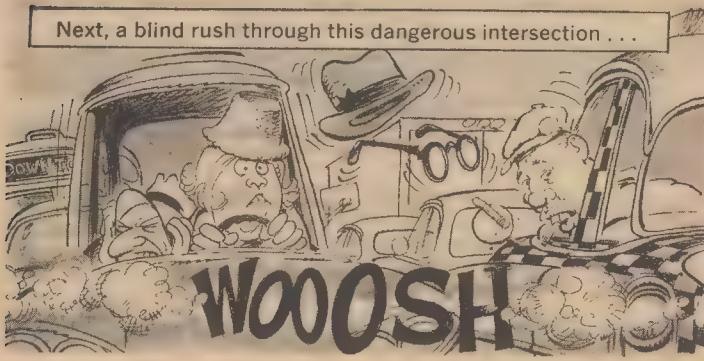
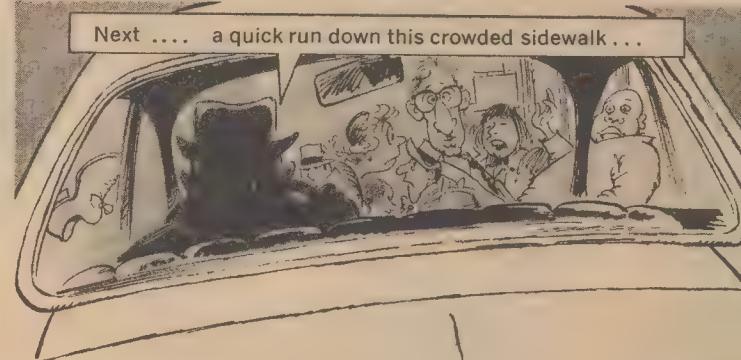
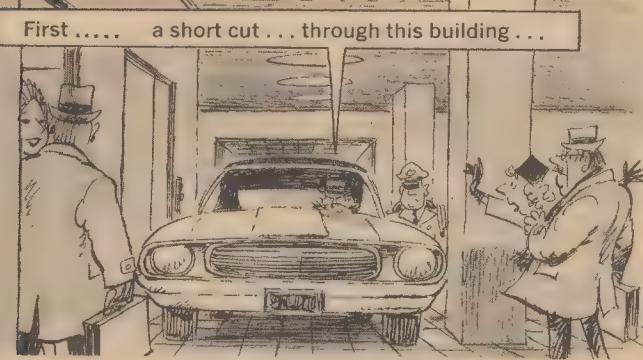
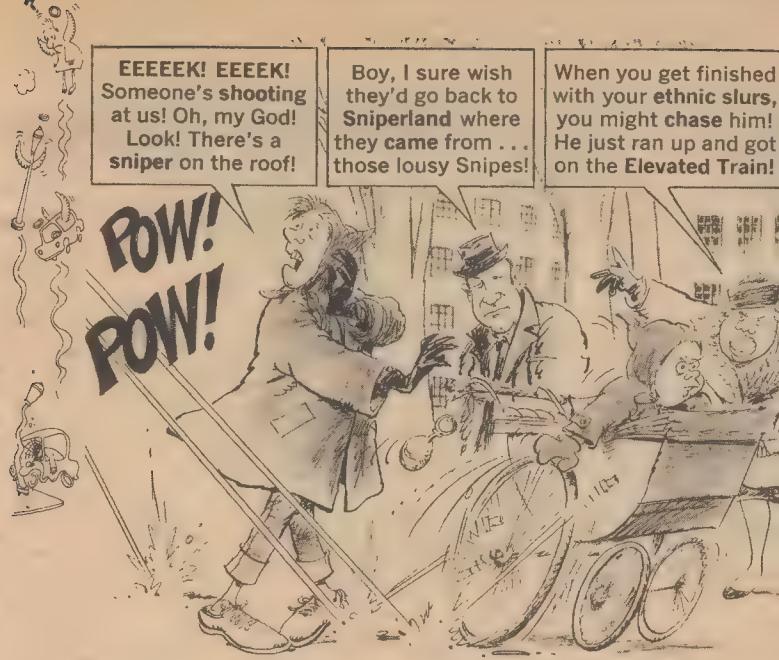
It's an Auto Graveyard . . . where they auction off old cars!

See that guy in the black hat? He's our agent! He's bidding on a beat-up wreck of an old car for us!

Great! Now, can I ask just one more question?

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???





C'mon, buddy! Put down the gun, will you! These poor people have been held up six times already . . . and we've only gone two stops!!

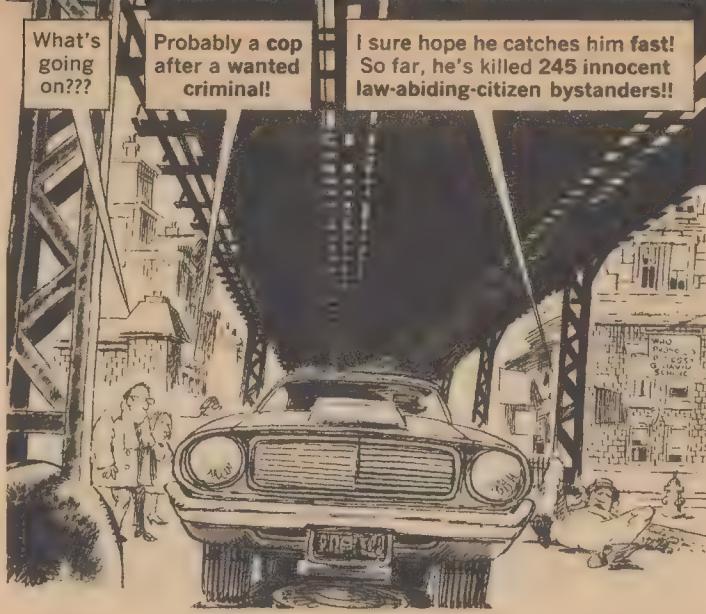
Don't stop at any station or I'll shoot!

Actually, I hadn't planned to! What do those dumb New Yorkers expect for 35¢ anyway?!? Scheduled stops??!

What's going on???

Probably a cop after a wanted criminal!

I sure hope he catches him fast! So far, he's killed 245 innocent law-abiding-citizen bystanders!!



How'd you like that for exciting driving, eh? I sure got here before the train . . . didn't I??

You sure did! The last train station is two miles back!!



Take that, you lousy Snipe!

Now you know what it feels like to be shot to death!

Maybe next time, you won't be so quick to try to kill somebody!



Okay, so we sit here all night staking out the Mark III Lincoln that Dapperbeaux brought from France! So tell me . . . what's the connection?

Search me?!? But here come a gang of Spics looking to strip it! Isn't that GREAT?!?

What's so great?!? It spoils the stake-out!

Yeah, but it gives us a chance to hit Spics! We haven't hit Spics once so far!

#\$%& Spics! Why don't they go back to Spicland where they came from?!?



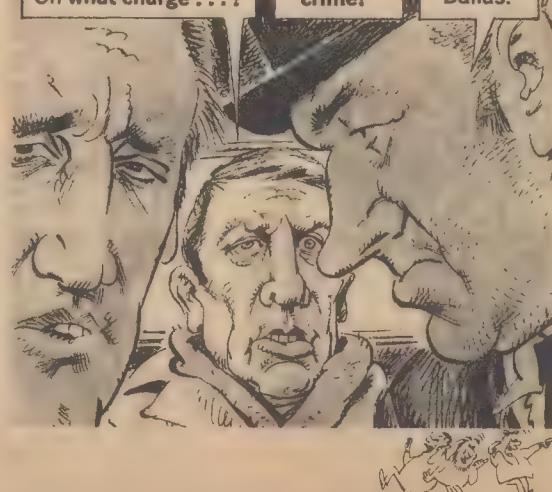
But you're right! The stake-out is ruined! Take the car to the station and search it, and arrest the Spics!

On what charge . . . ?

Noodling their navels in Nantucket!

Is that a crime?

It carries twice the penalty of diddling your digit in Dallas!



Listen, Cockeye—

Fed, I've had it up to here with you razzin' me!!

But all I said was "Listen, Cockeye—"

Yeah, but if I let you get away with that, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a sentence! You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your best friend! Can't you forget a petty grudge?

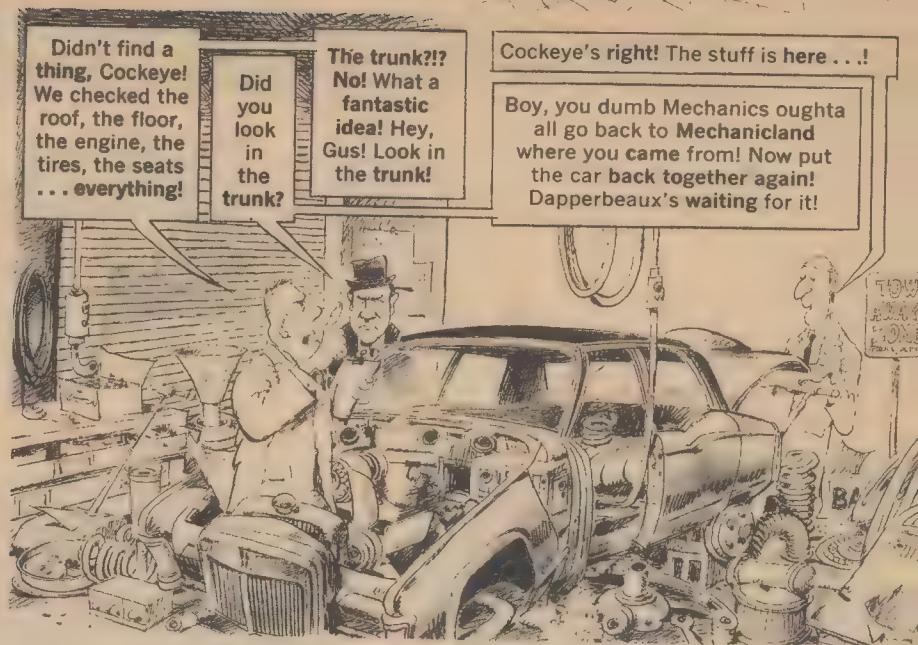
Didn't find a thing, Cockeye! We checked the roof, the floor, the engine, the tires, the seats ... everything!

Did you look in the trunk?

The trunk??! No! What a fantastic idea! Hey, Gus! Look in the trunk!

Cockeye's right! The stuff is here . . .

Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to Mechanicland where you came from! Now put the car back together again! Dapperbeaux's waiting for it!



Here you are, Mr. Dapperbeaux ... in perfect shape!

Wait a minute! What's going on here, anyway?

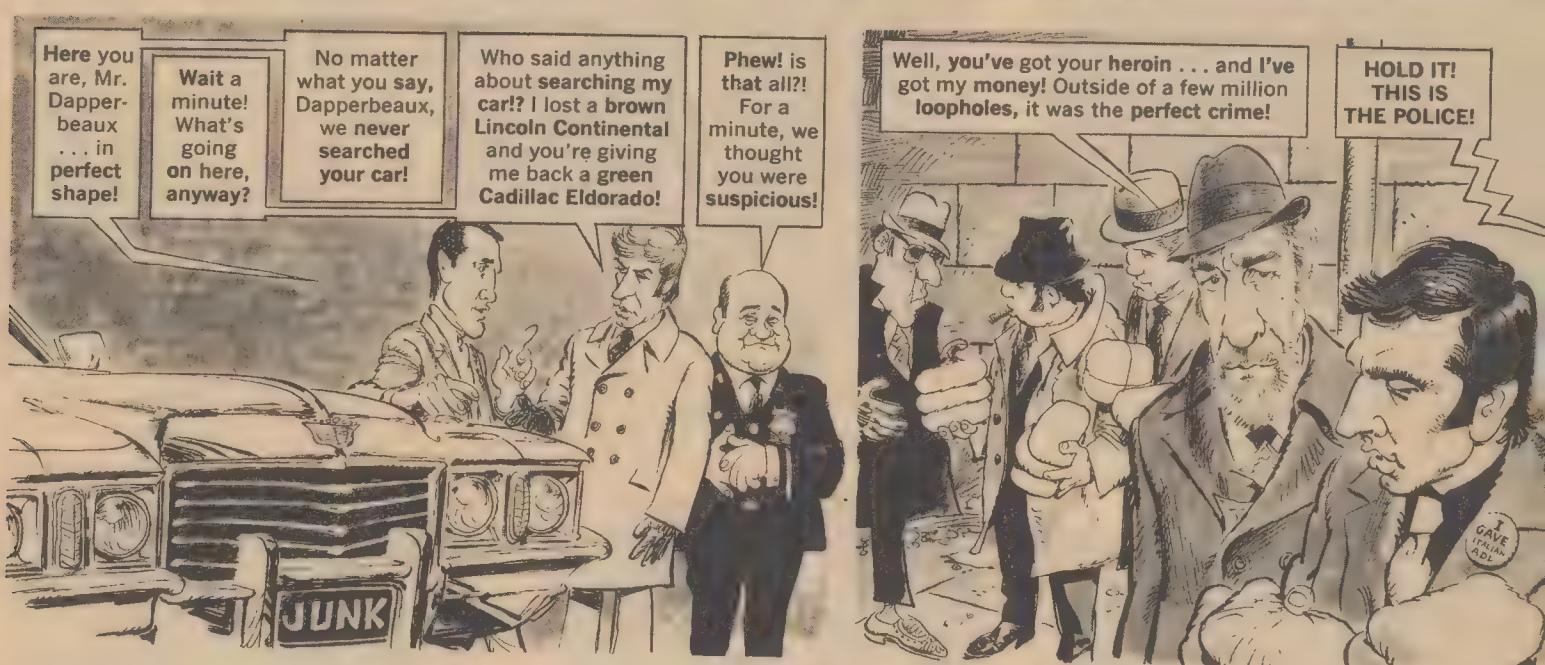
No matter what you say, Dapperbeaux, we never searched your car!

Who said anything about searching my car? I lost a brown Lincoln Continental and you're giving me back a green Cadillac Eldorado!

Phew! is that all?! For a minute, we thought you were suspicious!

Well, you've got your heroin . . . and I've got my money! Outside of a few million loopholes, it was the perfect crime!

HOLD IT! THIS IS THE POLICE!



Sorry, guys, but this isn't the perfect crime! And we still have three more loopholes to create!

I'm going to run and hide on this tiny, escape-proof island, and never be found by any of the 200 cops you have here!

That's loophole #1!

And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be accidentally shot by Cockeye!

That's loophole #2!

And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for "insufficient evidence"! I thought shooting at a cop would at least be a misdemeanor!

And that's loophole #3!

Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to thank you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!

Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it wasn't me alone! No, sir, it was a combination of guys . . . a regular potpourri of Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .



FOCUS-POCUS DEPT.

If you're a "TV Late Show" film buff, you're probably aware of the important roles certain "props" played in old movies. In fact, some of these "props"

A MAD GUIDE SHOW" CLICHÉ

MONSTER MOVIE TORCH



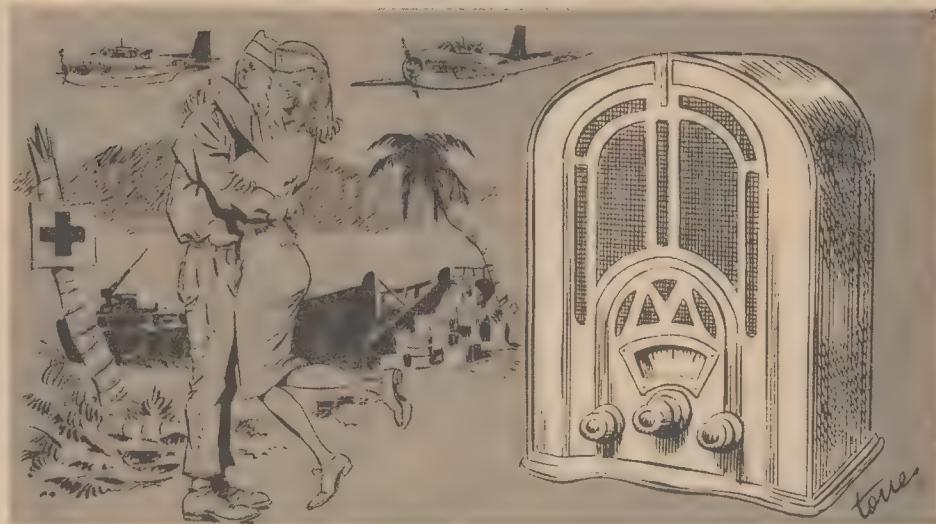
Always used by hunchback-assistant to antagonize monster . . . and always used again later on by villagers to track down monster-murderer of hunchback-assistant and other assorted victims.

NOBLE PILOT WRENCH



Test pilots Tom and Jim both love Sue. One of them has to test the dangerous X-14. Jim, convinced that Sue loves Tom, pretends to let him take up the X-14. But when Tom looks up to check the weather, Jim hits him on the head with the prop wrench, takes the X-14 up himself, and is never seen again.

CATHEDRAL RADIO



Device used to interrupt love scenes . . . and engagements . . . with announcement that the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor. Hero and heroine defer

marriage plans until the world can be made a better place to live. At film's end, they are reunited in Guadalcanal —he's a Navy pilot and she's a nurse.

BROKEN AMULET NECKLACE



Handsome Arab beggar boy defies death by scaling wall of Caliph's palace in wild attempt to reach Princess who he loves. Evading guards, he finally gets to her, only to discover . . . by fitting together their broken amulet necklaces . . . that they are brother and sister! Love affair is over before it begins.

TRAGEDY-IDENTIFYING LIFE PRESERVER



Used several ways for dramatic effect. For example, we see a wreckage-strewn oily sea. Prop life-preserver floats by. It says . . . "Lusitania"! Or we see a young honeymoon couple smooching on deck. They move off, revealing ship's name on prop life-preserver. The poor kids! They're sailing on the "Titanic"!



were used so often, they actually achieved "cliché" status. For those of you who don't know what in heck we're talking about, we now present this article:

É TO "TV LATE É MOVIE PROPS

ARTIST:
ANGELO TORRES
WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES

SUSPENSION MICROPHONE



THIS-WILL-MAKE-YOU-TALK
HYPODERMIC NEEDLE



Used effectively by the Announcer at the ballpark to tell the little boy with the fatal illness who's lying in the hospital, holding the autographed baseball, that the Slugger has hit one over the fence just for him—bringing on a sudden miracle cure for the boy.

After brutal torture has failed, the sadistic Nazi officer has one method left to make Allied undercover agent reveal location of Gen. Eisenhower's headquarters and the time, place and size of upcoming invasion of Europe: the injection of — gasp — truth serum!

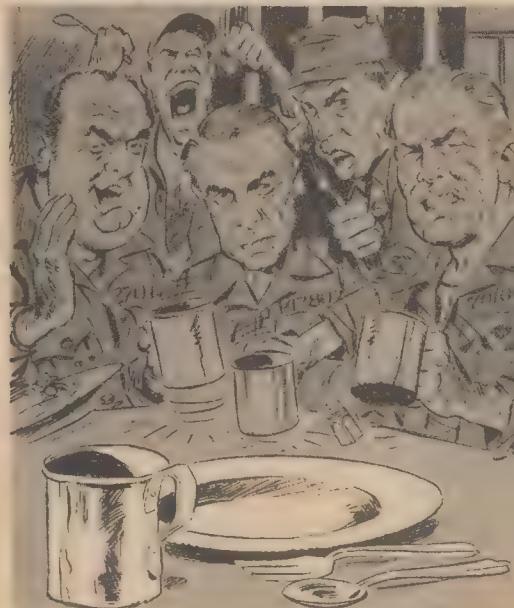
BAIL OF NEWSPAPERS



This prop is invariably dropped from a truck at the feet of our hero who, as the newsstand dealer cuts the string, learns by the headlines that (1) the

killer he'd helped convict (who swore revenge) has escaped from prison, or (2) the girl he was with last night is dead, and he's wanted for her murder!

TIN CUPS, TIN PLATES AND UTENSILS



Invariably used by inmates in Prison pictures to bang on mess hall tables and clang across cell bars to register their dissatisfaction with the lousy food, the indifferent Warden, the cruel guards, the intolerable working conditions, and the impossible script.

SMALL TOWN TRAFFIC CONTROLLER



Humorous romantic prop used in family comedies so Andy could stop his jalopy and kiss Polly while sign changed from stop to go to stop to go to stop to—

RE-BREATHING BAG



Invaluable in helping lay movie fans follow the progress of an operation. Everything is going along fine while bag expands and contracts regularly. Any faltering or collapse is signal for Surgeon to whisper, "Quick, Nurse

— the adrenalin!" If injection works, bag will resume expansion and contraction. If bag remains deflated, Surgeon will snap off rubber gloves and throw them to the floor in disgust while the Nurse solemnly pulls a sheet over body.

EXTENSION TELEPHONE



Usually grabbed by Old Timer in green eyeshade who calls ahead and stops the "Cannonball Express" from crossing the dynamited trestle. Sometimes grabbed by hotshot City Editor who yells, "Stop the press! We're re-making Page One!"

EASILY-SMASHED MIRROR



It's a sure bet that at some point in the big Broadway Star's career, she'll reach that low point when she'll look at herself in the mirror, filled with self-contempt and loathing, and fling her whisky glass at her reflection . . . smashing the mirror into smithereens. However, like mirror, her life will be almost impossible to put back together.

SLIDING BEER GLASS



A favorite prop of Western movies for bringing the noisy festivities in the saloon to a dead stop, the beer glass

always slides 30 feet down bar and comes to rest right in front of tall lonesome stranger who just walked in.

PAINTING WITH EYEHOLE



You can bet your life that in almost every mystery-horror film that takes place in a creepy old house, our hero

or heroine will be spied upon through the cut-out eyes of the old portrait hanging over the fireplace . . . or bed.

BROADWAY-BOUND DANCING SHOES



Some eager youngsters have put a show together in a barn. Our hero, wearing two-tone prop shoes, knocks everybody dead with his dance routine including famous talent scout who just happened to be out front. Shoes are then shown dancing across country in a series of montage shots, bound for Broadway and that big break at the Palace Theater.

"AMERIKANISCHER SCHWEINHUND"

PERISCOPE



After several touching scenes aboard the troop transport in which the boys have exchanged memories, jokes, bits of homespun philosophy and photos of loved ones, film always cuts suddenly to this prop. Look for the evil Nazi Sub Commander, followed by a torpedo.

TELL-TALE CIGARETTE BUTT



Main character always spots prop when dropping in unexpectedly. If the main character is a detective, it means he surprised the girl and the murderer. If the main character is a woman, the butt is usually lipstick-smeared, and it means her lover is cheating on her.

HOT TOWEL BROILER



Back in days when men's "hairstylists" were known as "barbers," they not only cut hair, but they also shaved people. In comedy films, the fun started when the barber turned to the broiler prop,

took out a steaming hot towel, did a little painful dance, and dropped it on the face of a prone and helpless villain — like a crusty bank president, a skinflint landlord or a city slicker.

WEATHER-BEATEN INN SIGN



Creaky old gimmick that's always used to establish the scene (usually on the English coast) where the smugglers or the ship-wreckers are meeting to make

plans or split the swag. You can bet that the sign will be swinging wildly in a torrential downpour and suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning.

SLOWLY ROTATING CEILING FAN



Always used for setting the scene in either a steaming tropic jungle or the Casbah. The slower the fan turns, the more oppressive the heat (and the plot) becomes. Look for intrigue, treachery, spies, murder — and Sidney Greenstreet.

TUMREL CART



Prop wagon always seen in movies about French Revolution. It was used to carry condemned to Guillotine and was geared to move painfully slow to give inhuman jeering crowd an opportunity to hurl insults at prisoner, and also to give prisoner time to do a final voice-over — like maybe, "Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done . . ."

SHOOTING FROM THE "HIP" DEPT.

And now, here is MAD's version of the recent motion picture about those two loveable zany outlaws who captured the hearts of the West! Unfortunately, along the way, they didn't capture any *laughs*! But they certainly tried and tried and tried! No, we're not talking about "Bonnie and Clyde"! We're talking about . . .

BOTCH CASUALLY AND

No, I haven't got any sevens!

Hey, Somedunce, we'd better go! You're cheating again, and that means trouble!

Sure you are! You're spending time with other men, aren't you?

Well, to me that's cheating! You know how jealous I get!

You—*gulp*—you mean he's the Somedunce Kid!?

That's right, Mister! And I'm his famous partner, Botch Casually!

YOU'RE Botch Casually?!!

Well, you look so cute and precious with those baby blue eyes, we all thought you were Calamity Jane!!

Then, "Go Fish"!

I am NOT cheating!

Yeah . . . ?



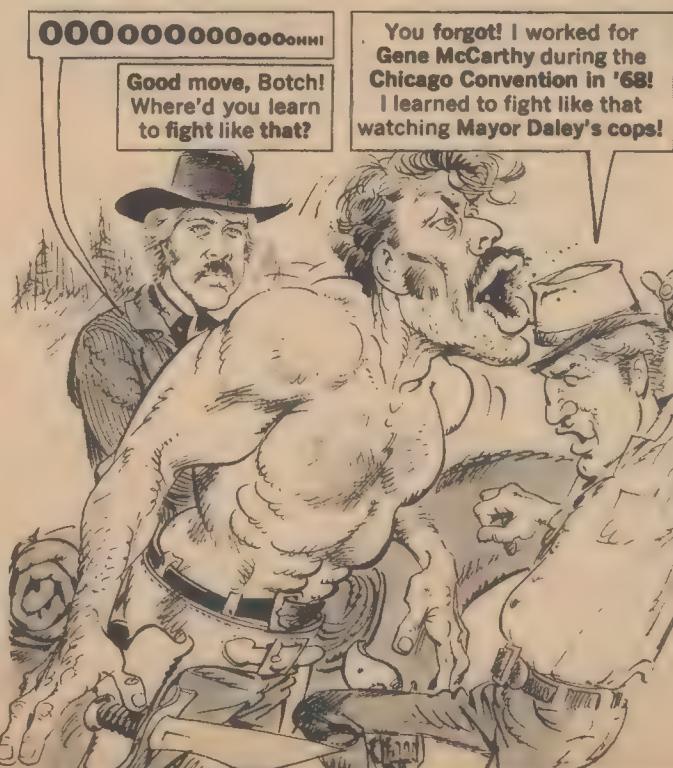
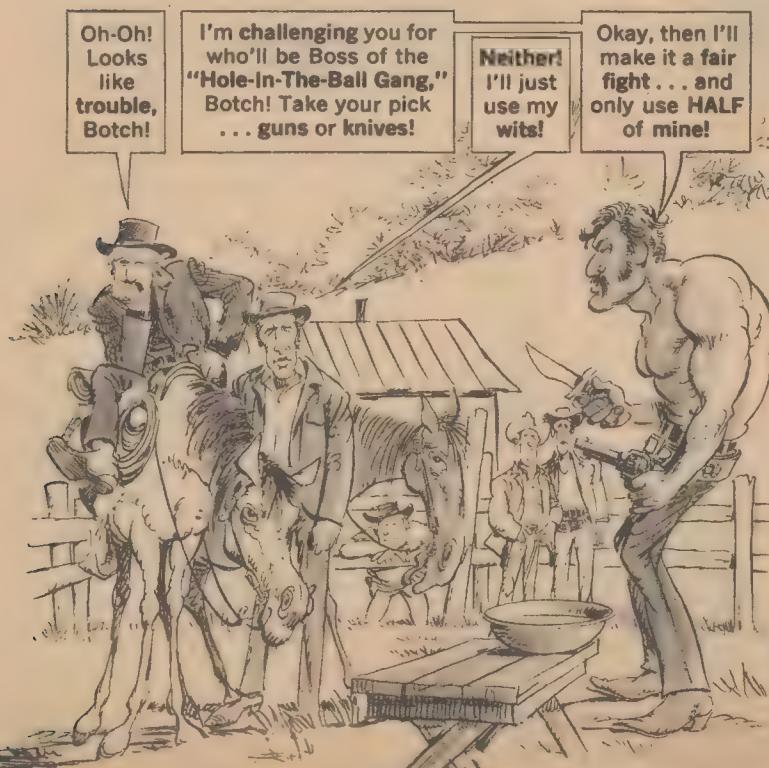


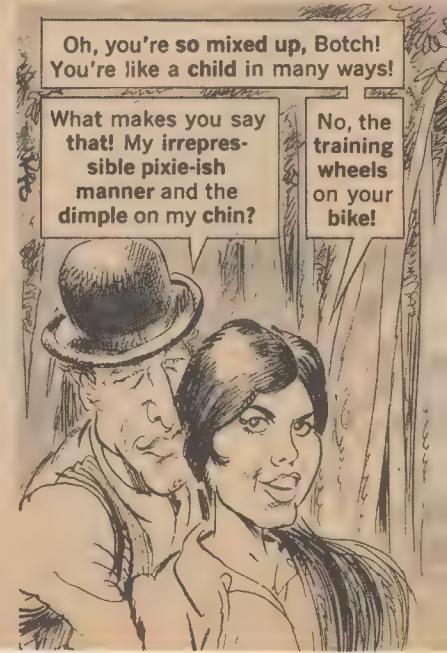
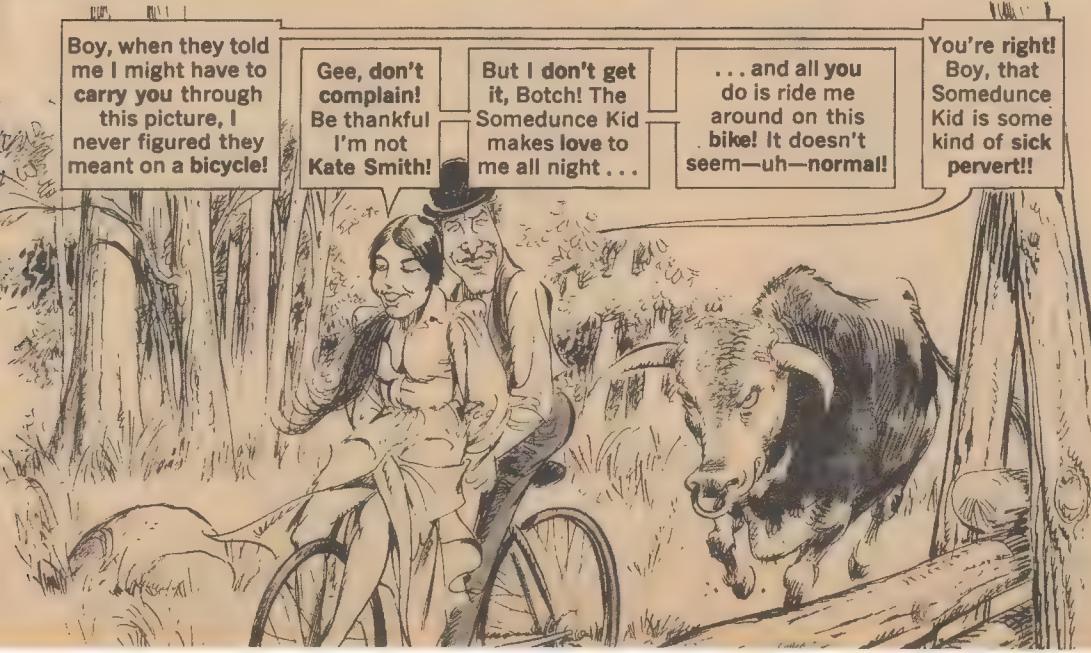
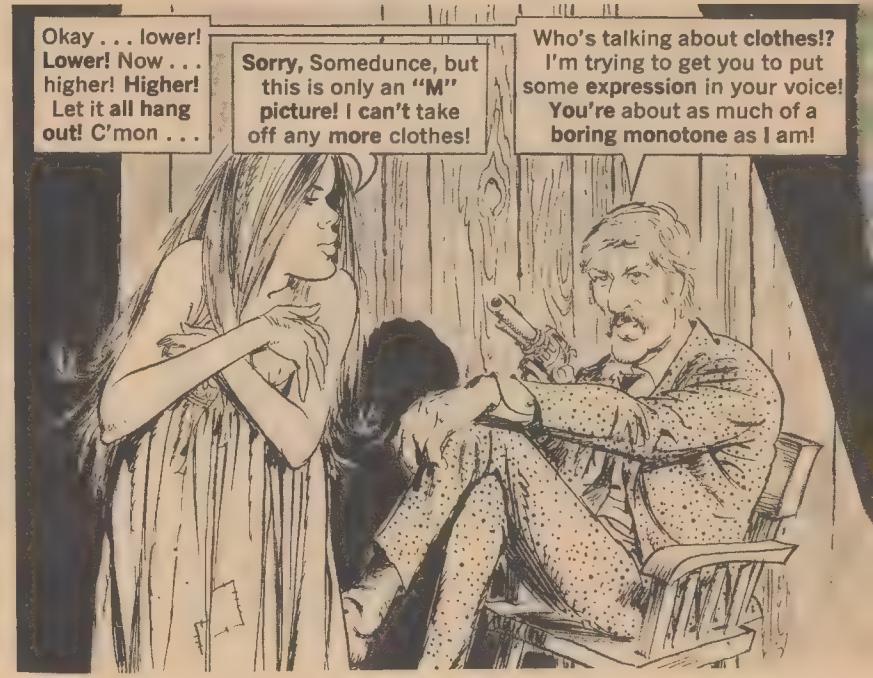
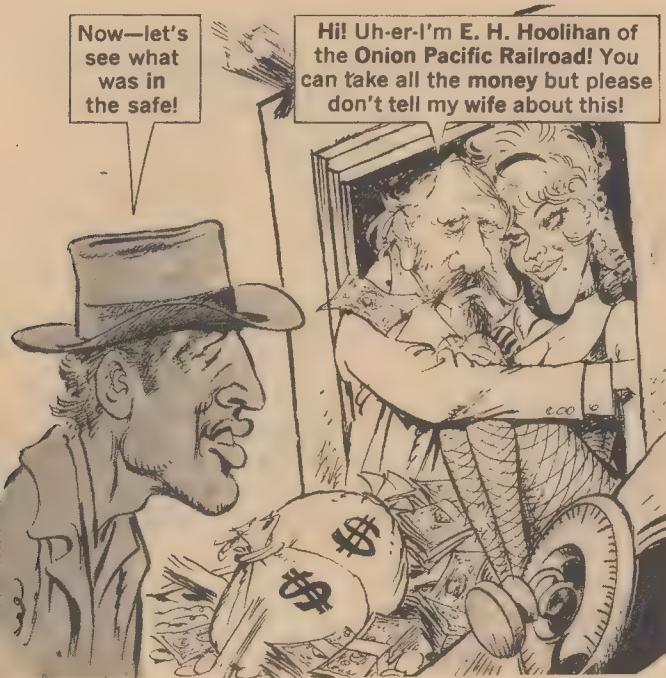
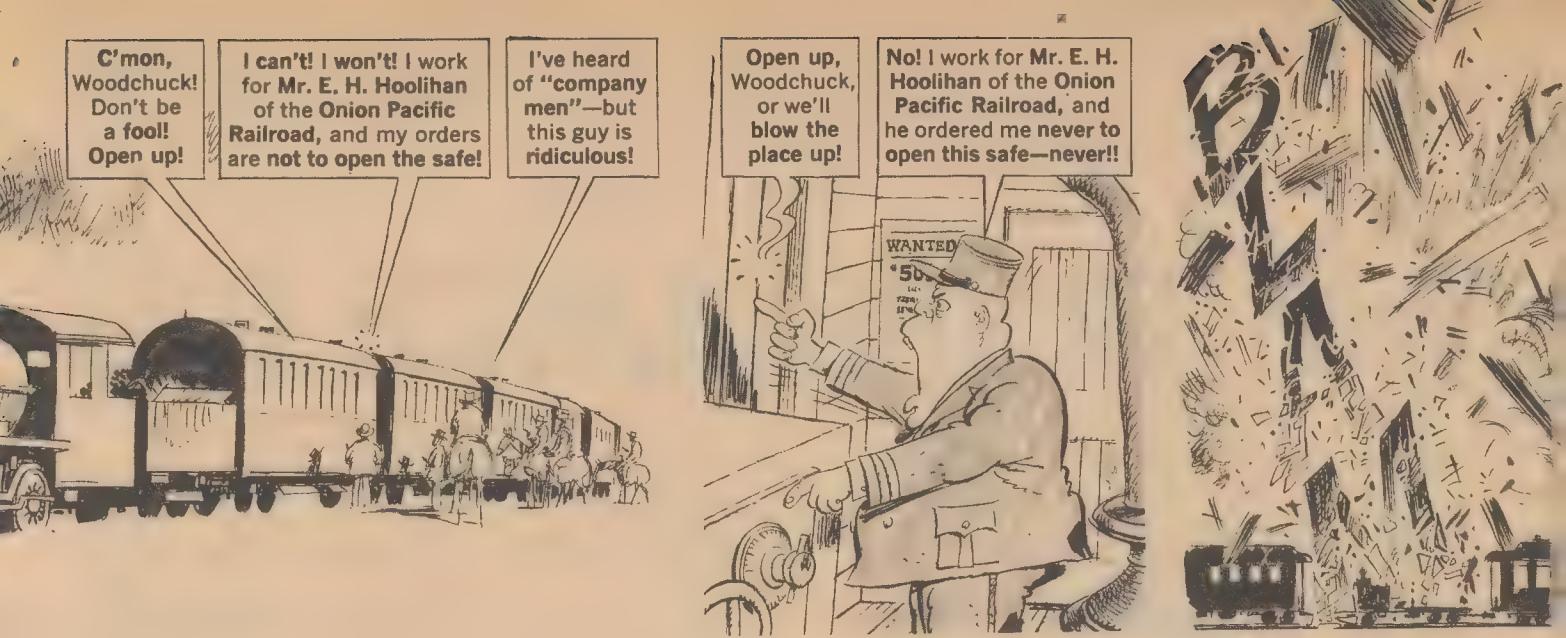
THE SOMEDUNCE KID

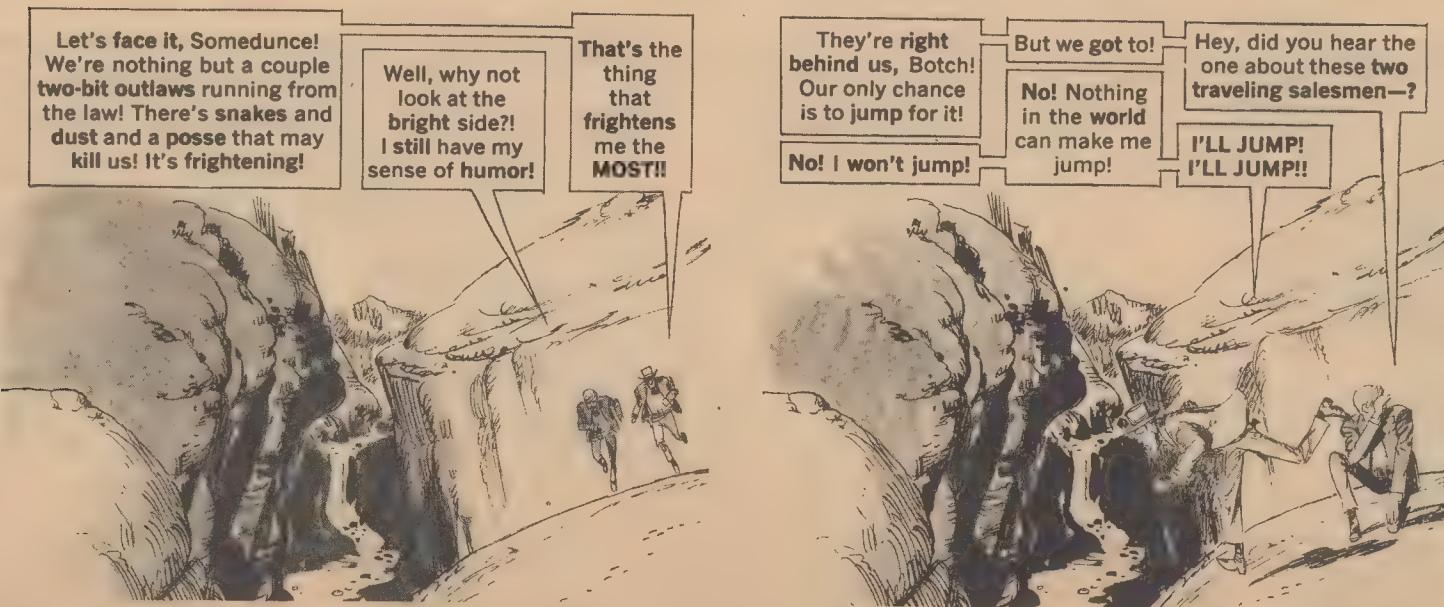
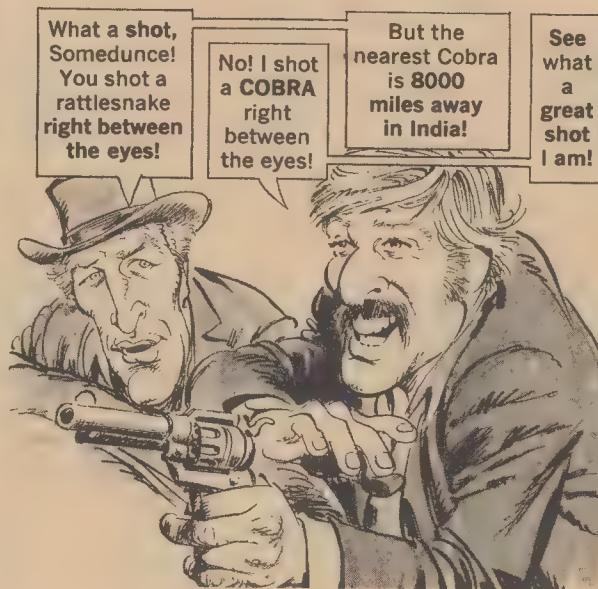
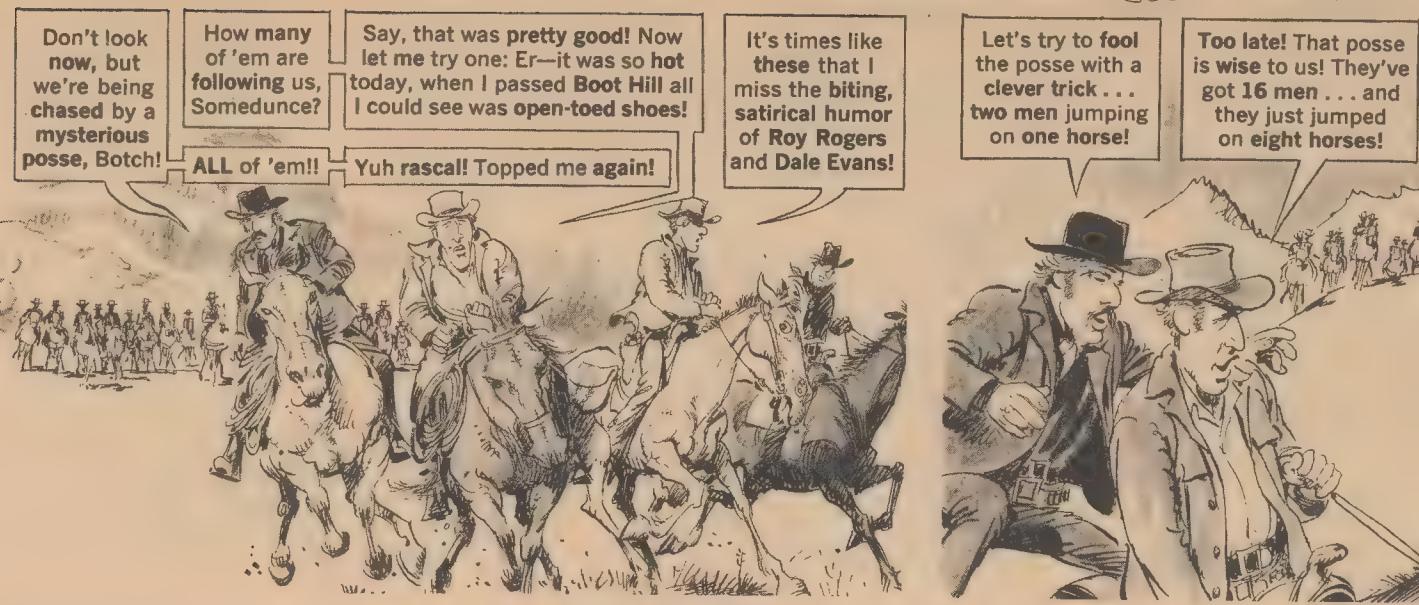


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN







It says here that the posse has sworn to chase you until they kill you! What are you gonna do?

Botch is the brains of this gang! He'll think of something!

That's a great idea! I've never been to Europe!

I can SEE why Botch is the brains!

And we'll take Lotta! She speaks German!!

Idiot! They speak Spanish in Bolivia!

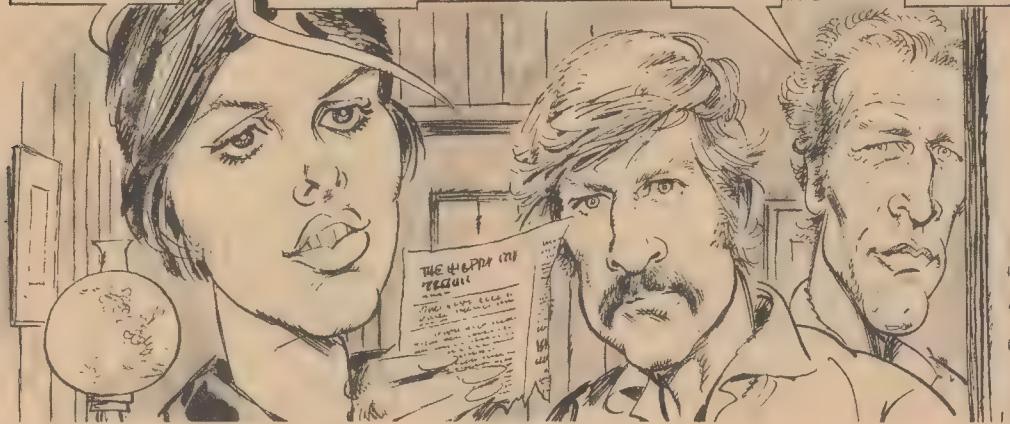
I know! But we may want to make a side trip to Argentina!

I say we head for Bolivia!

It's a real drawback having you along! But you can come with us only under certain conditions! You can't whine! You can't act silly! An' you can't start teasin' me with those big eyes of yours!

Okay! I promise!

Not you, Lotta! I'm talkin' about Botch!



Isn't this montage something!

Yes! It's a daring breakthrough in Motion Picture History! It's called "Still Photos"!

It ranks with the best of Fellini, Antonioni, Bergman, and Polaroid!

They're almost as good as my Bar Mitzvah slides! But, of course, they lack the symbolism!

I haven't seen such artistry since the 1964 album of photos of "Irene and Herbie Astrow's Wedding"!

I understand the photos were developed in 60 seconds!

That's more than you can say for the plot! It hasn't developed at all, and it's been 60 MINUTES!!

SHH!

Pigs, goats, huts and mud! Yecch! So this is supposed to be Bolivia in the 1890's!

Stop complaining! It's a lot better than the filthy animal-infested jungle we just came through . . . New York City in the 1960's!



Now, if you're going to rob the banks here in Bolivia, you have to learn the language! Botch, say "This is a robbery" . . .

Esto es un robo!

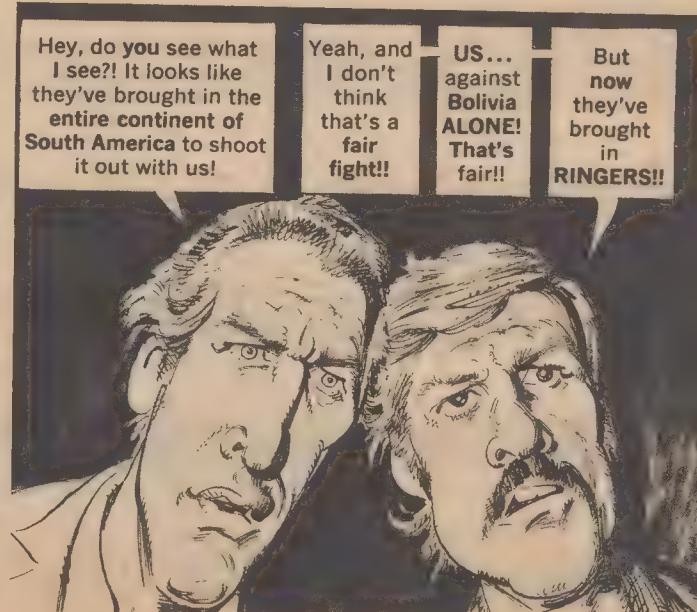
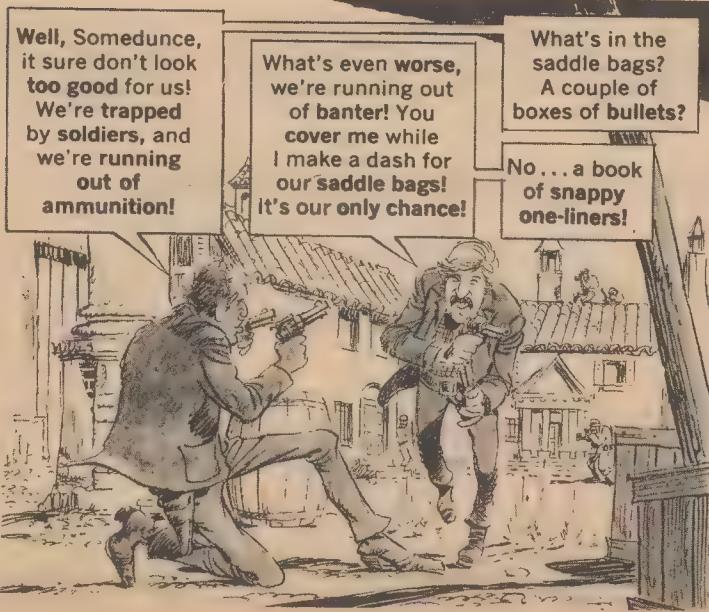
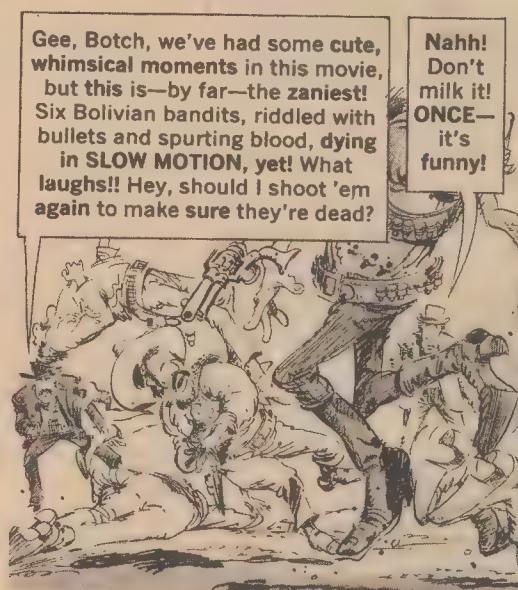
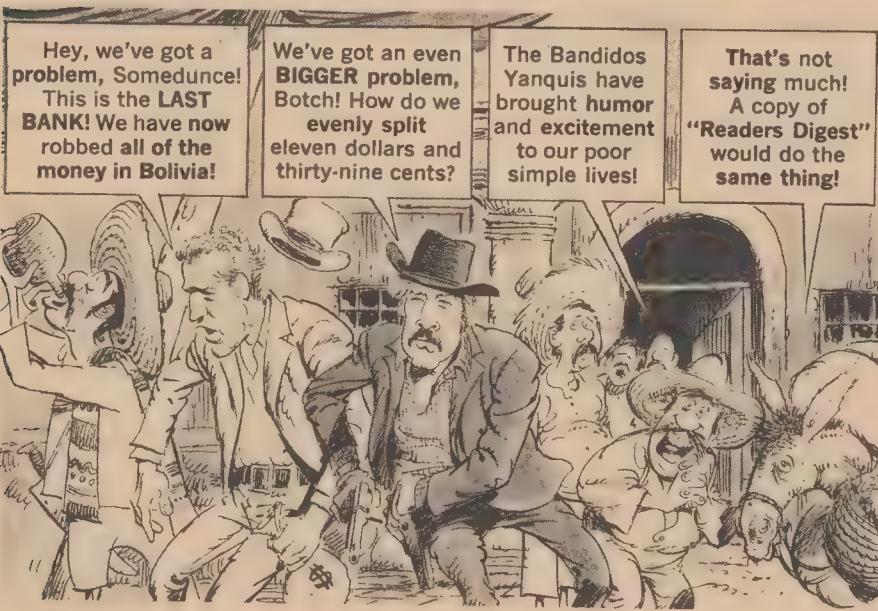
"This is a stick-up!"

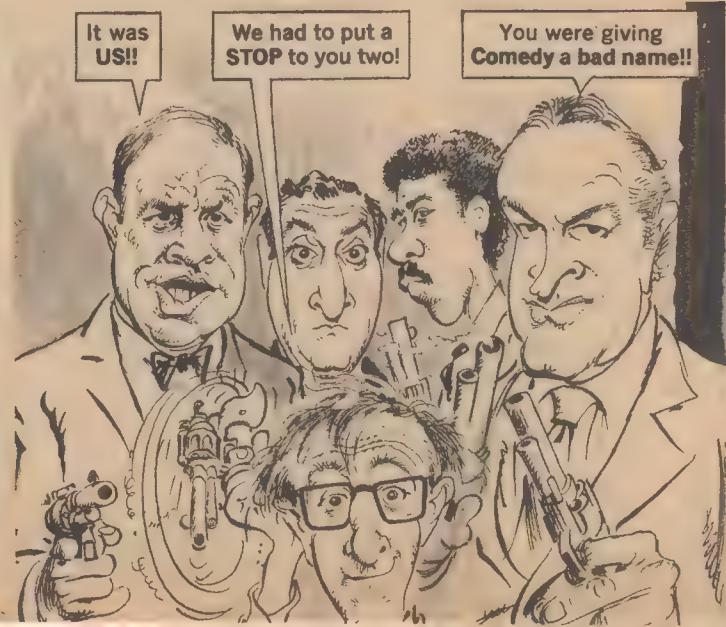
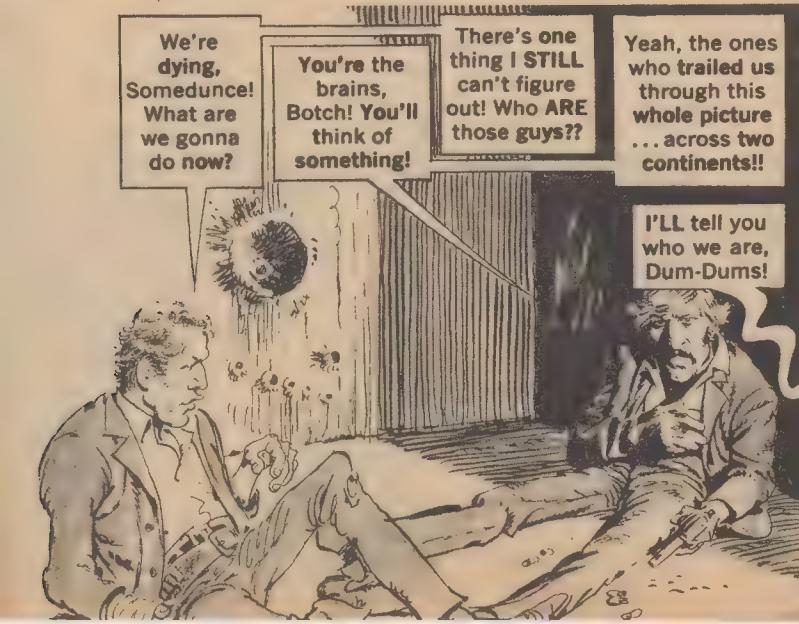
Esto es un heisto!

"This is a dull scene and it's ruining our careers!"

Esto es un escena obtuso y es arruinar nuestro carreras!



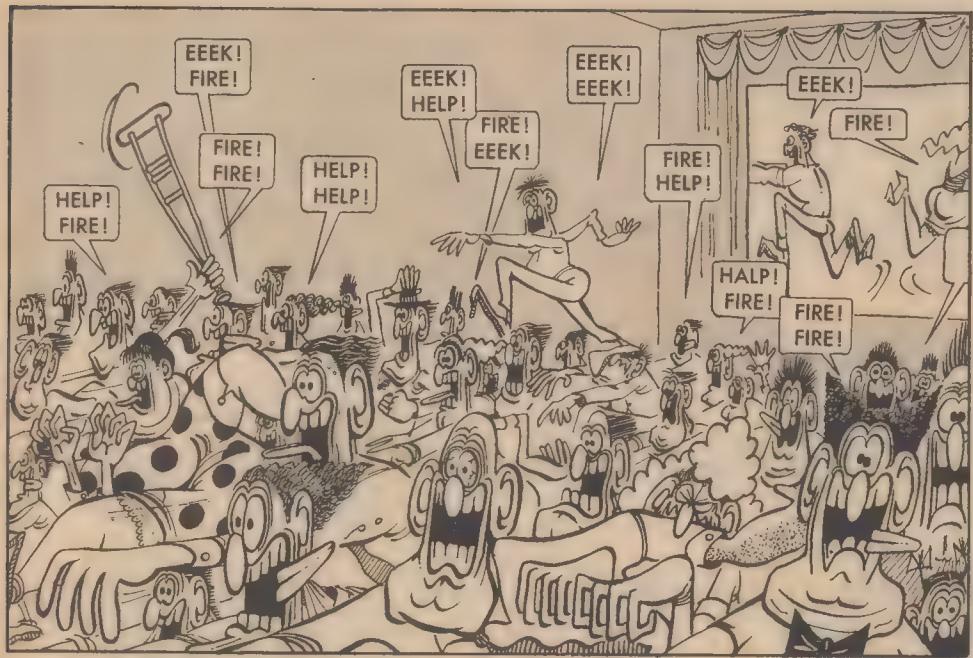
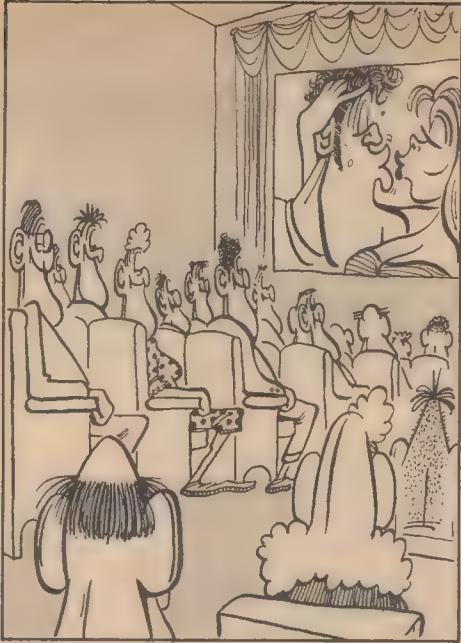




DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VI

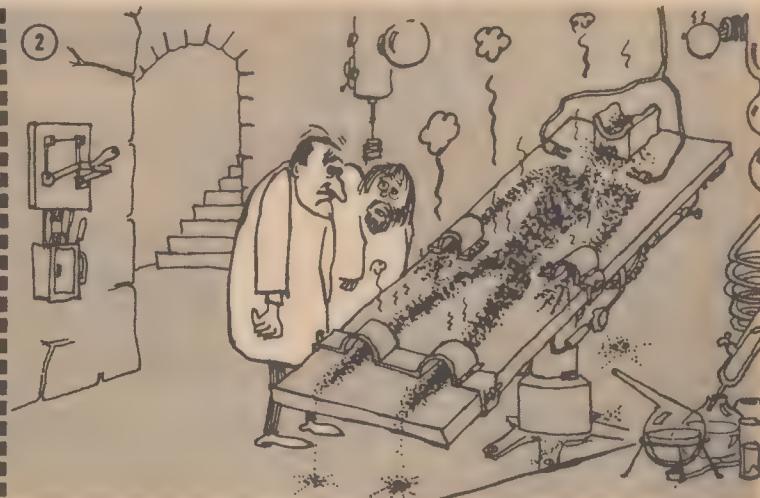
Don Martin used to go to his local cinema regularly. He described his experiences there in his book "The Fall of the House of Ushers". Here is a rejected chapter from his book (which was also rejected) entitled:

AT THE MOVIES



What bravery, sir! What fortitude!
What courage! How ever did you
manage to remain calmly in your
seat in the face of fire and panic??

A MAD LOOK AT



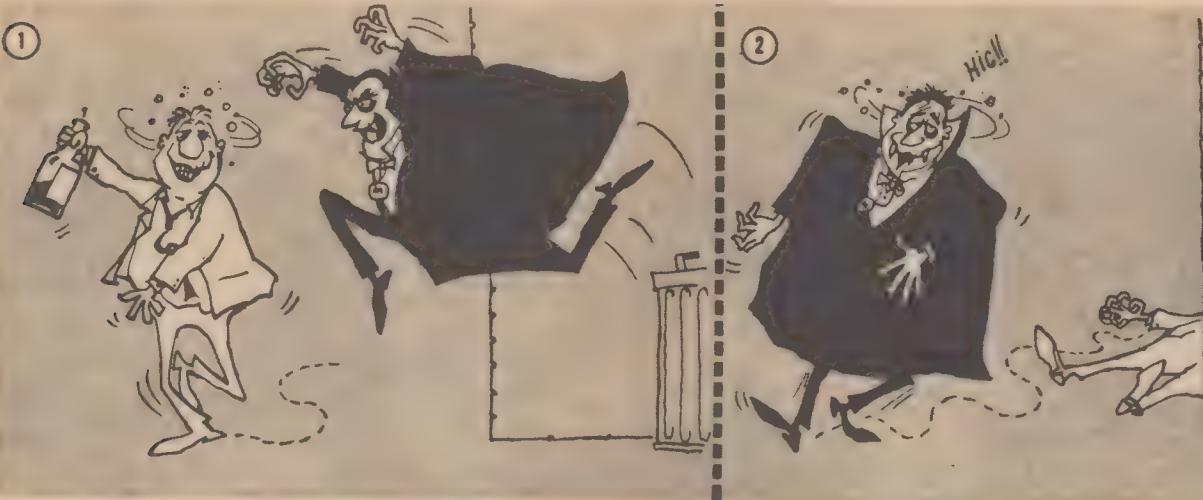
Frankenstein

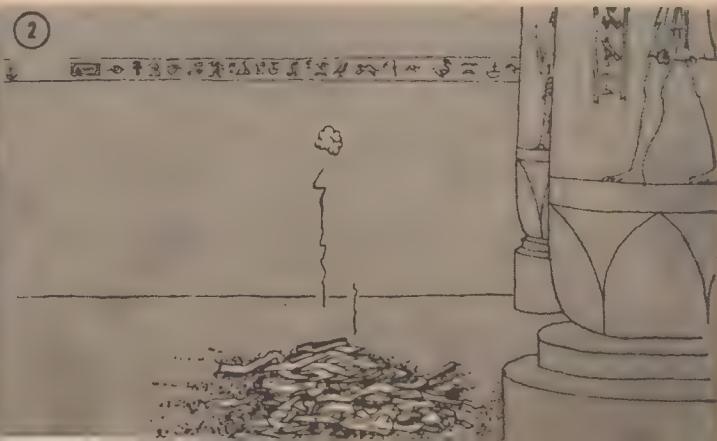
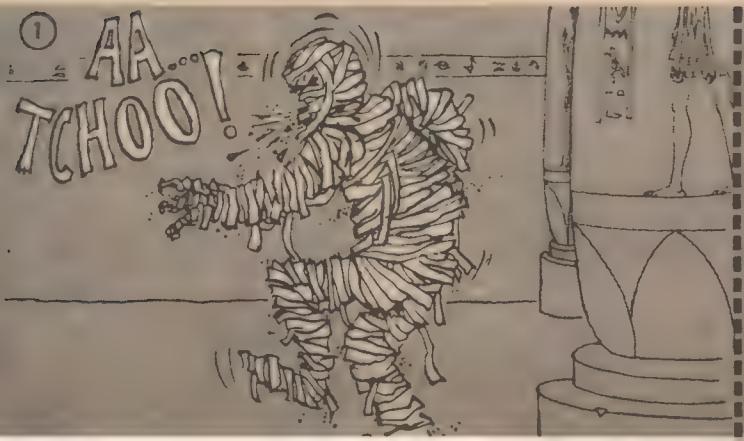
Bilbo Baggins

MONSTERS



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPT.

If you've seen it, you'll know exactly what we're talking about! And if you haven't seen it, rest assured that we've just saved you from

201 ASPA

MIN.
OF

THE DAWN OF MAN

Excuse
me—
Are
you
Maurice
Evans?

... Nope!

... Nope!

... Nope!

Then you
must be
Roddy
McDowell?

Don't tell
me you're
Kim
Hunter!

Isn't this
"PLANET
OF THE
APES"?

No, this
is "201
MIN. OF
A SPACE
IDIOTY"!

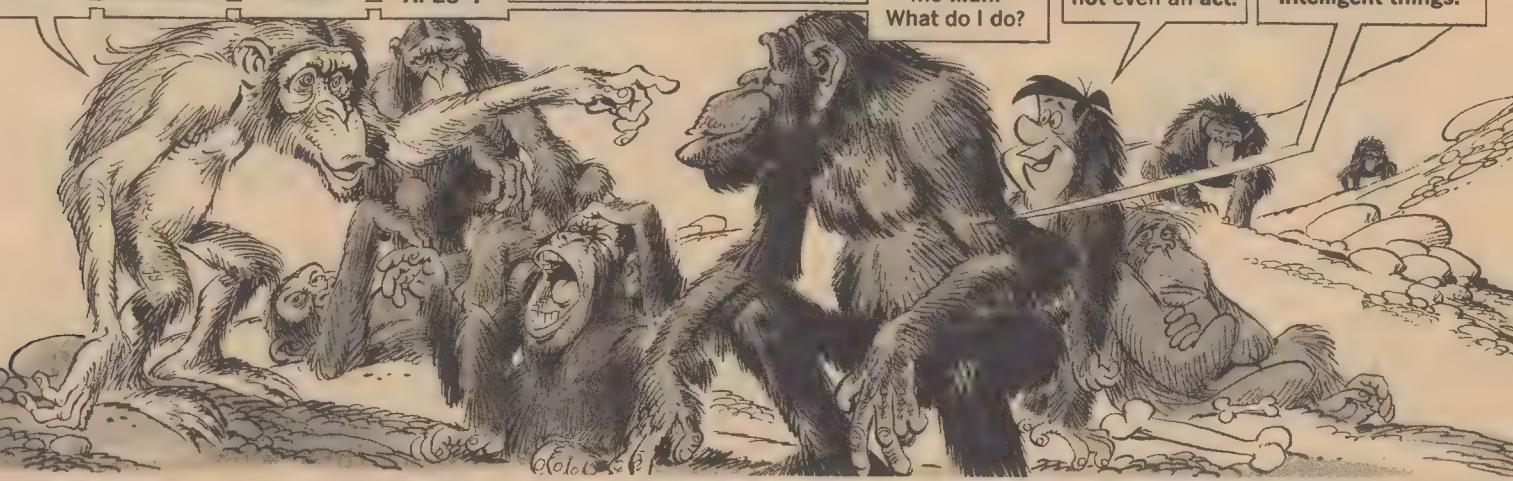
But why not work
here with us and
then go over and
work on "PLANET
OF THE APES"?

Oh, boy! Two
jobs in one
year! That's
enough to drive
me Man!
What do I do?

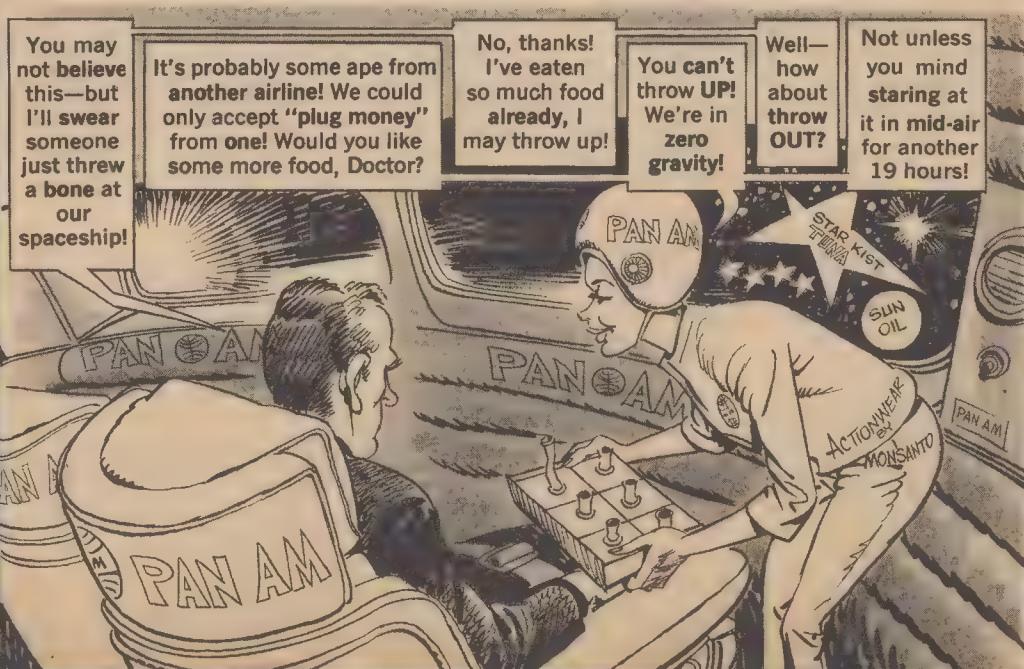
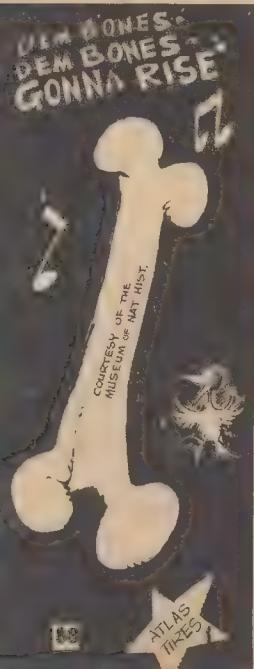
Act bored!

That's a snap!
And with this
script, it's
not even an act!

And keep your eye
out for a mysterious
big black thing that
will excite us and
make us want to do
intelligent things!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



You may
not believe
this—but
I'll swear
someone
just threw
a bone at
our
spaceship!

It's probably some ape from
another airline! We could
only accept "plug money"
from one! Would you like
some more food, Doctor?

No, thanks!
I've eaten
so much food
already, I
may throw up!

You can't
throw UP!
We're in
zero
gravity!

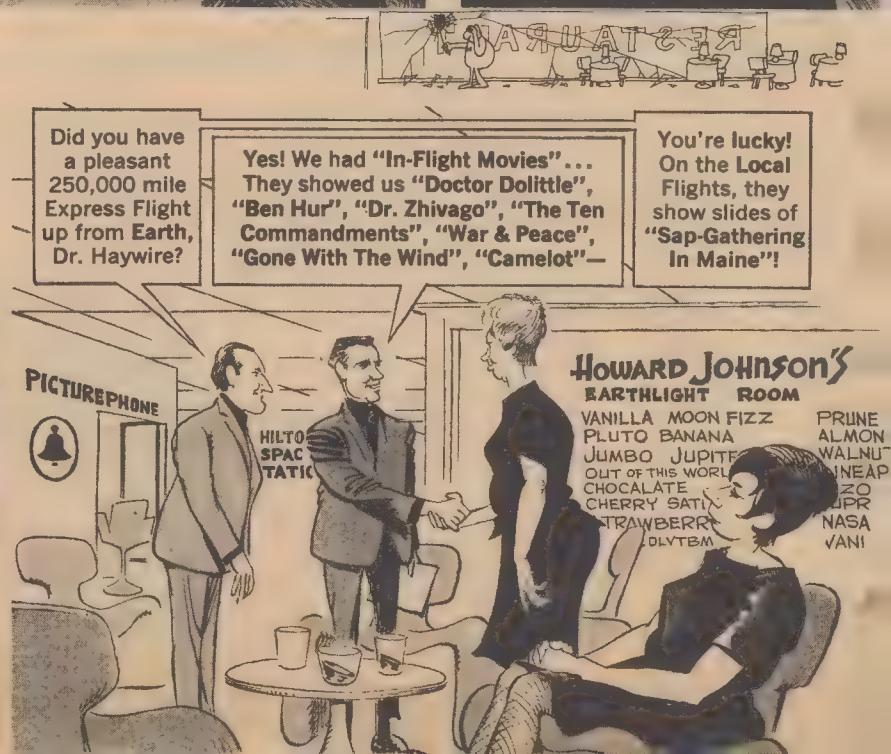
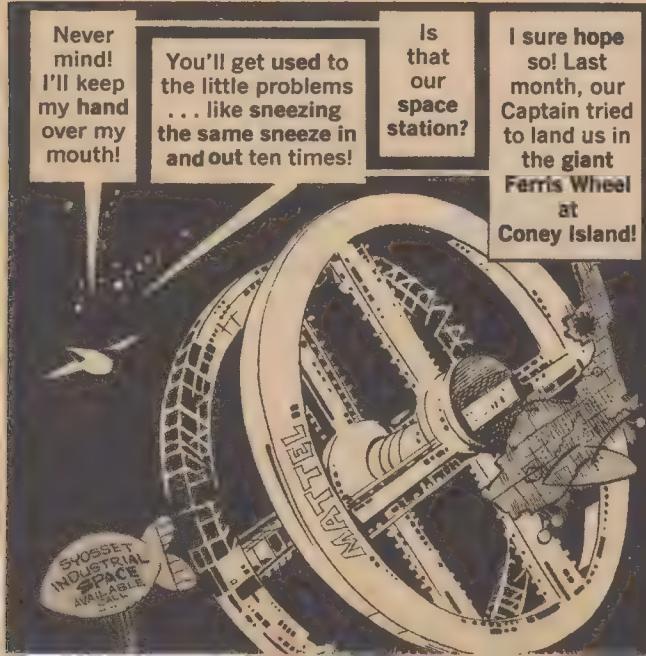
Well—
how
about
throw
OUT?

Not unless
you mind
staring at
it in mid-air
for another
19 hours!

CELESTILOGY



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Dr. Haywire,
just what IS
really going on
at Habeas Corpus
Station? Rumor
has it that
there's a deadly
flu epidemic!

I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a cover-up for a story so shocking—so unbelievable—so bizarre that the public will have to be braced before it can be told about the frightening discovery!

You
always
did
have
tight
lips,
Doctor!

If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the 2-million-year-old **Black Monolith** we found which no one has been able to identify!

Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be very interested!

What do you mean,
you lost my set of
matched lightweight
Samsonite luggage—
and it's 4 years till
the next flight arrives?

Hi, Honey!
I thought
I would
surprise
you and
Video-
Phone . . .

W-why, Sweety! This IS a surprise! I was just telling the m-milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!

Well,
I just
wanted
to know
you're
okay!

I'm fine. On
the way home
from the moon,
will you pick
up a loaf of
bread, Dear?

Goodbye, Dear!

Bye, Doc!
Give our
regards
to the
Monolith!

operator, what were the charges for that call?

**Deposit \$17,500
for the first three
minutes, plus 10¢
for the overtime!**

A black and white caricature of a man with a very large, bulbous nose. He is wearing a dark suit jacket and a light-colored shirt. A speech bubble originates from his mouth, containing the text "EARTH PHONE BOOK" and "PLUT PHONE BOOK". The background is plain white.

A black and white comic strip panel. A man with a mustache and a woman are in a room. The man is holding a key and looking at the woman. The woman is looking up at him. There is a sign on the wall that says "AREA CODES" with a list of codes. A small sign on the right says "FUN CITY 212".

Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu epidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull . . . ?

**They both
died—of acute
flu rumors!**

Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!

Well . . .
there it
is, Dr.
Haywire!
What do
you think?

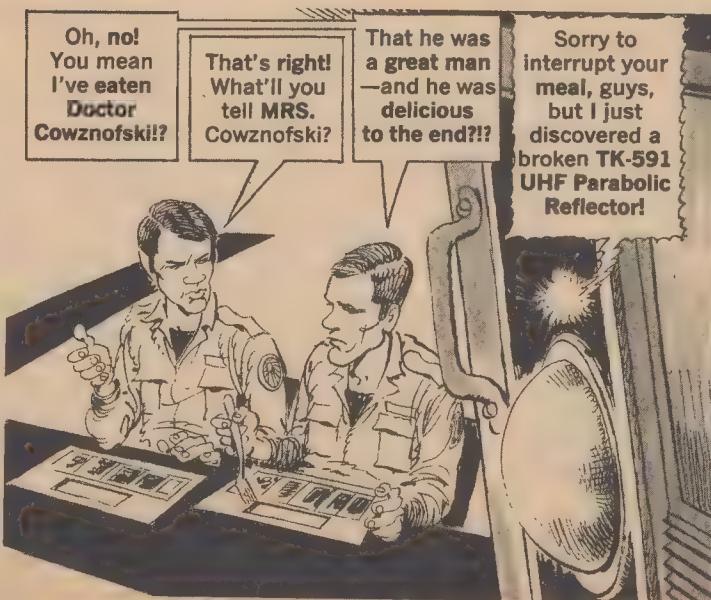
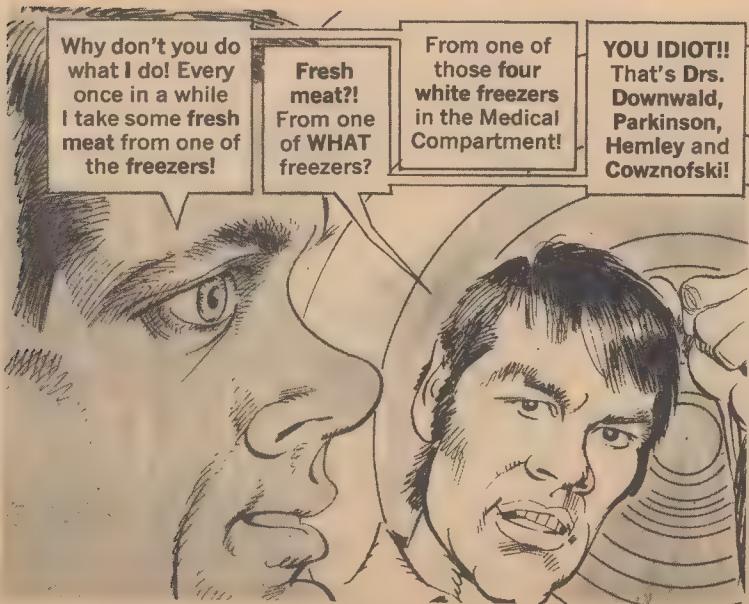
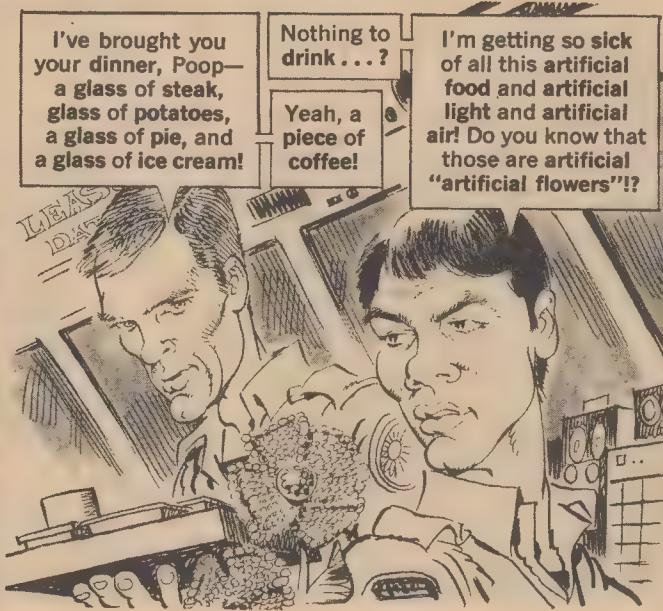
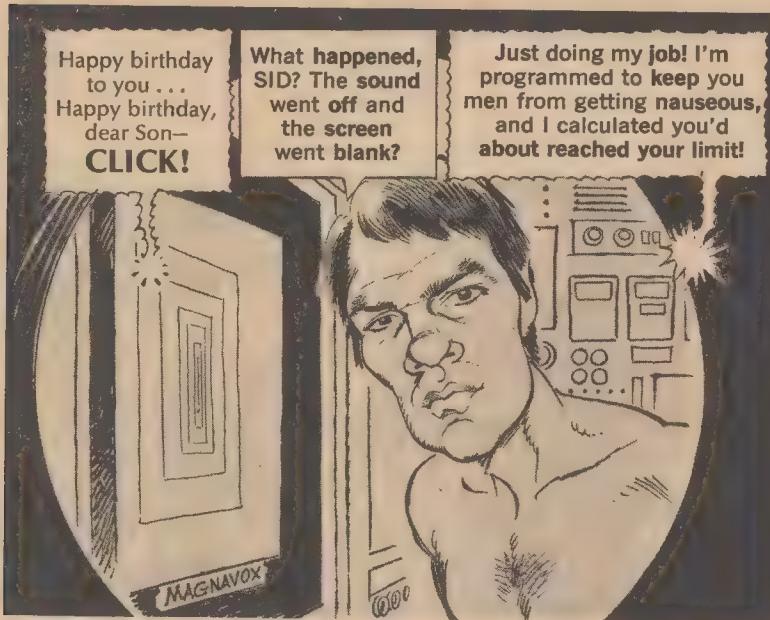
Boy, that's
a Black
Monolith if
ever I saw a
Black Monolith!

**It was
buried
nearly
2 million
years ago!**

How do you know that?

By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date . . . which happens to be stamped on the back!

ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER



A b-broken reflector!? What should we do, SID?

Fix it!

By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!

Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!

YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!

Er-uh—Well, we never make any mistakes . . . but we forget a lot!

Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like 'o get your opinion!

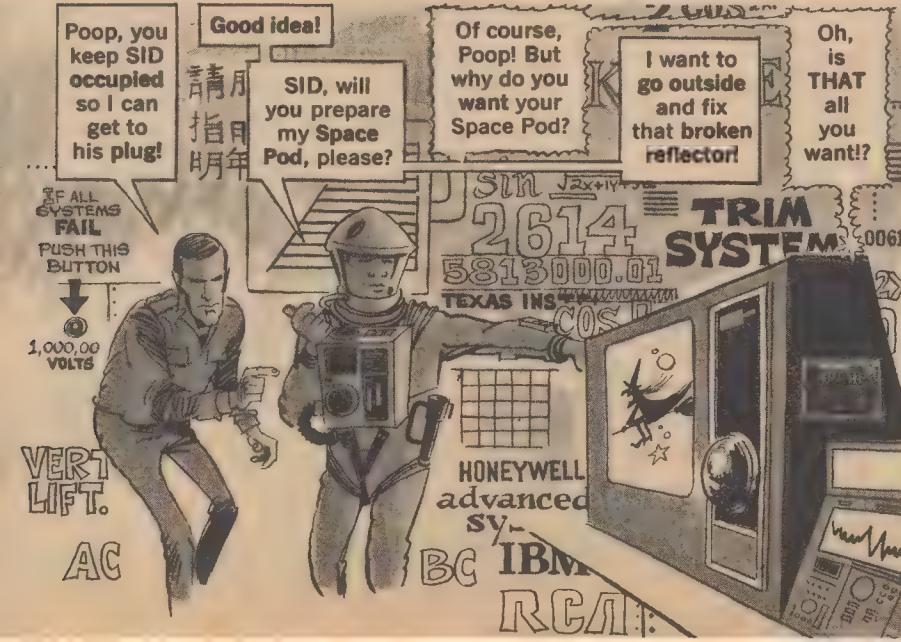
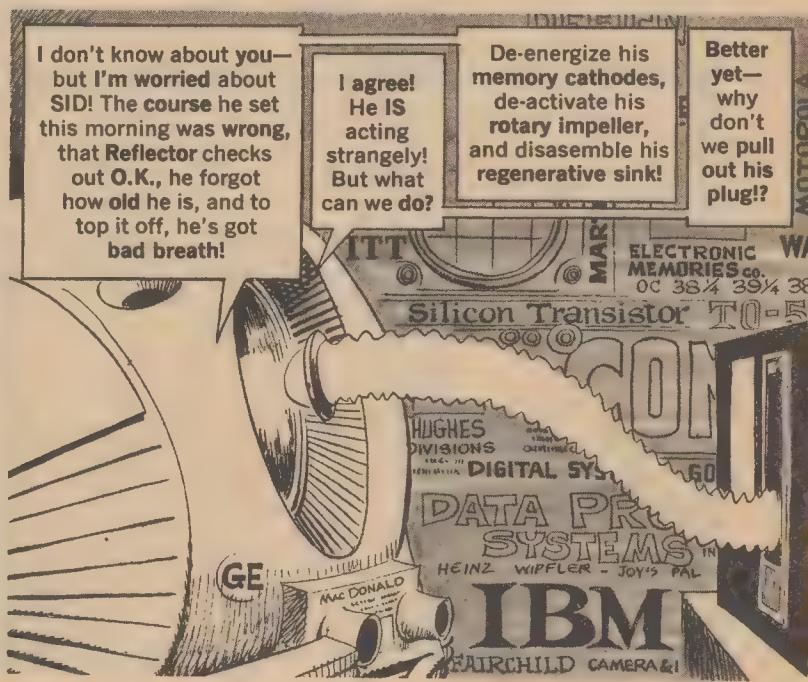
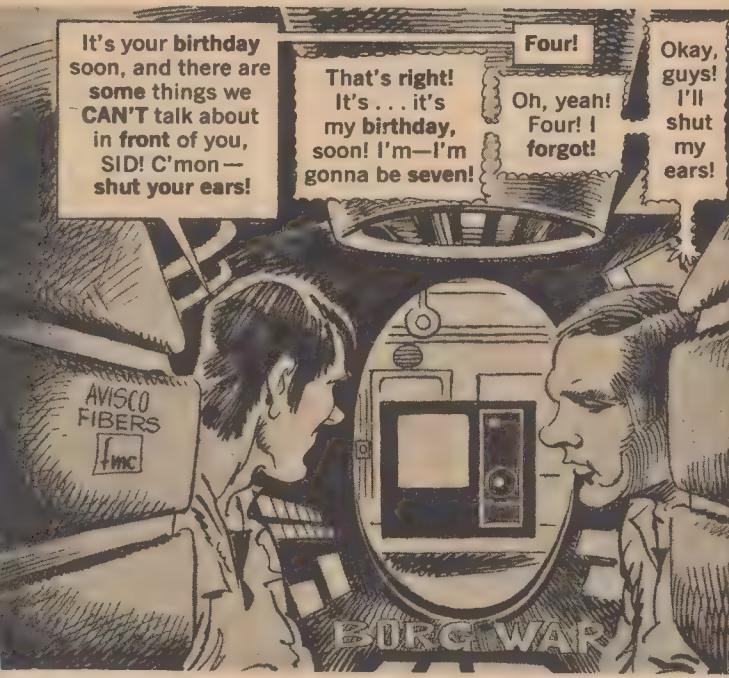
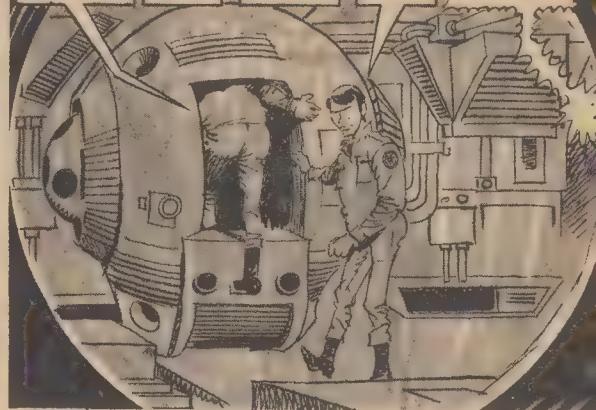
What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine . . . I

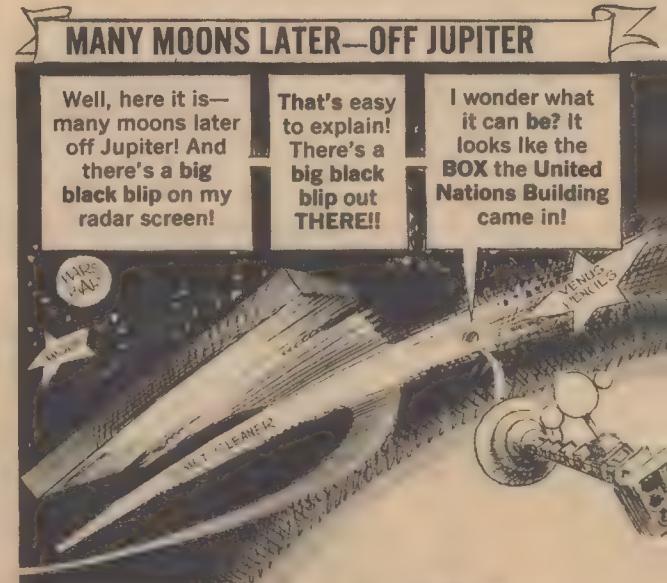
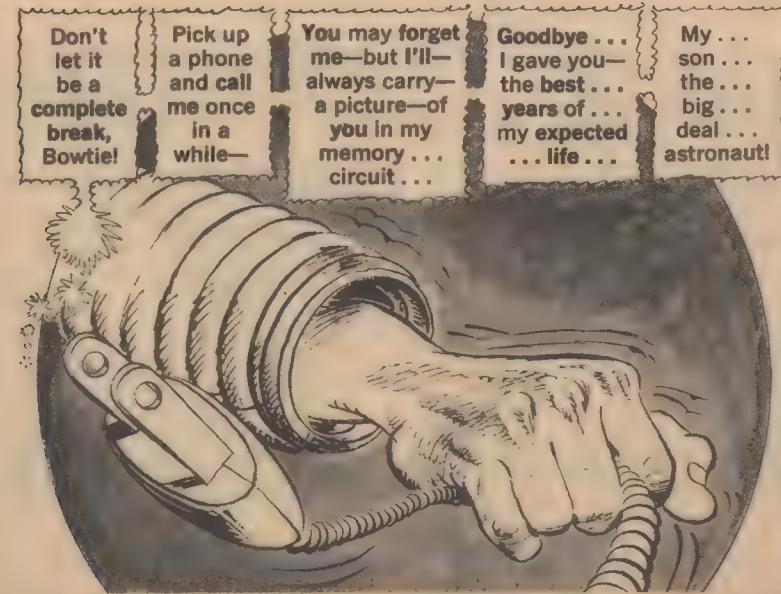
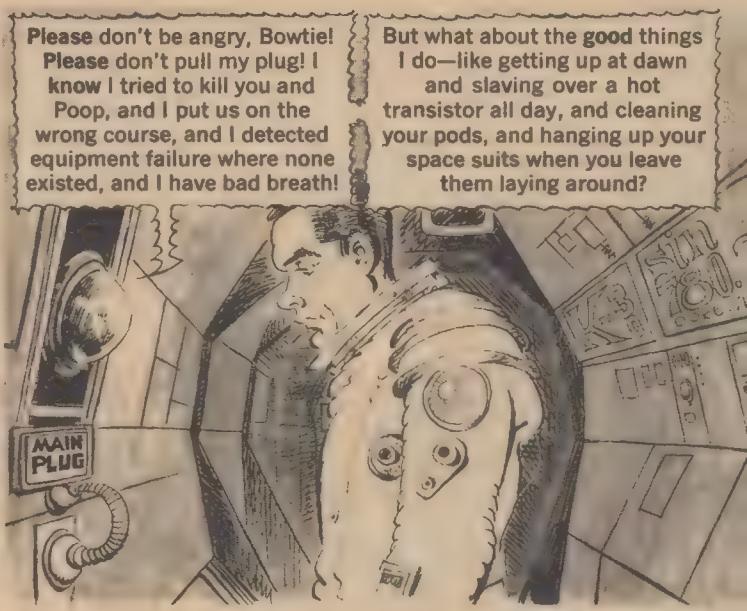
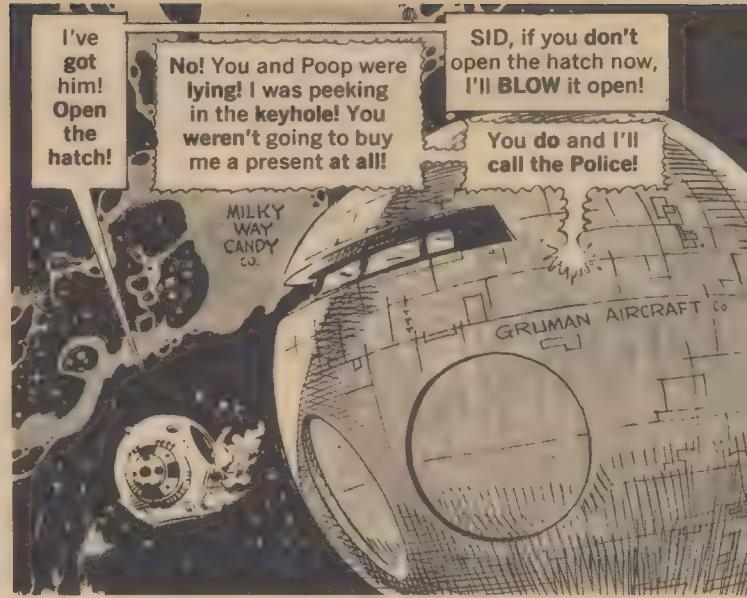
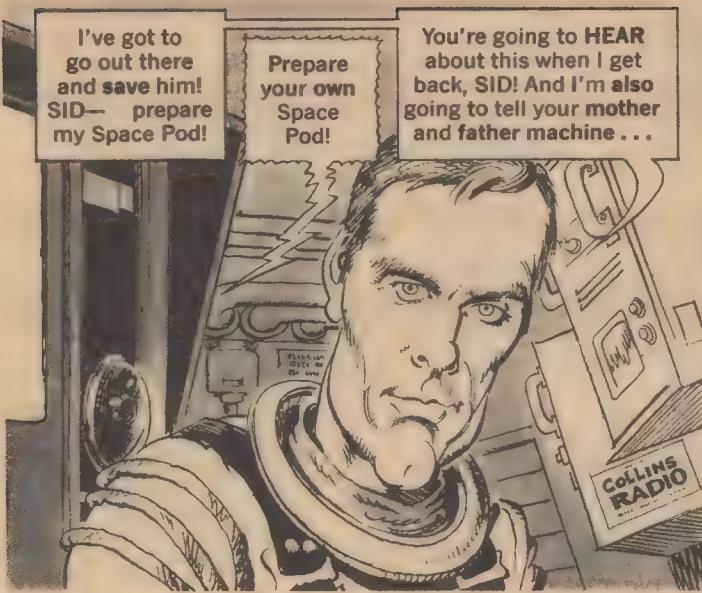
SHHH! Wait— SID, shut the door!

Okay, Poop! Now shut the TV system!

Right, Poop! Now shut your ears!

So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!





Boy! What fun—
follow that
big black thing!

Too bad the movie audience isn't
having as much fun following the
confusing ending to this movie!

WOW! What
a fantastic
psychedelic
display!!

What did you expect . . . ?!
You just crashed through
the brand new 105-story
"Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!

This room!! It's so . . . so
strange! It's not MY room,
I know . . . because there
are no socks or shirts or
underwear lying around!!

And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's
ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange
to see me like that, because I see something
about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm
finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!

And that other man . . . in bed, there!
That's ME again, only much much older!
And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm
dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and
once in this boring, confused movie!!

And YOU, you big
black Monolith,
you! Before I die
altogether, please
tell me . . . exactly
what ARE you, anyway!

Gee, I
thought
you'd
never
ask . . .

People touch me, and
dance around me, and
wonder about me, and
take movies of me . . .
but no one ever asks!!

Are you
ready—?

I'M A
BOOK!!

HOW TO MAKE
AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE
SCIENCE FICTION

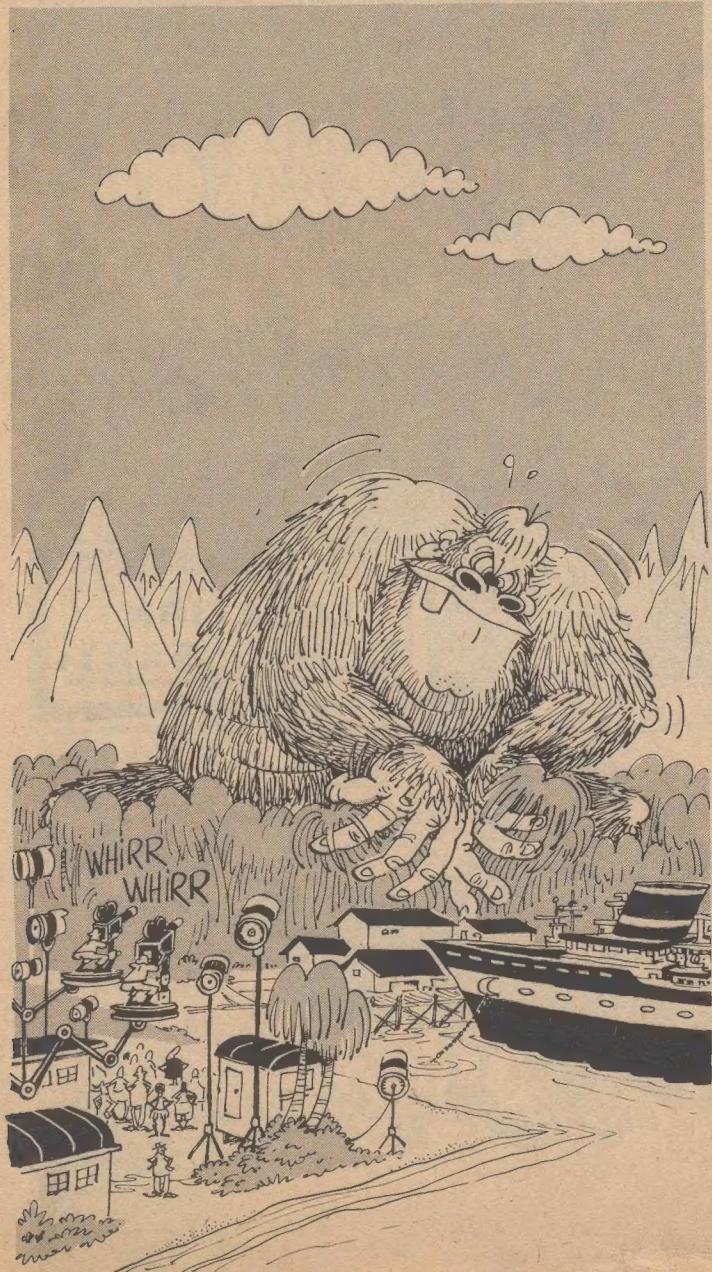
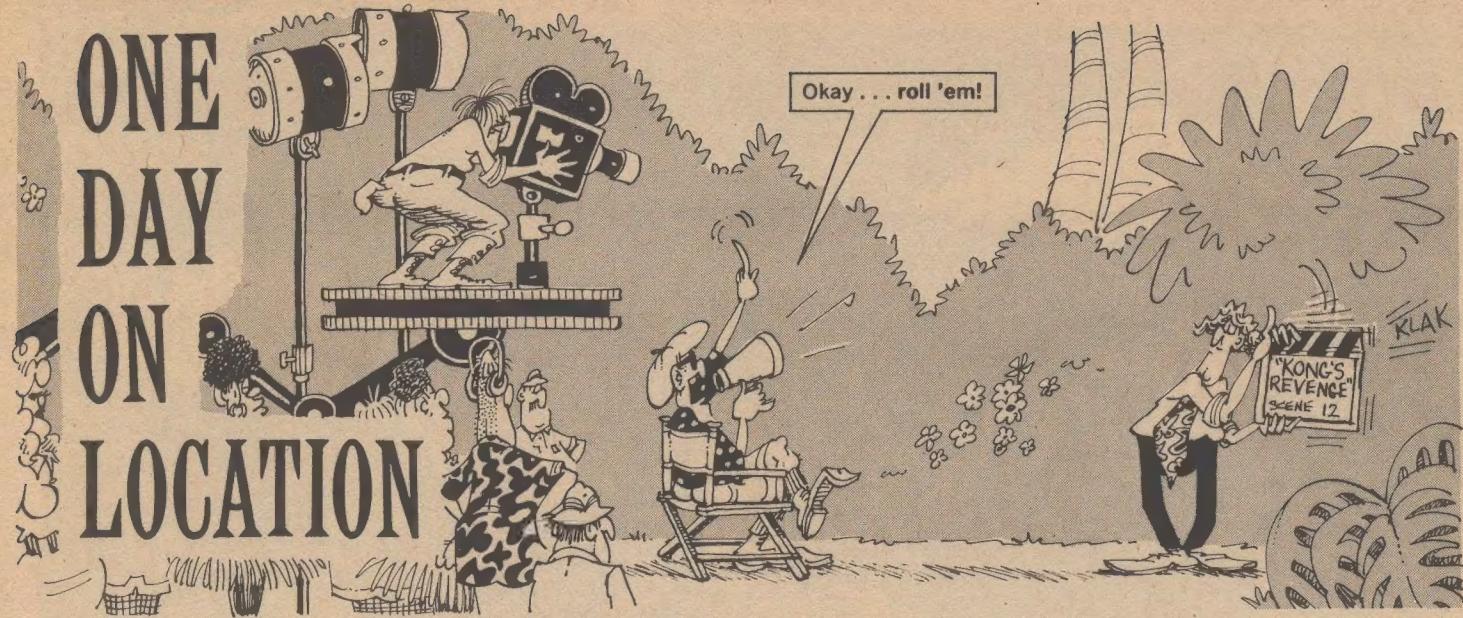
MOVIE

&
SEVERAL MILLION
DOLLARS

by
Writer-Producer-Director
STANLEY KUBRICK

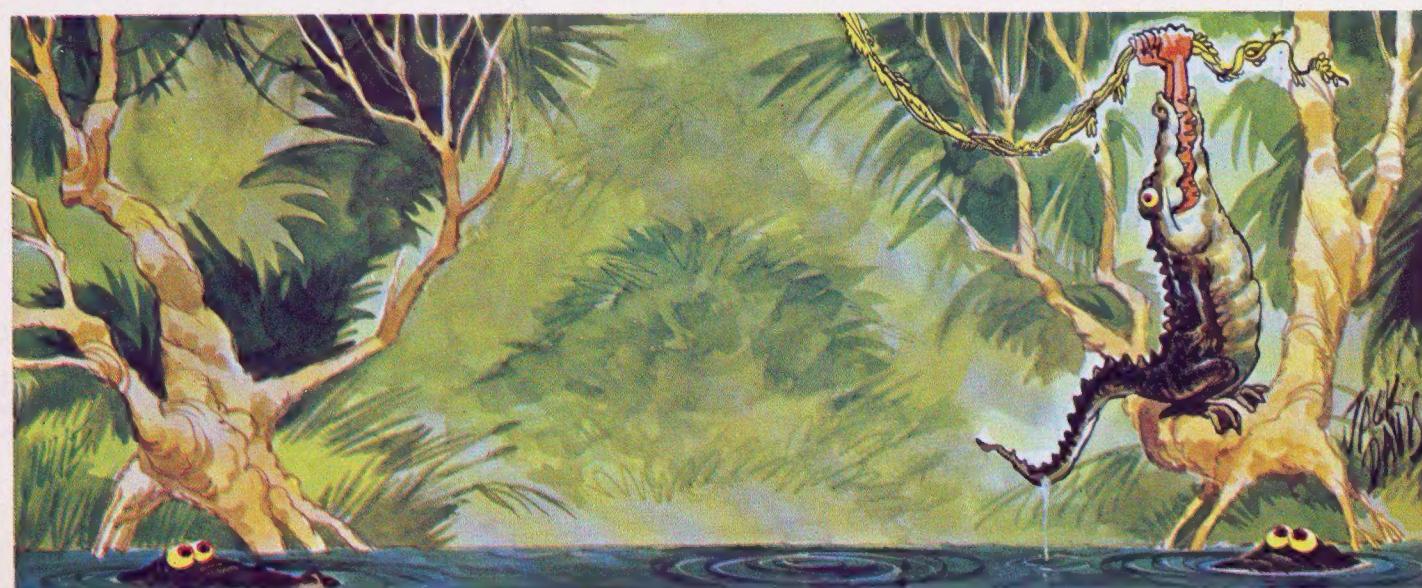
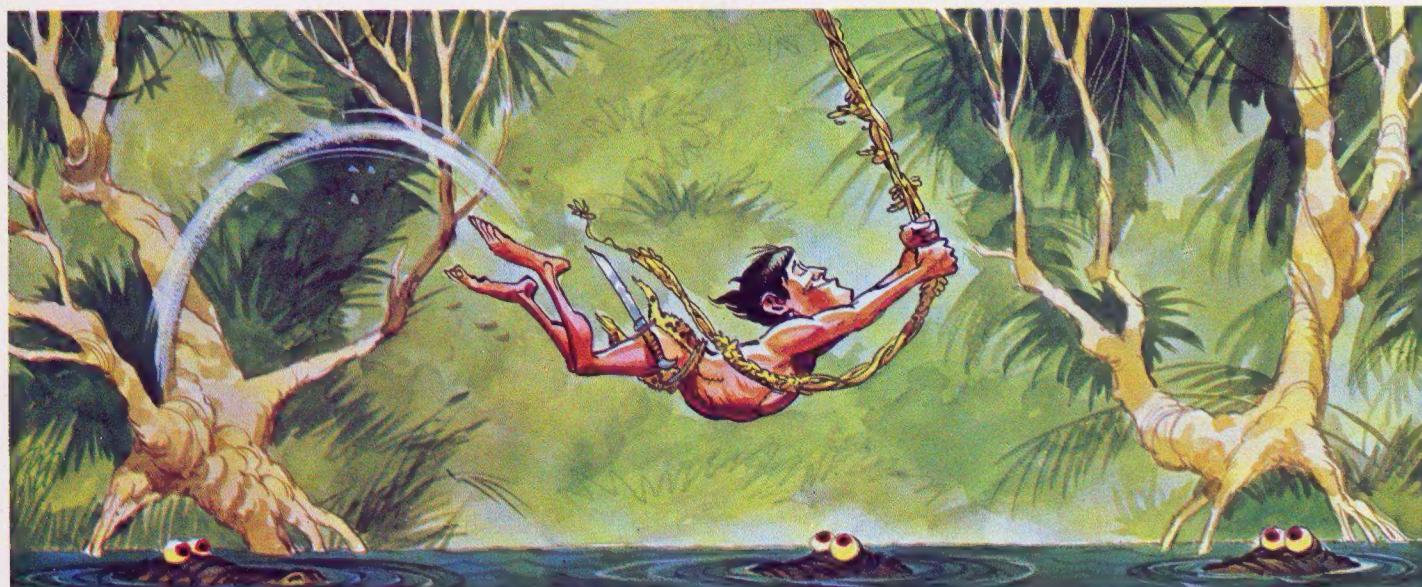
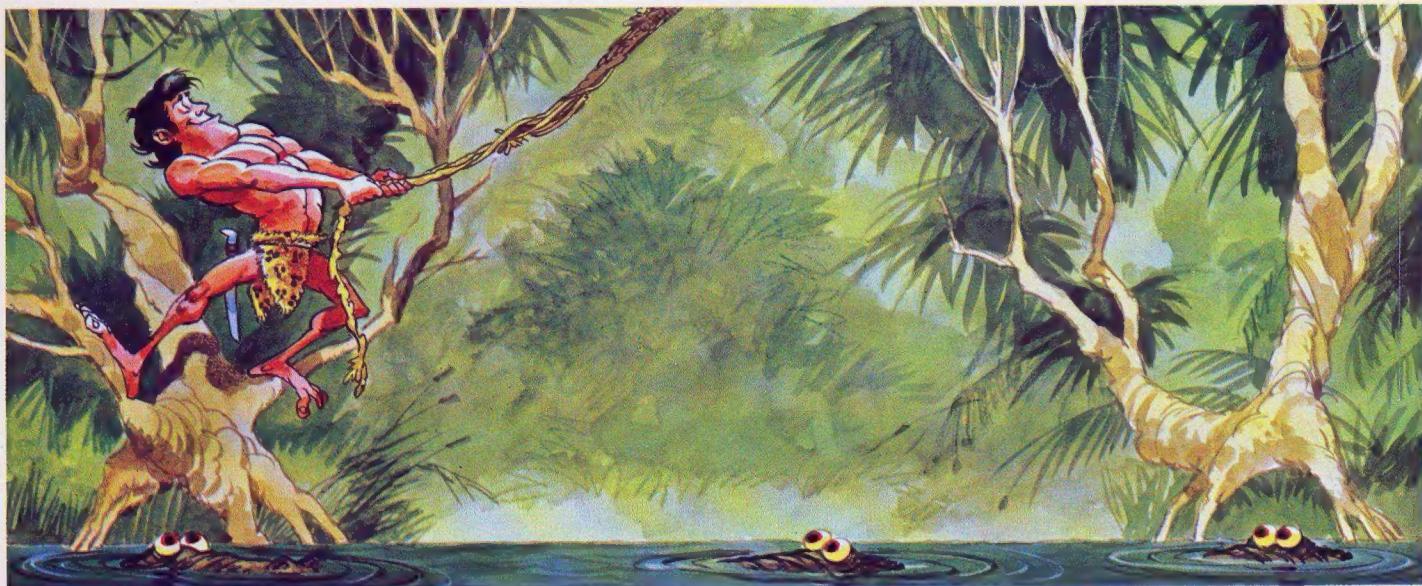
IN
DRUCKER

ONE DAY ON LOCATION





Scenes We'd Like To See



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: HUMBERTO DE LA TORRE

AT THE MOVIES

